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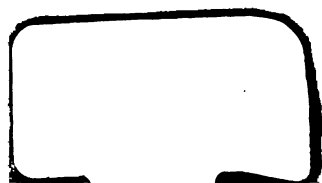
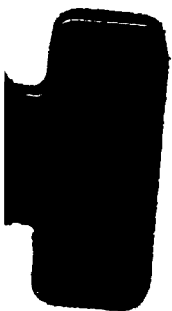
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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
REUNION SOCIETY
OF
VERMONT OFFICERS,
1864—1884,
WITH
ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT ITS MEETINGS
BY
W. G. VEAZEY, L. O. BRASTOW, P. T. WASHBURN, W. W. GROUT, E. M.
HAYNES, GEO. F. EDMUNDS, S. E. PINGREE, JOHN C. TYLER, GEO.
T. CHILDS, C. H. JOYCE, REDFIELD PROCTOR, ROSWELL
FARNHAM, LUCIUS BIGELOW, JOHN R. LEWIS,
M. T. McMAHON, ALBERT CLARKE, G. G.
BENEDICT, W. C. HOLBROOK, AND
ALDACE F. WALKER.
AND
A ROSTER OF THE SOCIETY.

BURLINGTON :
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OBJECTS OF THE REUNION SOCIETY :

To perpetuate the acquaintance and the cordial affection existing among the officers; to chronicle the memories of our comrades who have nobly fallen in defence of their country's rights; to recall the scenes and incidents, pleasing or sad, of the camp, the march, the bivouac, and the battle; and to keep in mind the duty of preserving inviolate the rights, liberties and national honor for which the Army of the Union fought and bled, and on which depend the future happiness and dignity of the American Republic and the American people.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY.

ART. 1. All commissioned [and non-commissioned]* officers of the Army or Navy, now in, or who have been or may be honorably discharged from the service of the United States in the war for the suppression of the rebellion, members of Vermont organizations or natives or residents of Vermont, may become members of the Society by subscribing this Constitution and paying \$1.00 to the Treasurer.

ART. 2. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer and an Executive Committee of three, who shall be elected at each annual meeting. [The term of office of the officers shall commence at the close of each Annual Reunion, and continue to the close of the next Annual Reunion.]

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the President, or in his absence, of one of the Vice-Presidents, to preside at all meetings of the Society.

ART. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary, in addition to the ordinary duties of his office, to obtain and furnish a full Roster of the Society to the Recording Secretary, who shall keep a record of the same, giving names, rank, organization, company and regiment, and Post Office address of each member. The Recording Secretary shall also keep the records of all meetings.

ART. 5. The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds of the Society, and shall make no payments except on the order of the Executive Committee, approved by the President.

* Amendments to the original Constitution are placed in brackets.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to make the arrangements for the Annual Reunion, and cause notice of the same to be given to all members of the Society; to have the direction and charge of all expenditures; and the accounts for the same shall be paid by the Treasurer, after they are approved by the President or acting President.

ART. 7. Every member of the Society shall furnish to the Corresponding Secretary his P. O. address, and notify him of any change in the same.

ART. 8. The Constitution may be amended by a majority present at any regular meeting.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY.

The original suggestion of a general meeting of Vermont Officers in the War for the Union, was made by Colonel Redfield Proctor during the first week in November, 1864. Colonel Proctor was then commanding the provisional forces which had been hastily raised for the defence of the Northern frontier of Vermont, in the excitement following the St. Albans Raid ; and the meeting was proposed by him, in a conversation with Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, (who was serving as an Aid-de-Camp on his staff) at the American Hotel, in Burlington. Though sixteen Vermont regiments, batteries, and organizations were then facing the enemy in the field, there were a considerable number of officers in the State whose terms of service had expired ; and the thought of the officers named, and of one or two others who were consulted by them, was that it would be a good thing for them to meet, and to make their meeting an occasion for doing honor to Brigadier and Brevet Major General George J. Stannard, who had a month before, as Commander of the First Division of the Eighteenth Army Corps, added fresh laurels to his fame, by the storming of Fort Harrison in front of Richmond, and who had just returned home on sick-leave following the amputation of his right arm, shattered by a confederate bullet on the parapet of the captured fort. As some of the officers were members of the Legislature, then in session and soon to adjourn, it was thought best to hold the meeting at the State Capital, before the adjournment. An invitation was hastily drawn up, to which most of the ex-Colonels and officers highest in rank in the various Vermont

organizations, who were accessible, attached their names, and it was published in the Vermont papers. It was as follows :

MILITARY REUNION.

The undersigned, believing that it would be gratifying to the officers of Vermont regiments, who are at present in Vermont, to meet together, and to make their reunion an occasion for testifying their respect for Major-General GEORGE J. STANNARD, take the liberty to invite their comrades to meet at the Pavilion in Montpelier, on Thursday next, Nov. 17, 1864, at three o'clock P. M., to pay their respects to Gen. Stannard, and to sit down together to a supper in the evening. Your presence is requested.

W. G. VEAZEY, Col. 16th Vt.

T. O. SEAVER, Col. 3d Vt.

W. T. NICHOLS, Col. 14th Vt.

O. A. HALE, Col. 6th Vt.

A. B. JEWETT, Col. 10th Vt.

R. PROCTOR, Col. 15th Vt.

C. H. JOYCE, Lt. Col. 2d Vt.

W. Y. W. RIPLEY, Lt. Col. 2d U. S. S.

J. W. BENNETT, Lt. Col. 1st Vt. Cav.

S. M. PINGREE, Lt. Col. 4th Vt.

D. K. ANDROSS, Lt. Col. 9th Vt.

R. C. BENTON, Lt. Col. 11th Vt.

R. FARNHAM, Lt. Col. 12th Vt.

W. D. MUNSON, Lt. Col. 13th Vt.

J. L. BARSTOW, Maj. 8th Vt.

L. McD. SMITH, Capt. 5th Vt.

THE FIRST REUNION.

NOVEMBER 17TH, 1864.

Though but five days' notice was given by the invitation, to the gratified surprise of all about *seventy* officers responded in person. They assembled at the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier, at three o'clock P. M., and moved thence to the ampler accommodations of the Military Committee Room in the Capitol. Here the first business meeting was called to order by Colonel W. G. Veazey, who was made chairman of the meeting. After brief remarks by the chair, upon successive motions, a Committee of Arrangements, consisting of Colonel R. Proctor, Colonel L. B. Platt and Lieut. Colonel R. Farnham; a committee to prepare sentiments; and one to report a roll of officers in attendance, were appointed. General Stannard was called in and introduced; and after an hour passed in exchange of friendly greetings and social intercourse the meeting adjourned to meet at the Pavilion at half past seven, the officers repairing immediately after to the Executive Chamber to pay their respects to Governor John Gregory Smith and Lieutenant Governor Paul Dillingham. At the meeting in the evening the Committee on Roll reported the following :

LIST OF OFFICERS PRESENT.

First Regiment—Capt. G. G. Hunt.

Second Regiment—Lt. Col. C. H. Joyce, Capt. J. T. Drew, Lt. A. J. Robbins.

Third Regiment—Capt. W. A. Pierce, Lt. W. M. Currier.

Fourth Regiment—Lt. Col. S. M. Pingree.

Fifth Regiment—Capt. S. E. Burnham.

Sixth Regiment—Lt. Col. F. G. Butterfield, Capt. T. R. Clark, Lt. T. P. Murphy, Lt. O. T. Stiles.

Eighth Regiment—Maj. J. L. Barstow, Capt. F. D. Butterfield.

Ninth Regiment—Lt. Col. E. S. Stowell, Capt. E. A. Kilbourne.

Tenth Regiment—Col. A. B. Jewett, Capt. G. B. Damon.

Eleventh Regiment—Lt. Col. R. C. Benton, Capt. J. E. Eldridge.

Twelfth Regiment—Lt. Col. R. Farnham, Maj. L. G. Kingsley, Surgeon B. F. Ketchum, Chaplain L. O. Brastow, Lt. G. H. Bigelow, Lt. G. G. Benedict.

Thirteenth Regiment—Lt. Col. W. D. Munson, Lt. Col. A. C. Brown, Maj. J. J. Boynton, Capt. John Loneragan, Capt. George Bascom, Lt. Albert Clarke, Lt. J. M. Rolfe, Surgeon George Nichols, Asst. Surgeon J. B. Crandall, Quartermaster N. A. Taylor.

Fourteenth Regiment—Col. W. T. Nichols, Capt. N. F. Dunshee, Lt. C. A. Rann.

Fifteenth Regiment—Col. R. Proctor, Lt. Col. W. W. Grout, Major C. F. Spaulding, Surgeon G. B. Bullard, Adj't. J. M. Poland, Capt. J. H. Oaks, Capt. R. B. Noyes, Capt. C. G. French, Capt. M. A. Carpenter, Capt. W. A. Chapman, Lt. D. S. Burnham.

Sixteenth Regiment—Col. W. G. Veazey, Maj. W. Rounds, Capt. D. Ball, Capt. H. N. Bruce.

Seventeenth Regiment—Capt. S. T. Brown, Capt. D. Conway, Capt. E. J. Hartshorn.

First Cavalry—Col. L. B. Platt, Lt. Col. J. W. Bennett, Major H. M. Paige, Major J. D. Bartlett, Surgeon G. S. Gale, Capt. J. W. Newton, Lt. C. W. Morse, Lt. H. Brainerd, Lt. F. S. Stranahan.

U. S. Sharp Shooters—Lt. Col. W. Y. W. Ripley.

It was unanimously voted that a similar reunion be held the next year, and a committee to make arrangements therefor, consisting of Lieutenant Colonel Farnham, Lieutenant Colonel Pingree, and Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, was appointed. At 8 o'clock the assembly adjourned to the dining Hall.

THE SUPPER.

Colonel W. Y. W. Ripley, 1st U. S. Sharpshooters, presided at the head of one of the tables. On his right General Stannard was seated, with Captain M. B. Bessey and Lieutenant W. B. Burbank of his staff. On his left was Governor Smith, with Adjutant General P. T. Washburn,

Quartermaster General G. F. Davis, Surgeon General S. W. Thayer, Judge Advocate General J. S. Marcy and Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs S. Williams. Lieutenant Governor Dillingham was seated at the head of the other table, with Hon. A. B. Gardner, Speaker of the House, Hon. E. P. Walton and Hon. C. W. Willard, of the Montpelier Press, and Rev. S. G. Abbott of Windsor, on his right and left. The officers, arranged by regiments, filled to the last chair the long tables.

The hall was draped at the upper end with the National colors, the only other ornament being a life-size crayon portrait of General Stannard, which hung at the head of the first table.

The supper was served in the best style of the Pavilion. A blessing was asked by Chaplain L. O. Brastow, and all present did ample justice to the substantial array of good things before them. The "feast of reason" which followed was inaugurated by Colonel Ripley, (who presided with rare taste and dignity) in some felicitous remarks, in which he greeted his comrades and their distinguished guest, and introduced the regular toasts, which were read by Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, late of General Stannard's staff, who officiated as toast-master.

The first toast was prefaced by the reading of a letter from the author of the toast, General D. W. C. Clarke, and was as follows :

I. BREVET MAJOR GENERAL GEO. J. STANNARD—*the fighting Vermonter*. So long as enough of his body remains to contain his spirit, he will continue to be a terror to the enemies of his country. The Government he has so nobly served owes him something better than a Brevet.

General Stannard rose, his pale face and empty sleeve pinned across his breast speaking more eloquently than words of his sufferings and sacrifices. With evident feeling he returned his thanks for the honor thus done him, and ex-

pressed his appreciation of the generous support and encouragement which he had always received from the people and soldiers of Vermont, and from the Government of Vermont and of the United States. He asked no further reward or promotion than he had received, and which he felt was above his deserts. While it had been his pride to be a Vermont soldier and to command Vermont troops, he could not sit down without alluding to the faithful obedience and service he had received from the soldiers of New Hampshire, under such officers as Colonels Stevens and Donohue; of Maine, under the lamented and gallant General Burnham; of Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and New Jersey, and New York, and Pennsylvania, and every other Northern State but Iowa. Renewing his thanks for this high honor, and for the opportunity thus afforded to meet so many of his former comrades in arms, he took his seat amid enthusiastic applause.

II. *The Commander-in-Chief of the Military forces of Vermont*—His Excellency Governor JOHN GREGORY SMITH.

The Governor rose amid long and hearty applause. He said he was glad to meet here the men to whom, and to their brave comrades in the field, and to those who have nobly fallen, Vermont owes the fame she has won in this war, and sustains so nobly; for it would not be too much to say that the military record of Vermont was second to that of no other. He was also glad to be present to extend welcome and honor to our honored friend, the distinguished guest of the evening. He had known General Stannard from boyhood; he had found him in private life always the good citizen, the faithful friend,—always reliable and true in every position, and filling with credit and fidelity every station in which he had been placed. He had watched him as the great emergency of the country called out his qualities. He remembered how earnestly, at the first outbreak of the war,

he labored in the fitting out of the 1st Vermont Regiment, with what reluctance he permitted imperative duties to keep him from going with them, and how eagerly he left all the ties of home and business for the service of his country, when the 2d Vermont was organized. From that time his course had been steadily upward. He had now reached *almost* the highest grade of rank, and we were all agreed that his advancement ought not to stop here—nor would it. Our worthy Chief Magistrate knows and remembers his merits, as he (the Governor) had from the President's own lips, and he had no doubt they would be fitly and fully recognized. In conclusion, the Governor said that he was rejoiced to see the soldiers retaining and renewing their interest in each other and in the service. It was well they should do so. The emergency might soon come when Vermont would need them all again, for the protection of the State; and he was glad to know that she had such sons to call on, and could not call in vain. [Long applause].

III. GENERAL P. T. WASHBURN—*Adjutant and Inspector General of Vermont*. The brave soldier, who led the Green Mountain Boys into the first engagement of the war. With faithfulness, energy and the largest success, has he since administered the most important Military Bureau of the State.

General Washburn said it was with unmingled pleasure he met here the men whose names had been so familiar to him during three or four years past, and whose actions he had recorded with such interest. Those deeds had given Vermont a historic name—the reputation of sending troops whose daring valor had never been surpassed. The battle grounds of Bull Run and Lee's Mill and Savage Station and White Oak Swamp and Antietam and the two Fredericksburgs and Banks's Ford and Port Hudson and Gettysburg and the Wilderness and Petersburg and Winchester and Cedar Creek, and other hard fought fields, had been reddened with the blood of Vermont soldiers;—they had often taken

the brunt of the fight, but he could say with exultation that no standard of a Vermont regiment had ever fallen into rebel hands. Snatched from the hands of one dying bearer, to be borne aloft by another trusty standard bearer, himself perhaps soon to fall, but yielding his charge even in death only to one equally true, those standards, after passing through the storm of many battles, had been returned to the State and were now hung up in the capitol in honor of our soldiers. He also traced General Stannard's career, from his first entry into the service as Lieutenant Colonel of the 2d Vermont to the command of a Division—from Bull Run to Chapin's Farm—and closed with a hearty expression of the interest felt by Vermonters in him, and in the soldiers generally.

IV. *The Old Vermont Brigade.*—It is not for us, as soldiers, to boast of its deeds, but as sons of Vermont we are all proud to share in the glory of the fighting Brigade, which has made the name of Vermonter in the Army of the Potomac and in the Shenandoah, the synonym for steadfast bravery, and whose name is never mentioned by Vermonters but with a thrill of honest pride.

Lieutenant Colonel Stephen M. Pingree, of the 4th Vermont, was first called on to respond to this sentiment. He said it was a high honor to be called on to speak for the 1st Vermont Brigade, whose fortunes it had been his privilege to share during the three years of its term. It was honor enough for any man to have served honorably in any Vermont Regiment—and certainly not the least to have served with that Brigade which was the oldest in the service from this State, which had mustered on its rolls, in all, almost *ten thousand* men, which had seen the time when hard fighting had reduced its members to *eleven hundred*, though now recruited to over four thousand, and which would doubtless remain a brigade while the war lasted. An allusion to its first commander, General Brooks, brought out a round of hearty applause. In closing he said that the old brigade claimed property in the man whom we had met to honor, though in so

doing it would take nothing from the second Brigade, which he had the honor to command and which had the honor to be commanded by him.

Lieutenant Colonel Joyce, of the 2d Vermont, was next called up, and responded in an eloquent speech. He said his tongue could not utter the feelings of his heart, as he looked around him on those who were once his comrades, and as he thought also of the gallant dead, whose memory would live with this people while liberty and free government are worth striving for. He believed he could claim a distinction belonging to but two present—that of having belonged to the old 2d Vermont Regiment with General Stannard, and of being a sharer of the perils and a witness of his coolness and daring in the first great battle of the War. He thought nobody would ever forget Bull Run who was there. As for the old Brigade his words could add nothing to its fame. It was no wonder that the sons of Vermont—a State born in time of war, and taught to fight by Ethan Allen—fought as they did. He closed with an expression of a hope that this was but the first of a series of similar gatherings in the future years.

V. *The First Vermont Cavalry.*—Riders dashing and valiant as the Knights of old. Their banners are eloquent with the names of glorious battles, from Mount Jackson to the last and proudest achievement at Cedar Creek, in which they have so often and so gallantly charged to victory.

Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Bennett responded. He believed he might claim that what Vermont soldiers had been elsewhere, they had been in his regiment. He paid high tribute to “the unknown heroes”—the privates, whose bravery was as great, whose judgment as good, whose capacity for command often equal to those under whom they were content to fight without distinction or reward. These he considered the true heroes of the war. The Vermont Cavalry had

endeavored to do their duty. How they had succeeded let their record show.

Surgeon Gale of the Cavalry was also called on. He thought it was somewhat singular that the services of a surgeon should be required at this stage of proceedings; and expressed briefly his gratification at being present, and his hope that we might have many more similar meetings.

VI. *The Second Brigade.*—While their campaign in the Department of Washington gave them little opportunity to show their quality under fire, their final record of soldierly endurance and efficient service on the march to Pennsylvania and at Gettysburg showed that General Stannard's Brigade was of the same stock and worthy to be second (and second only) to the old brigade.

Colonel W. G. Veazey, of the 16th, said in response that he believed he would rather charge a battery at the head of any Vermont regiment than respond to a sentiment like this. He would make no comparisons. No Vermont regiment needed vindication here. He went on to speak of the nine months' campaign; of some of the humorous as well as exciting incidents of it, and of the part taken by the Brigade, under General Stannard, at the battle of Gettysburg. He paid an eloquent tribute to the dead as well as to the living, and closed with a hearty expression of gratification in being permitted thus to join his comrades in doing honor to the hero of Gettysburg and Fort Harrison.

Colonel W. T. Nichols, of the 14th Vermont, was next called up. He said the fame and example of the Old Brigade was the constant stimulus of the Second. They were willing to be second to that, but to no other. Colonel Nichols proceeded, in a humorous vein, which brought down the tables with constant laughter and applause, to allude to some of the peculiarities of the regiments and the standing jokes of the campaign.

VII. *The Vermont Regiments unattached to any Vermont Brigade.*—They have furnished an example of courage, loyalty and every soldierly attribute to the Regiments from our sister States serving with them. We point with pride to the record of the gallant 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 17th Vermont Regiments.

Responded to briefly and appropriately by Major J. L. Barstow, of the 8th Vermont. He said that his regiment certainly could not be called "unbrigaded," for there was no more potent rallying cry with it than "Weitzel's Old Brigade," unless it was Colonel Thomas's war shout of "Pray, boys, and fight for the honor of Old Vermont." It would need a more eloquent tongue than his to pay a just tribute to the memory of the lamented Colonel George Roberts of the 7th and other gallant officers of the regiments named in the sentiment. General Stannard's fame was not his alone; but was the property of his State and of the Country. He hoped that the next reunion would bring together all of the gallant officers now in the field.

VIII. *The Gallant Dead.*—Roberts, Stone, Barney, Preston, Cummings, Chamberlain and a host of kindred brave spirits. The memory of their soldierly qualities, gallant services and noble deaths, shall ever dwell deep in our hearts.

Received in deep and solemn silence.

IX. *The General Assembly of Vermont.*—As officers of Vermont, assembled to express our warm personal friendship for General George J. Stannard and our high appreciation of his brilliant military services, we have noticed with pleasure and pride the action of our Legislature in unanimously recognizing the honor which Gen. Stannard has reflected on our State, and in recommending his promotion, and we accept their action as an additional guaranty that the interests of her soldiers are safe in the hands of the representatives of Vermont.

Lieutenant Governor Dillingham, in touching and felicitous words, alluded to his pride and interest in the soldiers of Vermont; to his own brave sons, one of them (the gallant Major Dillingham of the 10th Vt.) laid to rest in southern soil; to the character of Vermonters; and to the history of

our pugnacious State, which fought its way *into* the Union, and was ready to fight to the bitter end any that would break up that Union. Posterity would associate and cherish together the names of Ethan Allen and of George J. Stannard. Vermont was a good State to represent in the field, and a good State to come home to.

Hon. A. B. Gardner, speaker of the House, also briefly and fittingly responded.

X. *The Vermont Chaplains.*—Worthy representatives of the Church militant.

Chaplain L. O. Brastow, of the 12th Vt., responded. He told how he had recently visited the army of the James, and how widely known and highly respected he had found the name of General Stannard to be there; and in a happy and spirited speech, developed the creed of Vermont Chaplains on the subject of the War and the Rebellion.

Rev. Mr. Abbott, formerly Chaplain of the 2d New Hampshire regiment, was also called up, and responded in an earnest speech.

XI. *The Irish Soldiers.*—At Savage's Station and Gettysburg the Shamrock of Ireland and the Evergreen of Vermont were entwined around the staff of our victorious flag.

Captain John Lonergan responded. He described in a rollicking speech his celebrated discovery of the Monocacy, on the march to Gettysburg, and kept all convulsed with laughter, with his return of compliments to Colonels Nichols and Veazey, who had alluded to passages in his history.

XII. *The rank and file of our Vermont soldiers.*—They have done their duty nobly and have never been found wanting.

Responded to eloquently by Private W. H. Button of Co. K, 12th Vt.

XIII. *The Commanders of the Provisional Army of the Frontier.*—Distinguished exemplars and enforcers of the principle that the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance.

Colonel Proctor was called on but declined to make a speech, and in lieu thereof read the following letters from invited guests :

LETTER FROM MAJOR AUSTINE.

BRATTLEBORO, NOV. 17, 1864.

Dear Colonel :

Having been absent from my post on business for a few days past, I find it impossible to accept your kind invitation for to-night. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet you all on such a happy occasion. From long association with the Vermont officers I feel almost as belonging to their number. I had the pleasure of mustering General Stannard into service as Colonel of the 9th, and at that time formed a high opinion of him for his energy and excellent judgment. His subsequent career forms a bright page in the history of the war.

Will you please offer my kind congratulations to the General, and with my best wishes for all, believe me,

Very cordially yours,

W. AUSTINE,

COLONEL R. PROCTOR, Montpelier.

Major, U. S. A.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN CUMMINGS.

ST. JOHNSBURY, NOV. 16, 1864.

Colonel :

I have the honor to be in receipt of your invitation to be present at the proposed Military Reunion in Montpelier on the 17th inst.

I most heartily believe that the reason why some of us are out of our graves and unmutilated, as well as the best apology for being so, is to render fitting applause to those who have braved the dangers and who bear the marks of the national service at such a time as this.

It is with the deepest regret, therefore, that I find myself compelled by professional obligations that cannot be postponed, to forego the pleasure of paying my respects in person to our gallant Major General Stannard, and of joining with yourself and so many other valued friends and once pleasant associates in the festivities of the occasion.

I must content myself with enjoying at a distance, as best I may, so unique a gathering, satisfied that none better than the gentlemen who will compose it understand the demand of heroism, courtesy and religion—that every man should do his duty.

I remain, Colonel,

Most respectfully

Your obedient servant,

E. C. CUMMINGS.

Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Grout, of the 15th Vt., and Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Benton of the 11th, were called up in succession and responded in some excellent speeches.

XIV. *The Press*.—A fast friend of the soldiers, whose visits are always welcomed in camp, and most so at home when chronicling the victories of Vermonters.

This toast, which was to have been responded to by Messrs. Willard and Walton of the Montpelier press, was cut short, together with several volunteer toasts, by the lateness of the hour; and at 1 o'clock A. M. the gathering broke up in excellent order and with the utmost good feeling.

THE SECOND REUNION,

OCTOBER 25TH, 1865.

During the year following the first Re-union the war came to a close, and the Vermont troops returned to the State, with the exception of the Seventh Regiment, retained in Texas, and a battalion of the Ninth Regiment, on garrison duty in Virginia.

The formation of a permanent organization, contemplated by those active in bringing about the first meeting, and distinctly inaugurated at the first re-union, found favor generally among the officers; and was properly made prominent by the committee, in their call for the Second Re-union. This was as follows:

RE-UNION OF VERMONT OFFICERS.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the Meeting of Vermont Officers, held at Montpelier, Nov. 17, 1864, the undersigned, a Committee appointed for the purpose, take pleasure in calling a meeting of all officers of Vermont Regiments, Batteries, and detachments, in service during the late war, to meet at the Pavilion, in Montpelier, on Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1865, at 3 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, and to sit down together to a supper in the evening. All Vermont Officers are cordially invited to be present, whether they receive this circular or not. Those intending to be present are respectfully requested to notify the Chairman of the Committee, at Bradford, Vt., to that effect, as early as Oct. 19th, so that arrangements may be made accordingly.

ROSSELL FARNHAM,

Late Lt. Col. 12th Vt. Vols.

S. M. PINGREE,

Late Lt. Col. 4th Vt. Vols.

G. G. BENEDICT,

Late Lt. & A. D. C. Vt. Vols.

In response to this invitation about *one hundred and forty* officers assembled at Montpelier, Wednesday, Oct. 25th, 1865.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting took place in the Court House, at 3 P. M. It was called to order by Lieutenant Colonel Farnham, and on his nomination General Stannard was chosen Chairman. The meeting further organized by the choice of Lieutenant Albert Clarke, as Secretary. The following committees were appointed by the chair :

COMMITTEE ON ROLL OF OFFICERS PRESENT.

Lieutenant Colonel E. S. Stowell, Captain A. H. Keith,
Lieutenant Colonel Charles Dillingham, Lieutenant John C. Stearns.
Major Charles F. Spaulding,

COMMITTEE ON PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

Brigadier General Stephen Thomas, Colonel Redfield Proctor,
Colonel Perley P. Pitkin, Lieutenant Colonel Wm. W. Grout.
Lieutenant Colonel W. Y. W. Ripley,

COMMITTEE ON TOASTS.

Colonel John B. Mead, Major N. B. Hall,
Lieutenant Colonel P. T. Washburn, Lieutenant Geo. H. Bigelow.
Lieutenant Colonel Lyman E. Knapp,

The meeting then adjourned until 7 P. M.

At the evening session, General Thomas, for the Committee on permanent organization, reported the following draft of a Constitution, which was read and unanimously adopted :

CONSTITUTION OF THE VERMONT REUNION SOCIETY OF VERMONT OFFICERS.

To perpetuate the acquaintance and the cordial affection existing among the officers; to chronicle the memories of our comrades who have nobly fallen in defence of their country's rights; to recall the scenes and incidents, pleasing

or sad, of the camp, the march, the bivouac, and the battle ; and to keep in mind the duty of preserving inviolate the rights, liberties and national honor for which the Army of the Union has fought and bled, and on which depend the future happiness and dignity of the American Republic and the American people, the Reunion Society of Vermont officers adopt the following Constitution :

CONSTITUTION OF THE REUNION SOCIETY.

ART. 1. All commissioned officers of the Army, or Navy, now in, or who have been or may be honorably discharged from the service of the United States in the war for the suppression of the rebellion, members of Vermont organizations or natives or residents of Vermont, may become members of the Society by subscribing this Constitution and paying \$1.00 to the Treasurer.

ART. 2. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer and an Executive Committee of three who shall be elected at each annual meeting.

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the President, or in his absence, of one of the Vice-Presidents, to preside at all meetings of the Society.

ART. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary, in addition to the ordinary duties of his office, to obtain and furnish a full Roster of the Society to the Recording Secretary, who shall keep a record of the same, giving names, rank, organization, company and regiment, and P. O. address of each member. The Recording Secretary shall also keep the records of all meetings.

ART. 5. The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds of the Society, and shall make no payments except on the order of the Executive Committee, approved by the President.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to make the arrangements for the annual re-union, and cause notice of the same to be given to all members of the Society ; to have the direction and charge of all expenditures ;

and the accounts for the same shall be paid by the Treasurer, after they are approved by the President or acting President.

ART. 7. Every member of the Society shall furnish to the Corresponding Secretary his post office address, and notify him of any change in the same.

ART. 8. The Constitution may be amended by a majority present at any regular meeting.

The Committee also reported the following list of officers, who were duly elected :

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

President—Brigadier and Brevet Major General George J. Stannard, St. Albans.

Vice Presidents—Brigadier and Brevet Major General Wm. Wells, Waterbury ; Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General E. H. Ripley, Rutland.

Corresponding Secretary—Lieutenant Colonel Roswell Farnham, Bradford.

Recording Secretary—Lieutenant John C. Stearns, Bradford.

Treasurer—Colonel Perley P. Pitkin, Montpelier.

Executive Committee—Brigadier General Stephen Thomas, West Fairlee ; Lieutenant Colonel S. M. Pingree, South Royalton ; Major C. F. Spaulding, St. Johnsbury.

On motion of Captain W. C. Dunton, the Executive Committee were instructed to select an orator to deliver an address at the next annual meeting.

On motion of Lieutenant Colonel Benton, a committee of one from each Vermont organization was appointed by the chair to procure suitable obituary notices of Vermont officers who have fallen in the service, to be presented at the next reunion and filed in the archives of the society.

OBITUARY COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Lt.-Col. P. T. Washburn.	12th Regt., Lieut. Col. R. Farnham.
2d Regt., Lt.-Col. C. H. Joyce.	13th Regt., Col. F. V. Randall.
3d Regt., Lt.-Col. S. E. Pingree.	14th Regt., Col. W. T. Nichols.
4th Regt., Gen. Geo. P. Foster.	15th Regt., Col. R. Proctor.
5th Regt., Capt. L. McD. Smith.	16th Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey.
6th Regt., Col. S. H. Lincoln.	17th Regt., Col. F. V. Randall.
7th Regt., Col. W. C. Holbrook.	1st Cav., Gen. Wm. Wells.
8th Regt., Gen. S. Thomas.	1st Battery, Lieut. E. E. Greenleaf.
9th Regt., Gen. E. H. Ripley.	2d Battery, Capt. J. W. Chase.
10th Regt., Gen. W. W. Henry.	3d Battery, Capt. R. H. Start.
11th Regt., Lt.-Col. A. F. Walker.	Sharpshooters, Col. H. R. Stoughton.

On motion of Gen. Foster, the thanks of the meeting were voted to the Committee of Arrangements for the present meeting, for their services.

The Constitution was signed by the following officers :

ROLL OF ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

Brig. and Brevet Maj. Gen. J. Geo. Stannard.	Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Geo. P. Foster.
Brig. and Brevet Maj. Gen. Wm. Wells.	Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Edward H. Ripley.
Brig. Gen. Stephen Thomas.	Col. and A. Q. M., P. P. Pitkin.
Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Wm. W. Henry.	

FIRST REGIMENT.

Lt. Col. Peter T. Washburn.

SECOND REGIMENT.

Surgeon M. J. Hyde.	1st Lieut. E. A. Priest, Co. I.
Capt. Richard Smith, Co. E.	2d Lieut. E. A. Tilden, Co. D.
1st Lieut. G. W. Flagg, Co. F.	

THIRD REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. Sam'l E. Pingree.	Surgeon D. M. Goodwin.
Surgeon Henry Janes.	

FOURTH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. S. M. Pingree.	1st Lieut. C. H. Newton, Co. E.
Chaplain John L. Roberts.	1st Lieut. Geo. P. Spaulding, Co. B.
Adj't. Geo. B. French.	2d Lieut. Wm. F. Tilson, Co. G.
Capt. E. W. Carter, Co. G.	2d Lieut. Jos. C. Waterson, Co. B.

FIFTH REGIMENT.

Maj. R. Proctor.

SIXTH REGIMENT.

Surgeon C. M. Chandler.	Capt. and A. Q. M., J. W. Clark.
Capt. A. H. Keith, Co. K.	Brevet Maj and C.S.C. S. Shattuck,
1st Lieut. F. A. Trask, Co. G.	1st Lieut. Geo. H. Hatch, Co. H.

(Seventh Regiment not represented.)

THE SECOND REUNION.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Col. J. B. Mead.	Capt. Fred D. Butterfield, Co. B.
Lieut. Col. C. Dillingham.	Capt. and A. Q. M., Edward Dewey.
Lieut. Col. E. M. Brown.	Lieut. and A. Q. M., Fred E. Smith.
Lieut. Col. A. B. Franklin.	Lieut. and A. Q. M., Jas. Welch.
Maj. J. L. Barstow.	Capt. L. M. Hutchinson, Co. E.
Surg. H. H. Gillett.	1st Lieut. Geo. E. Selleck, Co. I.
Adj't. Henry Carpenter.	1st Lieut. G. F. French, Co. K.
Capt. Henry E. Foster, Co. C.	1st Lieut. M. L. Bruce.
Capt. Geo. N. Carpenter, Co. C.	

NINTH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. E. S. Stowell.	2d Lieut. J. S. Halbert, Co. A.
Capt. A. J. Mower, Co. I.	Capt. and A. Q. M. Theodore S. Peck.
Adj't. J. C. Stearns.	Lieut. and A. Q. M., F. E. Rice.
Capt. Lewis H. Bisbee, Co. H.	Capt. J. T. Bascom, Co. F.
Capt. A. E. Leavenworth, Co. K.	Capt. J. O. Livingston, Co. G.
Capt. D. W. Lewis, Co. K.	

TENTH REGIMENT.

Capt. Chester F. Nye, Co. F.	1st Lieut. Wm. R. Hoyt, Co. A.
Capt. Henry G. Stiles, Co. E.	Capt. J. S. Thompson, Co. F.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Col. Charles Hunsdon.	Lieut. and A. D. C., H. C. Baxter.
Lieut. Col. R. C. Benton.	1st Lieut. S. H. Foster, Co. I.
Maj. Robinson Templeton.	1st Lieut. N. N. Glazier, Co. A.

TWELFTH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. R. Farnham.	Lieut. and A. D. C., G. G. Benedict.
Lieut. and A. Q. M., G. H. Bigelow.	2d Lieut. T. A. Brock, Co. H.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

Col. F. V. Randall.	Ass't Surg. J. B. Crandall.
Lieut. Col. Wm. D. Munson.	Capt. Aro P. Slayton, Co. H.
Lieut. Col. A. C. Brown.	2d Lieut. Hiram Shattuck, Co. D.
Maj. J. J. Boynton.	1st Lieut. Albert Clarke, Co. G.
Surg. Geo. Nichols.	

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

Maj. N. B. Hall.	Capt. W. C. Dunton, Co. H.
Adj't. H. Prindle.	2d Lieut. A. J. Child, Co. E.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT.

Col. Redfield Proctor.	Capt. O. C. Wilder, Co. B.
Adj't. J. M. Poland.	Maj. C. F. Spaulding.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Maj. Wm. Rounds.	1st Lieut. D. M. Clough, Co. A.
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SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Col. F. V. Randall.	Capt. B. F. Giddings, Co. B.
Lieut. Col. L. E. Knapp.	Capt. C. D. Brainerd, Co. F.
Maj. J. S. Peck.	Capt. E. J. Hartshorn, Co. G.
Capt. C. W. Corey, Co. H.	1st Lieut. E. L. Hibbard, Co. B.
Capt. Frank Kenfield, Co. C.	2d Lieut. C. A. Watson, Co. E.
Capt. H. O. Clafin, Co. D.	1st Lieut. Henry Cull, Co. C.
Capt. G. S. Robinson, Co. E.	1st Lieut. and A. D. C., W. B. Bur-
Capt. A. C. Fay, Co. D.	bank.

FIRST U. S. SHARPSHOOTERS.

Lieut. Col. W. Y. W. Ripley. 1st Lieut. H. E. Kinsman.
 Capt. Edmund Weston.

FIRST VT. CAVALRY.

Col. E. B. Sawyer.	Capt. H. K. Ide, Co. D.
Lieut. Col. W. G. Cummings.	1st Lieut. W. L. Greenleaf, Co. L.
Chaplain, J. H. Woodward.	1st Lieut. J. D. Moore, Co. D.
Maj. A. J. Grover.	1st Lieut. Jacob Trussell, Co. H.
Maj. J. D. Bartlett.	1st Lieut. S. A. Clark, Co. F.
Capt. Josiah Grout, Jr., Co. I.	1st Lieut. W. Farrington, Co. L.
Capt. and A. Q. M., C. V. H. Sabin.	1st Lieut. Eli Holden, Co. C.
Capt. A. G. Watson, Co. L.	2d Lieut. George Miller, Co. L.

FRONTIER CAVALRY.

2d Lieut. J. P. Eddy, Co. M.

FIRST BATTERY.

1st Lieut. E. A. Greenleaf. 2d Lieut. S. B. Hebard.

U. S. PAYMASTERS.

Thos. H. Halsey, Paymaster, U. S. A. Henry G. Colby, Paymaster, U. S. A.

The officers then marched to the banqueting hall in the Vermont Central Railroad depot, where three long tables were loaded with substantials such as cold turkey and other meats, which were introduced by hot oysters and tapered off with an abundance of the fruits of the season. General Stannard presided at the head of the centre table, and Governor Dillingham and Speaker Stewart occupied the heads of the other tables. After all had been rationed, the cloth was removed and Gen. Stannard inaugurated the evening's entertainment by a few hearty words of good cheer, and introduced Col. John B. Mead, of the 8th Vt., as Toast Master. The regular toasts were as follows :

I. *The Union*.—Cemented together by the blood of our fathers, and endeared to us by the sacrifices of the present generation—may it endure forever.

Hon. John W. Stewart, Speaker of the House of Representatives, said he had heard that when a soldier first came under fire, his first feeling, when the singing of a shell struck upon his ear, was that of nervous dread. In his present position he could sympathize with that feeling, although he

had not been on a battle-field. This was a war of *ideas* as well as physical forces. In this connection he told an anecdote received from a recently pardoned rebel of high standing at the South, about the rebel Secretary Cobb, who said one day during Sherman's triumphant march through Georgia, that it was "no use to fight the devil, or try to stop Sherman." "Every Yankee bullet," said he, "goes till it wears out, or kills a confederate soldier." [Applause.] The speaker thought the reason the Yankee bullet went so, was because it was backed by an *idez*. Vermonters fought so, because they fought for ideas, and that explained how General Meade could say that the 6th Corps was the best corps in his army, and that the old Vermont Brigade was the best brigade in the corps. We are now reaping the results of the labors and sacrifices of our soldiers. Our adversaries have submitted, and the North is richer to-day than when the war began. The West, in debt four years ago, is now laying up money. Twenty millions of government securities are at this hour owned in the State of Vermont and still her grand list is larger than in 1860. Thus this grand experiment had settled the fact that a free government could be sustained and perpetuated. In conclusion, Mr. Stewart said that though he had not shared the toils or dangers of camp and field, there were no honors in civil life that were at all comparable to those worn by those who had been the bulwarks of the nation in its hour of peril.

II. *The Western Continent*—One Constitution—one People—one Flag—the opinions of a world in arms to the contrary notwithstanding.

Col. Francis V. Randall of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Regiments expressed his hearty approbation of this sentiment. The banner of this Government must eventually float over the length and breadth of this continent. The Colonel made a capital speech in advocacy of the "Monroe Doctrine," illustrating his points with two or three stories.

The Colonel's remarks evidently "went to the spot," for he was loudly cheered on all hands.

III. *The President of the United States.*—Tried in the fires of Southern Secession, he has ever proved true to the cause of the Union.

Lieut. Colonel R. C. Benton of the Eleventh Regiment, eloquently recounted the noble services of Andrew Johnson for the Union as seen in his career as Senator and Governor, and now as President; how that almost alone among Southern men he had come out from his friends, and forsaking his political associations, continued faithful to the old flag until the end; and to-day reaps his reward. Colonel Benton had heard it intimated that this officers' re-union was to be gotten up for political purposes. He was glad to know that such was not the case, and that the union we had formed had higher and holier intentions. He trusted that the highest ambition of Vermont officers would be to preserve untarnished their reputation as lovers of their country and well wishers for her prosperity.

IV. *The Governor of Vermont.*—The representative of true democracy and self-sacrifice in the cause of freedom and humanity,—the Chief Magistrate of a state of whose record he may well be proud.

As Governor Dillingham rose to respond to this sentiment, he was greeted with a tornado of applause.

The Governor said Vermont had never been a colony of England or France, never been held in bondage by a man or kingdom—it was a colony planted by the right hand of the ruler of the universe; and it was appropriate that Ethan Allen in demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga should have done so in the name of the Great Jehovah, the founder of our commonwealth. We have our sweet homes and beautiful women, and wherever we go we are as proud to claim ourselves citizens of Vermont as was the ancient Roman to say, "I am a Roman citizen." The Governor closed his admir-

able speech with a feeling tribute to the fallen heroes of Vermont. Many a tear had been dropped on their names, but God has never permitted them to be blotted out. Those tears will give them the more lustre, and they will shine with the more glory as time rolls on.

V. *The Memory of our Comrades who have died for the Union.*

Rev. John L. Roberts, Chaplain of the Fourth Regiment, appropriately responded.

VI. *Our General*—George J. Stannard. At Gettysburg, at Cold Harbor, at Fort Harrison, at Home, under arms or without arms—we are with you and for you.

This sentiment was received with enthusiasm—all rising to their feet and giving repeated cheers for the modest hero of the “empty sleeve.” The General evidently was almost overcome with emotion, and modestly acknowledged this expression of the feeling of his brother officers. He said he could not “blow his own whistle,” if he tried, and would much prefer going into a sharp fight to making a speech.

Here Gov. Dillingham made the happy hit that Gen. Stannard was terrible to his enemies, but hates to make a charge on his friends. Major Barstow seized the occasion to recite the fine lines of “The Empty Sleeve, or the simple tale of a one armed man,” which was the signal for another burst of cheers in honor of the gallant hero of Gettysburg and Chapin’s Farm.

VII. *The First Vermont Volunteers.*—Our Pioneer Regiment.

Adjutant-General Washburn, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment, responded. He could hardly speak of warlike deeds to men who had fought from Bull Run to Appomatox Court House; to such as General Stannard, commanding two brigades; to Thomas, who charged over two Union brigades to strike the enemy in the Shenandoah

Valley; to Wells, who had captured 23 rebel guns in a single battle. But the First Regiment had a place in the history of Vermont in connection with this war. For when first called on for troops, Vermont was not like Massachusetts, with troops ready and equipped to start and gain the reputation of saving the capital, nor like New York, prepared to turn out thousands of trained men. Our troops were volunteers made up of the few militia companies of the State. At the meeting at Burlington of the captains, to see what Vermont could do to respond to the call of the President for men, many were disheartened, yet, though it was Friday night, on the Monday following the troops were ready. And out of the 770 men forming this regiment 650 re-entered the service, and 250 have held commissions. One of his privates, (Col. Connor, of Maine,) was made a Brigadier. His own duties had placed him in constant contact with the record of our Vermont troops. They had placed Vermont in a high position, and their fame was known in both armies. The rebel officer who was heard to say that he had rather face so many devils, than "those d—d Vermonters" in a fight, expressed the opinion of a good many on his side. General Washburn mentioned in closing, the fact that the last volley fired in the war by the 6th corps, was fired by the Second Vermont, and the last charge of cavalry in the war, was made by the First Vermont Cavalry. His speech was exceedingly interesting and effective, and was followed with long applause.

Lieutenant-Colonel Franklin, of the Eighth Regiment, then sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill," with fine effect.

VIII. *The Old Brigade*.—Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Eleventh Regiments.—its deeds have glorified the history of our State, and are among the proudest monuments the war has reared.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Pingree, of the Fourth Regiment, said it was enough to say of the Old Vermont Brigade

that they were among the best troops in the service. It had been their fortune to have as a commander General Brooks, beloved by all, and as a Division commander, so honored and gallant a leader as Gen. William F. Smith, while General Stannard had fought the Second Regiment at the first Bull Run. Colonel Pingree traced the history of the brigade from its first fight at Lee's Mills to the last of its proud list of battles. Its crowning glory was with Sheridan in the Valley, when the brigade fought side by side with the Tenth Regiment under General Henry, with the cavalry under General Wells, and with the Eighth under General Thomas. Indeed, it had served wherever there was a remnant of the army of the Potomac, and shared in its glories and defeats. At Gettysburg they looked on and saw another brigade of Vermonters have an every day fight under Stannard. They saw how they did it, and had they been called on, they would have made the rocky ground as bloody as did the Second Brigade. Colonel Pingree spoke earnestly and eloquently.

IX. *The Cavalry of Vermont.*—They have achieved victories which gained them a national reputation worthy of their gallant commanders, Sheridan and Custer.

General Wm. Wells responded. He eulogized his old regiment, saying that they never got after artillery but that they captured it. Their first fight was with the notorious Ashby at Mount Jackson, who there found, as he expressed it, that "a new set of devils" had got after him. The General, who makes no pretensions to speech-making, made a telling speech, which was received with three tremendous cheers and a tiger.

Rev. John H. Woodward, Chaplain of the regiment, was also called on, but the feeble state of his health prevented his speaking at length.

X. *7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 17th Regiments, the Batteries and Sharpshooters.*—Though isolated from their sister regiments in this war, they have equally sustained and illustrated the honor of our arms.

General Edward H. Ripley, of the Ninth Regiment, replied to this sentiment in an elegant and appropriate speech.

General Ripley was followed by Brigadier General Stephen Thomas, who spoke at length of the character and deeds of Vermont soldiers, and sketched the splendid part acted in the war by the regiments embraced in the toast. It had been well said that our soldiers went forth to battle for ideas, and to perpetuate the government handed down to us by our fathers. Whatever glory he had won as a soldier had been with the Eighth Regiment, and they had turned their backs but once on the enemy, and then only when thirteen out of sixteen officers were killed or wounded in less than forty minutes. Those who had known Vermont troops in battle were content to let Vermont stay in the Union. After a handsome reference to the sharpshooters, General Thomas said the "Seventeenth" boys had hardly buckled on their cartridge boxes when they faced the enemy in that hottest of conflicts, the bloody battle of the Wilderness. The General spoke in his usual effective manner, and sat down amid loud and long applause.

General Wm. W. Henry, of the Tenth Regiment, was next vociferously called for, and made a brief and clever acknowledgment of the honor.

XI. *The Second Vermont Brigade.*—It graduated with honor at Gettysburg.

Colonel Redfield Proctor, of the Fifteenth Regiment, responded, telling among other good things the following anecdote: In one of the first drills of his regiment a captain was drilling his company, who was more conspicuous for

his perseverance and energy than for his knowledge of infantry tactics. He was marching his recruits by company front, when he reached a fence which he could not pass by the flank. He therefore issued the following unique order: "Halt—order arms. Company will break ranks; and when they form, form t'other side of the fence." The witty Colonel was succeeded by Major Rounds, of the Sixteenth Regiment, in a good rousing speech. Major N. B. Hall, of the Fourteenth, sang the popular Irish ballad of "Pat Molloy," which Colonel Proctor introduced with some "faceshus" remarks about Captain Lonergan and the Fenian Congress, of which body that gallant and popular officer was reputed to be a member.

XII. *The Press of Vermont.*—With but few exceptions it was quick to sound the tocsin of alarm in the hour of our country's danger, and has ever kept in time to the music of the Union.

Hon. E. P. Walton, of the *Montpelier Journal*, said that though yet young he was the oldest member of the press in Vermont, and he therefore felt it his right to respond to this sentiment. The press, with but few exceptions, and those not to be named in so honorable an assembly as he was addressing, had been true to the soldiers. Mr. Walton mentioned the fact that the grandfather of General Brooks was born in Montpelier. Mr. Walton's gem of a speech was deservedly applauded.

Here the regular toasts ended, and an opportunity was offered for volunteer sentiments, singing of songs, and reading of letters and telegrams from invited guests.

Among the letters and dispatches was a genial letter from Brigadier General James M. Warner, regretting his inability to be present, and the following telegram from DeWitt C. Clarke, Esq., of Burlington: "Sorry I can't be with you. One of my coat-sleeves is almost as empty as

Stannard's, and unlike him, the rest of me don't make up for it."

General Stannard proposed the memory of Major General Sedgwick, "Uncle John," as the boys loved to call him, which was drunk standing and in silence, and at the suggestion of Colonel Benton, the familiar dirge of "Mount Vernon" was sung by a choir of officers.

After the singing of a verse of the "Star Spangled Banner," and "God Bless the Old Sixth Corps," a sentiment offered by Lieutenant Geo. H. Bigelow, complimentary to the "Old Granite State," brought out Colonel John Coughlin, of the Tenth New Hampshire, a Green Mountain boy by birth, who made a remarkably happy speech, wherein he made honorable mention of the "brave boys in blue" who had gone forth from the sister States of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Major B. F. Tucker, of the First Maine Cavalry, a "Bristol boy," who bore an enviable reputation for gallantry while in service, was neatly toasted by Hon. J. W. Stewart, but failed to respond, having been obliged to leave for home at an early hour of the festivities.

Colonel J. B. Mead was called up. He had been trying to find how many axes had been ground at this gathering, and had been unsuccessful. We had had a genuine love feast, and, contrary to general prophecy, had not been "indulging" in politics. The Colonel, who is a fluent speaker, made a pleasant, patriotic effort.

General Henry was "reminded of a story." While going up to the State House that day, he overheard a couple of venerable representatives in conversation. Said one: "Those officers meet to-night to have a supper and a drunk, I suppose." "Well," replied the other, "*Who's got a better right?*" [Applause.]

Colonel Pingree gave the "Rank and File," in response

to which Major Barstow made a brief speech. Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, after complimenting the private soldier, proceeded to eulogize General Stannard, particularly mentioning his coolness and daring at Fort Harrison.

Lieutenant Colonel E. S. Stowell gave "Long life to the man who paid us," which elicited a round of cheers for Major Thomas H. Halsey, and a little speech from that genial and popular paymaster, in which he stated that he was proud to be appointed from Vermont; that he learned early to love and appreciate General Stannard, and that he had often paid Vermont troops, first in gold and then in greenbacks.

Paymaster Henry G. Colby, U. S. N., bowed his acknowledgments to a complimentary toast. General Geo. P. Foster led in six cheers for "Phil Sheridan," that "square headed Irishman," who helped capture Lee's army. Colonel Benton suggested cheers for the ladies of the Cooper shop of Philadelphia, which were given with downright good will. General Stannard secured a "thundering" cheer for General Getty; and Major Rounds felicitously toasted the ladies.

Quartermaster General Pitkin was not forgotten in the general good feeling, for a capital sentiment was offered for "the man that clothed and fed the army of the Potomac." It was received with uproarious applause, and Colonel Pitkin returned his thanks in the pleasantest manner.

Colonel Farnham called attention to a class who had bled for their country, not exactly as some other brave fellows had, viz.: "The Surgeons;" and called on the Secretary of State, Dr. George Nichols, of the 13th Vt., who quoted the following lines:

"God and the doctor we alike adore,
Just at the brink of danger, not before;
The danger past, both are alike required,
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted."

Lieutenant Albert Clarke toasted "Vermont," and recited

some patriotic poetry. After the officers had made the welkin ring with cheers for Generals Grant, Sherman, Custer and Warner, General Stannard communicated the regrets of Ex-Governor Smith at not being able to be present, owing to the death of an only sister.

The general, in some closing remarks, referred to the character and bravery of the soldiers of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, who had fought under his command. He trusted that every succeeding reunion might be as pleasant as this, and that their influence might extend throughout the length and breadth of the land.

At the suggestion of Colonel Mead, all then joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and as its notes died away in the stillness of the early dawn, the "Second Reunion of Vermont Officers" broke up in a most reputable and kindly manner.

THIRD REUNION,

OCTOBER 29TH, 1866.

The Third Reunion took place pursuant to the call of the Executive Committee, at Montpelier, October 29th, 1866, with a gratifyingly large attendance. The number of officers present was about one hundred and fifty, and forty names were added to the roll of members, making a total of about two hundred.

The business meeting was held at the Court House in the afternoon, and was called to order by the President, Brevet Major General George J. Stannard.

The Chair appointed the following Committee on toasts for the evening :

TOAST COMMITTEE.

Col. Wm. C. Holbrook, 7th Regt.; Capt. A. E. Leavenworth, 9th Regt.;
Col. Geo. W. Hooker, 4th Regt.; Capt. H. B. Atherton, 6th Regt.;
Col. John B. Mead, 8th Regt.; Surgeon A. H. Chesmore, 5th Regt.
Capt. Samuel E. Burnham, 5th Regt.;

The Treasurer's report was then presented and read.

On motion of Colonel Proctor, the present officers of the society were re-elected, as follows :

OFFICERS FOR 1866-7.

President.—Brig. and Brevet Maj. Gen. Geo. J. Stannard, Burlington.
Vice Presidents.—Brig. and Brevet Maj. Gen. Wm. Wells, Waterbury;
Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Edward H. Ripley, Rutland.
Corresponding Secretary.—Lieut. Col. Roswell Farnham, Bradford.
Recording Secretary.—Lieut. John C. Stearns, Bradford.
Treasurer.—Col. Perley P. Pitkin, Montpelier.
Executive Committee.—Brig. Gen. Stephen Thomas, West Fairlee;
Lieut. Col. Stephen M. Pingree, Hartford; Maj. Chas. F. Spaulding, St. Johnsbury.

On motion of Lieutenant Colonel L. E. Knapp, 17th Regiment, the Executive Committee were directed to cause the Constitution and Roster of the society to be printed, and one copy furnished to each member.

On motion of General P. T. Washburn, it was voted that the members of the society and Vermont officers generally be requested to send their photographs, with the autograph of each appended, to the Adjutant General, to be preserved in the State House; and that friends of deceased Vermont officers be requested to send photographs of the same.

Chaplain D. A. Mack, 3d Regiment, introduced the subject of founding an asylum for the orphans of deceased soldiers; but there not being time to consider it, it was postponed.

The society then adjourned to the evening.

EVENING.

At 7:45 p. m. the officers formed in front of the Pavilion, under the marshalship of Colonel W. Y. W. Ripley, assisted by Colonel E. S. Stowell, and marched to the excellent music of the old band of the Tenth Regiment (which, though they had never seen each other since mustering out a year ago, on coming to Montpelier borrowed a set of instruments, and skillfully played the old airs and marches again) to the hall of the House of Representatives, which, save the seats reserved for the Reunion Society, was crowded with ladies and gentlemen.

General Stannard presided, and after prayer by Rev. L. O. Brastow, of St. Johnsbury, late chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, introduced, with some allusions to his gallant service, the orator of the evening, Colonel W. G. Veazey, of Rutland.

ORATION BY COL. W. G. VEAZEY.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen :

The words of introduction which our distinguished President has been pleased to use, scarcely tend to diminish the embarrassment and solicitude with which I come to a discharge of the duties assigned to me upon this occasion of fraternal reunion. We assemble from our scattered hills and valleys to mingle salutations, to review the days of camps and battles, and to gather renewed courage, from the magnetic touch of a comrade's elbow, for the unfinished duties of life. It is an occasion when we feel crowding in upon our minds memories of mingled joy and sadness; memories not only of heroic achievement, but of fallen comrades; an occasion not for cold speculative discussion, however profound or ingenious, but rather for the expression of sentiment and patriotic feeling. But in my solicitude lest I fail to do justice to the occasion, I do not forget that in the bosoms of those whom I specially address, beats the soldier's warm and generous heart, that brooks no unkindly criticism of a comrade's fault.

It is not unprecedented for a post-revolutionary period to be marked by evil forebodings, and often by imminent public peril; greater, even, than in the height of the revolution itself. Meeting as we do to-night in the midst of such a period, it has seemed to me not unwise to cast our eyes over some of the features of the struggle, and perhaps gather inspiration from bright examples, for the work which the perils of the times impose upon us.

Until within less than a decade of years, it is doubtful whether any generation was ever the recipient, or in the enjoyment of so great substantial political blessings, as the present generation in this republic. Almost perfect liberty, yet without license, almost universal prosperity, yet without general dissoluteness, were diffused over our broad domain. Compared with our government in its practical effect on the individual, not only every form that preceded it, but even the ideal republics of philosophers, were but rudiments in governmental polity. The hand of the State rested so lightly on the individual that he scarcely perceived the touch. The fruits of representative republicanism were being enjoyed, while yet the ordeal of internal disruption had not tested its strength as a form of government. In the struggle for lib-

erty, or, perhaps, better, in the constant effort to suppress liberty, which constitutes about all there is of history, liberty had occasionally gained a partial triumph. The words democracy and republic not unfrequently occur on the pages of history, but often misused as descriptive of government; oftener indeed descriptive of tyranny than of liberty. Where intelligence prevails at all, it is only under the guise of liberty that complete tyranny can be exercised. Yet at long intervals and for brief periods, the will of the people has formed the government, but generally so imperfect and under such unfavorable circumstances, that the fruits of liberty to the citizen were scarcely less bitter than those of the tyranny which preceded, and into which the people's government so soon relapsed. With us, security in person and property, freedom of speech and the press, taxation not a burden, labor honorable and rewarded, merit recognized, property distributed, knowledge diffused, full religious toleration, poverty cared for, crime punished, nationality of spirit, a worthy ancestry, historic renown—all these, my comrades, constituted but a part of the blessings of free government profusely strewn along our pathway. Even the price paid by the fathers of the republic, the expenditure of blood and treasure, the sacrifice and suffering through that long, dark night of struggle with oppression which preceded the morning dawn of Independence, is not adequate for the privileges which we enjoyed.

Add even the story of the schooling through which the fathers passed, in preparation for their struggle for independence, in that seven years' fearful strife, so wide spread that the sun set not on a peaceful quarter of the globe; that contest when in the East, Clive, just from the accountant's desk, led British battalions to the conquest of an empire, wider and richer than ever paled before the Roman eagles; when in Europe, Frederick the Great rose against a gigantic combination to the "last glittering peak" of heroic attainment; and when in the West, Montcalm and Wolfe, upon the heights of Abraham,

"Bought by their death a deathless fame;"

add, I say, the heroic and perilous part which the fathers performed in this conflict in preparation for the nobler struggle for independence that followed, and we still have not a price equal to the measure of privileges meted out to us under the benign influence of republican liberty.

So far, in national emergencies as well as in individual protection, the republic had proved sufficient.

With but comparatively slight interruption, peace, disseminating its untold favors, had attended the nation up through its growth to a speedy manhood. Except in mimicry upon some festive day, no "piercing fife or thumping drum," or soldier's tramp, had wakened the echoes of our mountain slopes. Peace, prosperity, fraternity, equality, had fallen to our favored lot. Looking back through the tornado of war that followed—through the tears, the pangs, the death—seems not unlike the dreamy view of age back through the vicissitudes of a stormy life to the joyous days of youth.

Though not fully appreciated, the blessings of this free government, based upon the equality of man, were none the less real. The enjoyment of this goodly heritage, without price from us, rendered it none the less valuable. Having attained, so far as human experience could judge and human wisdom devise, the perfection of government, there devolved upon us the triple duty to preserve, to increase, to transmit the priceless inheritance.

To preserve it;—how little did we know the magnitude of our duty, the weight of our responsibility, the mighty efforts in store for us! To preserve it;—so secure did we regard ourselves in our estate, that these words seemed well nigh like meaningless declamation. But now, you, my comrades, you who have seen death

—"by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Known all his shapes, and scorned them all;"

and still more you, parents and widows, brothers and sisters, who wear the weeds of mourning, and bear in your bosoms bruised and broken hearts that time cannot heal, for the valiant son, or husband, or brother, whose life went out in the noble defense;—you, I say, can feel, if not tell, something of the fearful depth of meaning which those words embrace. That this was, and is, a duty, a solemn duty, none here will deny, and none but traitors ever did deny. To fail in this duty would be a depth of degradation to which loyalty could not descend. To fail in it would be treason.

In the Declaration of Independence the fathers planted themselves upon two fundamental principles: First, the equality of man; second, the right of a people under certain

circumstances to cast off their allegiance to their government. A revolution based upon these principles resulted in success. From this revolution emerged the great political event of history—our Representative Federal Republic. With a love of liberty intensified by the fires of the revolution, and fully confident that liberty was safe only in a complete recognition of the principle that men are equal, the fathers hastened to bind their countrymen to this truth by placing it foremost in their bills of rights. Thence onward it has stood, recognized in all the fullness of its meaning by a portion of the country, denied in its application to a certain race by the remainder. Thence arose the unhappy struggle, the “irrepressible conflict.”

On the one side was arrayed self-interest and the prejudice of race—on the other consistency and justice. The unparalleled prosperity of the nation, its giant strides to power, our own conceit, at times well nigh closed our eyes to justice. Then the conflict would temporarily subside. Our ears were continually soothed by the lullaby of compromise. At first all acknowledged the inconsistency of slavery with equality. At length a portion, blinded by self-interest, became the friends of slavery, and necessarily in the same degree, the enemies of equality. As a nation we proclaimed equality, we practiced injustice. The constant encroachments of slavery naturally consolidated the power of liberty. The equality, which slavery denied to its victims, it at length denied to the friends of freedom. Constitutional rights became sacred only as construed in favor of slavery; and the first successful assertion of these rights in behalf of freedom, in a contest precipitated by slavery, became to the latter power the apology for treason.

Forgetting in the delirium of treasonable intoxication the consecrated blood of the revolution, forgetting the injunctions of the fathers of the republic, forgetting the blessings of a benign government, forgetting the vows plighted to liberty and loyalty, the petted children of the republic,

“With ingratitude more strong than traitors’ arms,”

raised their hands with hellish fury to strike down free government and civil liberty. From the recoil of that blow we date, not only the freedom of a race of human beings, but the disenthralment of liberty herself.

When the fathers fought for independence, it was with protestations of loyalty, and because denied the usual privi-

leges of loyalty. Had their efforts proved unavailing, it would not have been considered fatal to liberty. But after our long experiment of free government under circumstances so favorable to its development, if liberty could not exist here in her own chosen home, amid a people whose genius is hostility to oppression, whose early history is successful resistance to tyranny, whose will is not more the subject than the governor of the law, well might mankind ask in despair, where can the experiment again be made?

Fortunately for humanity this question needed no answer; for here in her own citadel, liberty found her defense in the stout hearts and strong arms of millions of freemen. It was a rare fortune, my comrades, that God raised you up to, when He made you a part of the grand uprising of '61. When the colossus of France aroused his assembled hosts under the pyramids of Egypt to the full intensity of enthusiasm, by reminding them that forty centuries were looking down upon their deeds, the nations of earth applauded the scene. It was the breath of genius inspiring the machinery of its creation with the fiery life of heroism. Yet in grandeur and importance, how trifling the scene in comparison with the rush of the hosts of freedom in America to resist the rebels' onset upon civil liberty. No gaze of forty centuries from towering pyramids, nor the magnetic influence of the lips of genius, roused the northern heart; but when the clash of resounding arms came sweeping up on the Southern breeze, it was to the Northman's ears the warning note of liberty echoing through the vaulted heavens; and he was transformed from the peaceful citizen to the rugged soldier by an influence within, more potent than the appeals of oratory, or the magnetism of genius.

Feeble would be my lips to describe the warlike attitude of our own gallant State, perched high upon these green hills above the foul atmosphere of treason, in response to the call to arms. Not more quickly did Clan Alpine's warriors answer "through copse and heath" the shrill whistle of Roderick Dhu, than did these bold mountains bristle with thinking bayonets. The men who answered this call were not mercenaries, men of low degree, but likened most, perhaps, after the heroes of the revolution, to the Ironsides of Cromwell; men of "grave character, moral, diligent, accustomed to reflect, and zealous for public liberty; induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers," but by the highest sense of political duty, the preservation of the

republic; recognizing as binding upon them the obligations of the founders of the nation, when they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, for the independence of the colonies; not unmindful perhaps that the glory of preserving is equal to that of founding an empire. Thirty thousand and more of such men left the fields, the shops, the desks of Vermont to swell the ranks of our armies. Thirty thousand and more of such men, my comrades, has it been your honor, with that of others, whom the grave separates from this happy reunion, to lead against the hosts of treason.

Are the familiar words of the poet true, that

“Men, high minded men,
Men who their duties know
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,”

constitute a State? Then what a State is ours! Would you, men of Vermont, know the record of this gallant band, this Green Mountain army? Then read the history of the rebellion. Follow these worthy sons of a noble State from your quiet firesides to the fields of their achievements, to well nigh all the gory fields of the rebellion.

Hear them first at Big Bethel uttering deep curses upon the incompetency that restrained them from performing their mission of chastisement upon the rebel horde. See them on the plains of Manassas, unconscious of defeat, reluctantly following our retreating columns before a virtually beaten foe. Again behold them wading the turbid stream of Warwick Creek, with gun and cartridge box held high above its waters, pressing through a leaden hail, against a sheltered enemy vastly superior in numbers, driving him from his intrenchments, and holding them against furious assaults until ordered back, after half their brave hearts had ceased to beat.

Follow them through from the Chickahominy to the James, stemming the tide of disaster, burning with shame at those nightly evolutions that abandoned the fields of daily victory to a defeated foe.

So on through, wherever rebellion showed its “upreared and abutting fronts,” there stood Vermont; at Antietam, turning back the march of rebellion Northward; at Fredericksburg, storming Marye’s Heights, and planting her standards upon those memorable hills; again on that outstretched battlefield, from the Rapidan to the Appomattox,

running through from May to April, every day garnering up laurels that would have adorned the chaplets of Roman Emperors in their triumphal returns from the conquest of empires; in the valley of the Shenandoah, snatching victory from defeat; at Port Hudson and elsewhere on the banks of the Mississippi; up the Red river; at the defenses of Mobile—everywhere indeed throughout the vast arena of conflict, making up a record which the most brilliant achievements of war never eclipsed.

And here I may be allowed to pause, and dwell for one moment upon two days in particular, which Vermont and the nation will ever hold in grateful remembrance; not that they are exceptional, but types of many days that added so largely to the fame of the Green Mountain State; and at the same time, serving to illustrate both the unparalleled soldierly qualities which her sons can acquire by experience; and their native, untrained valor in the midst of great emergencies; one the 3d of July, 1863, the other the 19th of October, 1864. My blood thrills at the thought of the glory which the sons of Vermont won upon those memorable days.

It will be remembered that after the disastrous battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the rebels, induced no doubt by the gloom that had overspread the country, undertook their last great invasion of the North. It was a hopeful day for the heresy of secession. Traitors in the North, in ecstasy over national misfortunes, had begun to assume an open defiance of law. The term of service of many troops had expired, or was about to expire. The opportune moment seemed to have arrived for the rebels to carry "the bloody course of war" to Northern hearthstones, and by one overwhelming blow destroy forever the vestiges of American freedom.

The passage of the Potomac is soon forced, and the centre of war is transferred from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg. For the first time the Potomac army is to meet its old foe upon the free soil of the North. Upon the battle to ensue are to be staked the hopes of the republic, the hopes of liberty. No brave men can be spared from such a battle. Stretched along from Bull Run to the Rappahannock, a brigade of men made up of Vermont bone, muscle and brain, have luxuriated nearly through their nine months' term of easy service. But their days of ease have passed. Through heat and rain, shoeless, blistered and weary, they find themselves on the evening of July 1st, face to face with the victorious legions of Lee. Before them lie the maimed and

lifeless forms of those who had that day fallen. The morrow's sun will bring their first dread reality of battle. For the first time they stand side by side with the veterans of the grand old army of the Potomac. Their term of service is about to expire. This will be their only opportunity as a brigade to strike for country and honor. They have the example of the old regiments to emulate. Great are their duties and responsibilities. But they are true sons of Vermont. The opening day brings the expected battle. With varying success it rages along from centre to left and left to centre. At last the lines give way. Dingy squads of men come streaming back through the smoke of battle. Reinforcements are called for. Then the generous Doubleday, to whom Vermont owes so much for securing to her sons the credit to which they are justly due, rides along our lines, and his clear command is heard above the din of conflict, "Forward, the light flying brigade." Quickly they present their breasts to the deadly missiles, and pressing forward to the breach, turn back the flooding tide of battle. This ends the second day of Gettysburg with the standards of Vermont in the front. The next day brings a renewal of the bloody scene. Throughout the morning furious assaults are made upon the right flank. Except the left centre, every part of our lines have been tried. Lee has heard that this is held by new and untried troops. From his observatory he sees their unsheltered position. Break through that, and the Potomac army is destroyed forever. The veteran division of the rebel General Pickett that has never known defeat, is still fresh. Quickly it is formed for the charge. For two hours, one hundred and forty pieces of rebel cannon pour their deadly contents into the ranks of these sons of Vermont untrained to the shock of battle. By all analogy and experience, human endurance has become exhausted. The foundations of earth are shaken by the furious cannonade, but not the lines of these brave men. There they stand upon those bloody slopes, far to the front of other lines, as firm as the hills of their own Green Mountain home, and receive and shatter the charging columns of treason amid the unrestrained applause of the veterans of other corps who were the admiring spectators of the stupendous tragedy. Gettysburg is won, and the brows of Vermont's gallant soldiers are garlanded with the laurels of the victory, from which the wave of rebellion ever after receded.

Time will not allow me to detail the events that preceded the 19th day of October, 1864. The Shenandoah Valley had

again become the active theatre of war. The intrepid Sheridan had pushed his victorious army, comprised largely of Vermont troops, far up the valley. Smarting under repeated defeats, and fully conscious of the importance of holding this valley, the rebels had quietly assembled a large and well appointed force near Middletown, and resolved upon one of those sudden and overwhelming strokes that not unfrequently have decided the fortune of a war.

On the morning of the 19th of October circumstances combined to render the success of the contemplated blow exceedingly probable. The victories that had so lately crowned the Union arms, rendered an attack from the enemy improbable. Sheridan was absent. The elements even were favorable to a surprise. The foggy atmosphere of early morning covered the rebels' stealthy movements. No sound broke the all-pervading stillness. While the victors of recent fields were resting in the heavy slumber of over-tasked nature, just as the first streaks of morning pierced the Eastern horizon, the rush, the shout, the opening volley, startled the sleepers to duty. The surprise was complete. In front, in flank, in rear, volleys poured from an unseen foe. But the hardened veterans cannot yield without a struggle. Blow is returned for blow. One position after another is taken, but the rebel onset is irresistible. Thus passes morning into midday. Many have fallen, more have been captured, camps and artillery gone. The fruits of past victories seem slipping away. But at this crisis Sheridan arrives upon the field, and riding along the lines, he reins up in front of the Vermont regiments and inquires: "What troops are these?" "The Sixth Corps—the Vermont Brigade," is shouted simultaneously from the ranks. "We are all right!" exclaimed the General, and swinging his hat above his head, he passed off to the right "amid the exultant shouts of the men." Soon the defensive is abandoned and the offensive assumed, and foremost in that murderous charge, that annihilated the last rebel army of the valley, were the standards of Vermont.

But, comrades, the history of these and many other days is made, it is fresh in our memory, and we need not be our own eulogists.

Had you selected one to address you to-night who was not of your number, one accustomed to stand up on great occasions and portray the heroic deeds of brave men, one whose lips were eloquent with well selected words of eulogy, he, inspired by his theme, would have dwelt long upon the scenes to which I have only referred. He would have told

you of the first regiment, the militia of Vermont, the school which graduated more than half a regiment of officers. He would have dwelt upon the glory won by our two regiments upon the shores of the gulf, and amid the bayous of the Mississippi. He would have spoken of that regiment which was so long the pride, because the best of the Eighteenth Corps, and the first of the army to tread the streets of Richmond; of the gallant Tenth, which at Monocacy and elsewhere, separate from other Vermont regiments, won imperishable fame in honorable competition with the brave troops of sister States; of that last offspring of Vermont, which ere its ranks were filled took up its march Richmondward, and scarcely halted except for battle, until called up for its final muster out; of the sharpshooters and batteries always summoned to the post of danger; of our ubiquitous cavalry, which, upon seventy-two hard fought fields rolled up trophies of victory as the fabled giants "upon Ossa rolled the leafy Olympus."

And he would have dwelt upon the deeds of our "Old Brigade," which became like the Old Guard of France, in the resplendent glory of the Empire, the pride and envy of the army; not the least of whose honors it was to win and retain the confidence and admiration of those two eminent Generals, the one that skillful soldier* of Vermont, whose genius alone could relieve a beleaguered and discomfited army in the defences of Chattanooga from what appeared to others to be an impending fatality, and whose lofty conceptions carried victory through the clouds of heaven over a confident and previously victorious enemy; the other, that rugged veteran† of the West, under whom the brigade reached the pinnacle of heroic achievement, and to whose careful training and soldierly example the brilliant career and surpassing fame of the brigade are largely due.

He would also have told you more of that younger brigade with a briefer but not less glorious service. He would have presented in detail the Herculean efforts of our little State in the great war, the facts and figures of statistics, and by comparison with the efforts of other States in other times have enabled you better to appreciate the magnitude of the task performed by Vermont, in the struggle for national preservation. All these things circumstances compel me to leave to other and better hands.

*Maj. General W. F. Smith.

†Maj. General W. T. H. Brooks.

But, men of Vermont, would you have the immediate, unmistakable proof of the prowess that has added so much to the lustre of your escutcheon? Then raise your eyes to these tattered colors that adorn these halls with suggestions of glory which we may well allow to conceal the skill and handiwork of the architect. These pierced and shattered fragments tell, with an eloquence loftier than human lips can utter, where stood Vermont in the furor of battle.

"They tell of life that calmly looked on death,
Of peerless valor, and of trust sublime,
Of costly sacrifice, of holiest faith,
Of lofty hopes that ended not with time."

Thank God! not a single flag did our Vermont soldiers surrender during the four years of war; not one of these sacred emblems ever felt the polluting touch of a traitor's hand. There let them hang so long as peace shall remain within our borders,—Glorious Ensigns of Liberty, Noble Inspirators of Patriotism, Silent Monitors of Duty. But should liberty again be assailed, should the pestilence of war again breathe upon us, then return them to the front, their wonted place in the hour of battle, and there you will find strong arms and brave hearts to bear them on to renewed victory.

But, after all, how feeble are the facts and figures of statistics to portray the magnitude of sacrifice which Vermont has laid upon the altar of free government. Our eyes have become so accustomed to large figures that they scarcely attract attention. But could we go down into the tabernacles of the hearts of the proud fathers, the fond mothers, the devoted wives, the affectionate sisters of those "who have submitted to the last dread test of patriotism, and laid down their lives for their country," there might we behold the real though sad picture of heroic sacrifice to loyalty and duty.

What, to the heart-stricken by the loss of son or husband, or brother, are untold millions of treasure in comparison with the single life crushed under the burden of patriotic duty? In the fullness of generous sympathy we mingle our tears with those of the bereaved ones over the ashes of the patriot dead. Gladly do we award the full mead of praise both to the living and dead for their noble sacrifice.

Not less of praise and admiration do we extend to the untitled patriot, who, without hope of reward or emolument,

attested with his blood the sincerity of his devotion, than to the titled chief. Side by side in death they became the equal worthy offering for freedom. When generations to come, in the full fruition of the blessings which the triumph of free government will perpetuate, shall reflect upon the price of their inheritance, they will drop the tear of gratitude alike upon the graves of all those who lost their lives in the noble struggle.

At the first reunion of Vermont officers, while gathered around the festive board, a sentiment was offered to our fallen comrades. Standing with bowed heads, that joyous assembly responded in the sublime eloquence of Silence. No feeble words of mine can add to that delicate and expressive tribute of our regard and affection.

To the broken home circles there is the sweet consolation of the highest duty performed; the pleasant thought that immeasurable ages will sacredly cherish the memory of the great service. To us, comrades, there remains not only to mourn their loss, but to emulate their bright example, to enjoy the fruits of their deeds, and to fulfil the mission of duty for which they offered their priceless lives.

We would erect above their numerous graves, not the broken shaft, as indicative of an incomplete career, but the full rounded monolith, the emblem of a perfected life.

It has seemed to me not inappropriate now that the effort to revolutionize the government by a resort to arms has failed, and the tocsin of war is hushed, that we should address ourselves briefly to the unfinished mission of the soldier. And here I would be glad to speak of his general duties as a citizen; the duties of soldiers to each other; their social relations; the duties and pledges of society to them. I would gladly enter my most earnest protest against, I fear, a growing idea in the public mind, that the soldiers returned from the war full of vice, dissipated, and dangerous to the peace and well being of society. As applied to the true soldiers of Vermont, it is a calumny unworthy to fall from patriotic lips.

On these and kindred topics there is much to say, but mindful of the more pleasing festivities to follow, I hasten to notice the national obligations which the collapse of the rebellion and other causes have imposed upon us.

The unwarranted attempt at revolution by force brought our army into being. I say unwarranted, not only in the sense of causeless, but in the broad sense that revolution by force can never be warrantable under a form of gov-

ernment like ours, however great may be the wrongs which it seeks to remedy.

The arbitrament of arms is defensible only as a last resort, that is, the resort after every other effort at settlement is exhausted, every other remedy consistent with honor and justice, has failed. Under the strictest application of this principle, the early patriots justified in their own consciences, and in the eyes of mankind, their appeal to this last resort. Success crowned their effort. In the Constitution which followed, they provided against the necessity of revolution by a resort to arms as a redress for wrongs, by placing the government in the hands of the people, by putting within their control the remedy of revolution, by ballot. Every election is not necessarily a revolution because it may result in a continuation of the political policy that preceded. But when an election results in the choice of a class of men to office who represent principles, opposite or antagonistic to those of their predecessors, it is revolution as much as those brought about by a resort to arms.

The right of revolution by force as a remedy, cannot exist without the necessity of force. This necessity cannot arise with us, because the people are themselves the law-makers, the rulers, not in the weakness of a democracy, but in the strength of a representative republic, in a confederation of sovereignties with paramount central power, a form of government where,

—"jarring interests of themselves create,
The according music of a well mixed State."

The late rebellion is a striking illustration of the folly of a minority undertaking to redress alleged wrongs by force, which they could not do by ballot. In the natural order of things the same majority that would beat them at the ballot, would beat them with the bayonet. The rebels' attempt at revolution was therefore without right, without necessity, and without reasonable prospect of success. The loyal citizen soldiery of the United States made it a failure. But out of this attempted revolution grew a reform. Instead of overturning the republic, its fires purified the nation. Instead of destroying free government, it resulted in making the subjects of the government free. Instead of enslaving the free, it freed the slave. This is the reformation, the national regeneration. Hitherto the contest has been against slavery

legalized. It is now to secure to all the fruits of legalized freedom.

The army has done the work of regeneration. There remains to it to do the work of re-organization. This is not the work of conquered traitors. This work will be complete when all men whom the constitution recognizes as free, shall enjoy the full rights of freedom. Re-organization, other than upon principles of justice and political equality, is forfeiture of the fruits of victory. To call men free who have no rights in court, who have no protection in person and property, who cannot hold office or be represented, who have neither the right, nor hope of the right to vote, is an insult to the common sense of mankind, a stigma upon the statutes of free government.

No citizen soldier of a republic has a right to plead that he has completed his public duty. Our duties as soldiers, we confidently hope, are ended; our duties as citizens may have just begun. In gathering up the disordered members of the republic and restoring each to its own proper sphere—in garnering up the fruits of victory over treason, our aid is needed. Without it, freedom may be in greater peril than when we met treason in open combat. In rendering this aid, in performing this duty, we must rise above all personal considerations. If occasion require it, we must disregard the forgetfulness of those who made unnecessary pledges of emoluments to induce us to peril our lives for the country. And above all, we must scorn to appropriate the spoils of government patronage, if fed to us from the hand that has just been raised against the government. The soldier at the public crib by leave of traitors, is an unthinking ox in the shambles,

“Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.”

The overthrow of the rebel power in the field is not the destruction of treason in the rebel heart. Of the three stages through which treason naturally and usually passes in its mission of destruction, the first, war, is ended; the second, assassination, we hope, is drawing to a close; and the third, treachery in the national councils, we fear, is only begun. To thwart this is a part of our unfinished mission. It is our old foe under the guise of loyalty, and many will be deceived by the covering. Magnanimity to a fallen foe may be extended to individuals to the full limit of chivalrous generosity, but

not to the sacrifice of principles. Our vast numbers give us the power of completing the reform, of perfecting a sound reorganization. Our silence may be fatal to these results.

Southernism was always petulant, proud, arrogant, impetuous and aggressive; qualities to be met by coolness, persistency and courage.

On the 9th of April, 1865, the commander of the rebel armies, driven from the chief citadel of treason by the steady fire and well directed blows of persistent courage, was summoned to surrender. The terms were frank, full, generous and decided. The summons came from that imperturbable brain before which treason had learned to quail. Twelve months of constant attrition had convinced Lee of the steady, fixed purpose of Grant, and in the humiliation of defeat he replied: "The terms are accepted."

Let the plan of re-organization be based on firm principles of justice and equality; let it be pressed with the same steady, determined courage with which you levelled your cannon at Petersburg, and before which the Southron has ever quailed, both in the halls of Congress and on the fields of battle, when arrogating to himself privileges which the Constitution does not prescribe—and you will again hear the acclaim, coming up on the Southern breeze: "THE TERMS ARE ACCEPTED."

After the close of the address, on motion of Major J. L. Barstow, the hearty thanks of the Society were tendered to Colonel Veazey, and a copy of his address requested for preservation in its archives.

After the band had given "Hail Columbia" in fine style the society re-formed in procession and marched to Depot Hall, where the supper was spread.

THE SUPPER.

Three large tables were crowded with officers and their invited guests. General Stannard presided at the centre table. Grace before meat was asked by Chaplain D. A. Mack. After the cloths and confectionery were removed, the

toast master, Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, announced the following regular toasts:

I. *Our Country*.—Ours with a double meaning since we endured hardship and faced death to secure its unity, welfare, and glory among the nations. For its defense against foreign or domestic foes, it will never call in vain on the soldiers of Vermont.

Governor Paul Dillingham, whom the “boys in blue” of Vermont ever delight to honor, rose to respond to this toast amidst the heartiest applause. He thought the country safe, and he needed not to speak to the gallant men before him of love of country. But the rebellion, though suppressed as far as the attitude of war and glimmer of arms was concerned, was not yet entirely destroyed. He hoped the civil power would only make such compromise and concession to our late foes as would secure in return from them a lasting and permanent peace. No man wanted to see a rupture again. He was pained to see men who professed to love the country so weak as to prophesy that another civil war would occur. The President had said in his tour that if this country was not reconstructed according to his plan war would result, not between the North and the South, but an intestine war between the present political parties. He did not believe such a calamity would ever occur. No one here talks of party differences degenerating into bloody strife. We have had mobs, but never as yet war. We abide by the ballot, and confess that to the “victors belong the spoils”—a maxim hardly true in these days. But if another rebellion should come, the loyal people would suppress it after the Old Testament fashion.

II. *Our Own Green Mountain State*.—Her name, her fame, her rock-ribbed hills, her men, her women, are dearer to us than all others. To have fought under her pine tree banner, and to have never left it in the hands of the enemy, is glory enough for us, or for anybody.

Hon. John W. Stewart on being called up, commenced a

happy speech with a couple of capital "militious" stories, which fairly brought down the house. He then eloquently expressed his obligations to the men who not only had nobly and gloriously contributed to the grand result of putting down the rebellion, but had also reflected such undying honor upon our beloved native State. The State of Vermont, as it stood to-day was the very best type and exemplar of republicanism under the sun, and its best brigade of troops was such because it derived its character from the institutions under which they sprung. As long as the nation and State had for defenders and preservers such men as those before him, he had no fear of another rebellion. They could be depended on for the country's preservation.

III *Our Generals.*—By brave and faithful service, by cool judgment and modest merit alone, they won their stars. *Sic itur ad astra*—in Vermont.

General Stannard responded, and was greeted with tremendous applause. He believed all the soldiers of Vermont from general to private, had done their duty in overthrowing the unholy, unnatural rebellion. He was glad to see so large a gathering and had little fear of another rebellion, but should it come he hoped the "boys" would do in the future as they had done in the past. These gatherings were very pleasant, for it did all good to meet and renew their old friendships formed in the service.

He then introduced General Peter T. Washburn, who received an enthusiastic greeting from all, for though the General may not have been a favorite with selectmen and politicians, yet his deep interest in the welfare of Vermont soldiers has always been appreciated by them. General Washburn said such a sentiment twenty-five years ago would only call to mind arduous and indefatigable services in the militia. Now the times suggest different scenes. Our

generals enlist as privates in the war for the Union, and win their way to promotion by brave deeds and sound judgment. He called to mind the names and services of Stannard, Grant, Wells, Phelps, Warner and Thomas. Vermont has shown a record in history that never has been and never will be surpassed. She shows a record of suffering second to no loyal State. She stands first save one, Kansas, in battle mortality, second in deaths from disease, fourteenth in discharges for disability, and seventeenth in losses by desertion. The General closed by saying that the real hero is the man who seldom figures in history. Those of the war for the Union are those that most suffered the discomforts of camp life, and bore the brunt of the fight at the front. These men gave the officers their straps and the generals their stars.

IV. *Our Field, Staff and Line Officers*—that is *ourselves*—all fit for brigadiers unless *we* are mistaken; a body of true men and good fellows, unless *everybody* is mistaken.

Colonel Stephen M. Pingree, of the 4th Vt., responded, prefacing his remarks with an allusion to the generals present, three of them eloquent with their tongues, and one more so with his empty right sleeve. The field, staff and line, he claimed, had a handsome deal to do with making brigadiers, as those of lower rank had a deal to do with making their reputations. Speaking of the present crisis of affairs in the country, the Colonel well said that the purpose the Union army had at the outset was not alone the restoration of a broken Union, but to bind the rebellious States stronger in the Federal Union by force, or by anything that would firmly cement them together. That purpose, he thought, had been accomplished as far as bayonets could do it.

Colonel Pingree's speech was listened to with attention, and his eloquent tribute to the field, line, and staff of the "Old Brigade" elicited a grand round of applause.

V. *The Old Vermont Brigade.*—First to volunteer when danger threatened our country, ever ready to meet the enemy when opportunity presented. May the memory of its valor be as enduring as its deeds were heroic.

Colonel Thomas O. Seaver, of the 3d Vt., handsomely responded in behalf of what General Washburn fitly christened the "Iron Brigade." The deeds of the living members of that gallant body of soldiers, said Colonel Seaver, had passed into the history of the country and formed a notable portion of it, and as the deeds of the noble dead of the brigade were heroic, so would their memories be respected in all future time.

VI. *The Second Vermont Brigade.*—The extreme edge of the rock on which the rebellion broke at Gettysburg.

Colonel F. V. Randall, of the 13th Regiment, said that the Second Brigade were sometimes called the "nine months calves," and though the remark was made in a jesting manner, yet he, having a share in the anxieties of the brigade, felt touched by it. But when that one armed general (Standard) took command they began to have confidence in themselves and grow in stature. Others believed that after all there might be something in these green "calves." When they reached Gettysburg they first saw actual service, and it was commonly reported that "those calves did bleat" upon that occasion. Colonel Randall closed by asserting, amid loud cheers, that if President Johnson ever imagined he could be dictator through the aid of the army, he didn't reckon on Vermont troops.

VII. *The Regiments and Batteries brigaded with other than Vermont troops.*—Though not as fortunate as others in having for comrades in battle the sons of their own loved State, yet, ever mindful of her honor, they always fought in the spirit of the injunction of one of their Colonels: "Boys, old Vermont is looking on you to-day."

General Stephen Thomas said he felt it was good to be

there. He eloquently eulogized the gallant and memorable services of the brave unbrigaded regiments, particularizing the different battles in which the 1st, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 17th regiments and the light batteries had been engaged; and saying a fitting word of tribute to the honored dead, Roberts, Cummings and Reynolds.

He closed his remarks by introducing Surgeon Willard A. Child, of the 10th Vt., who read the following genial verses :

THE RHYME OF THE TENTH VERMONT.

Comrades! 'tis good to meet once more,
To talk our battle history o'er,
Once more to greet the friends made dear
By many a day of grief or cheer—
By many a danger bravely met—
On many a field with good blood wet—
The blood of those we loved and cherished
Who for their country nobly perished.

We meet to talk of roaring nights,
Round many a camp-fire's flashing lights,
Where laugh and song went gaily round,
Scarce silenced by the *tattoo's* sound—
Of bivouacs forlorn and dreary,
Of toiling marches wet and weary,
Of sufferings in the winter camp,
The picket's watch, the sentry's tramp—
The rebel volley's deadly rattle,
The cannon's roar, the crash of battle,
The foe's fierce charge—the rebel yell!—
As 'twere all devils loosed from hell—
Our steady ranks and answering cheer
That ever filled their hearts with fear,
As wavering, faltering back they fall
Beneath the cannon-smoke's dread pall!

Of all of pleasure and of pain
To-night we meet to talk again;
Happy in greeting all who're here,
And o'er those gone to drop a tear.

And here I will venture a change in my metre,
My thoughts flow more free when my feet are the fleetier!
There's little to tell of our stay in Vermont—
It was "facings" and "marchings," "eyes right! left! and front!"
Of the trip down to Dixie there's nought worth repeating
Save the cars they were close and the weather was heating;
And our journey we thought ne'er would come to an end,
And we all got so cross each hated his friend;
And of starving and choking each soldier afraid is,
Till at last, God be thanked, Philadelphia's ladies
Beamed on us like angels of mercy so fair,
Sure never was supper so sweet as that there!
And all the old Tenth prayed for blessings that night
On the dear Quaker girls and their glances so bright.
But farewell must be said, and again on the cars
Rolling Southward for glory, hard-tack and the wars!
Then there's nothing important till we got to Camp Chase,
Where we thought we earned rest just for clearing the place;
But Stanton thought different and soon came the order,
"Boot and saddle! and mount, and away to the border!"
And where is the writer so brilliant and arch
As to tell of the glories of that famous march?
And where is the pen that can fitly relate
How in twenty-four hours three days' rations we ate?
Or the gallant achievement—for the weather was warm—
Of leaving our knapsacks in Mr. Pyle's barn?
But onward we toiled over hills, vales and rocks,
Till the left wing's headquarters were at Seneca Locks;
And the centre when sunset did lengthen the shadows
Reposed their tired limbs in Pleasants's meadows,
While the right with the morn pressed on cheerful and merry,
Till they halted at last at Edwards's Ferry.
And here we remained with not much in our story,
For the next long eight months, of battle or glory.
For first we move Northward and then we move South—
Till at last our right rested on Monocacy's mouth,
Where our horses drank water so potent and evil
That rider and steed seemed bound for the devil;
And would tear to White's Ford on such a wild canter,
As, "Cutty Sark" frightened, did poor Tam O'Shanter.

And here we bide through seasons three,
A merry band of soldiery,

With nought to mar our happiness,
 With nought of danger and distress,
 Save when disease and death's cold hand
 Called one by one from out our band—
 Full many a comrade dearly loved
 Whose worth had toil and trial proved—
 But laying them beneath the sod
 We trust their souls now rest with God!
 For his as true the sacrifice
 Who in the line of duty dies—
 Stricken by fever on his post—
 As falling 'mid the fighting host!

We've neither time nor space to tell
 A tithe of all that us befell,
 Through Autumn's mud and Winter's snows,
 And when Spring brought the opening rose;
 How stern we watch the river dark
 And Loudon's hillsides earnest mark;
 And o'er Potomac's tiny billows
 Fancy the clank of White's guerillas.
 And Company D. at the Hay Stacks
 See on the tow path mystic tracks,
 And catch the gleam of signal lights
 From out the windows at Joe White's.

Scant time have we e'en to recall
 The incidents of Surgeon's call—
 Where draughts of "whiskey and quinine"
 Alternate with "4—8—16!"
 Where Kelly swears that Dr. C.
 For "a growing pain" in a soldier's knee
 Gave this prescription—"twas a beauty—
 "Cough medicine three times a day," and "duty!"

Don't let the bard forget to sing
 How one fine day in early Spring
 The Major, posted on the heights,
 Of Edward's Ferry, saw a sight,
 Which sounds at once all war's alarms.
 And calls the party all to arms;
 Saw gathering round a tall hay stack
 A busy troop of figures black.
 Rebels of course, the thought arose!
 Rebels! and therefore mortal foes,

And bade "the section load with shell,"
"Take steady aim! and give 'em hell!"
Across the river howled the shot,
The party quick "got up and got,"
And "victory on our banners perched"
Until the scout who went and searched
Found a black corpse, grave, coffin, pall and all—
Nought but a nigger funeral!

But Spring passed on and Summer came,
Our life from day to day the same,
Till with the final days of June
It rose to a more martial tune,
And, knapsacks strapped upon our back,
We joined the army of the Potomac.
With weary marches through the mud,
With many a ford through swollen flood,
Thus passed the tedious months away,
Till Autumn came with skies so gray—
Then came the order *front* to move,
And then the fight of Locust Grove;
Here first our brave boys meet the foe
And first that matchless courage show
Which placed them ever in the van,
'To Sailor's Creek, from Rapidan!
Here many a noble fellow fell,
And many an empty sleeve doth tell
We have preserved inviolate
The honor of our grand old State.

This finishing the year's campaign,
We Brandy Station sought again;
'Twere vain to speak of Winter quarters;
Flirtations with Virginia's daughters;
Of drills by "Morris's rules of dancing;"
Of Morris's staff so gaily prancing;
Of how that staff oft "made Rome howl"
When gathered round the festive bowl;
Of dances in the chapel tent,
Tho' 'twas from the Commission lent,
And Brother Rose he tried in vain
To get it taken back again!

But March brought with it Gen. Grant,
Henceforth the war cry *en avant*!

To Winter's joys we bade adieu;
Such joys as many a comrade knew.

Here, friends, must close the poet's part,
The rest is written on each heart;
He lacks the power to tell the story
Aright of all the Old Tenth's glory.
To nobler pens *that* task belongs;
His are but simple camp fire songs.
Yet must a few fond words be said
Of those not here—our noble dead—
They fell while fighting for the right,
Their names for aye inscribed in light!
Their memories shrined within our breasts
While each in silent slumber rests.
Stetson! the bold, the frank, the free!
Newton! the quiet, scholarly,
On the same field with gallant Frost,
So dearly loved, so sadly lost!
Darrah! so young, so fair, so brave,
Untimely stricken to his grave.
Our comrades fell on every field,
Each sleeping 'neath his "blue cross" shield!
Monocacy's clear silent wave
Flows gently past Peabody's grave;
While once the Opequan's fair stream
Saw "Major Ned's" bright sabre gleam.
Bitter to us *that* victory's cost,
When Dillingham and Hill were lost,
And sad the hearts of all that night.
We saw Ned's face, at morn so bright,
Beneath the evening breezes' breath,
Pallid, yet beautiful in death!
Thompson and Clark at Cedar Run;
Reed at Lee's lines—and every one
Of all our comrades who in strife
For freedom yielded up his life;
We honor with a holy pride
All who thus bravely, nobly died!

So many fell on holy ground
That time and space could not be found
E'en were your poet adequate
Their virtues to commemorate;

We honor ALL—alike the word
Of praise for *rifle* or for *sword*.
Alike should be their epitaph,
Who fell in glory's star-gemmed path,
Whether from rank or file they sprung ;
Whether the staff or line among.
They died for country—died for *duty*,
Their lives were *truth*—their deaths were beauty.

VIII. *Our Cavalry*.—They cut, but never ran.

Major Josiah Grout recited at length the exploits of the First Vermont Cavalry and its proud military record.

IX. *Our Batteries*.—Often assaulted but never *started*.

Captain Romeo H. Start, of the Third Battery, said that the history of one Vermont organization is almost that of all. Wherever duty has called the sons of Vermont, from there has the same report come home, that they had done their duty and done it nobly. Vermonters had an example worthy of imitation forever in her "Old Brigade." They never once deserted the flag or turned their backs upon the foe. He had had the pleasure of seeing the sun of the rebellion go down upon the plains of Petersburg, and he hoped that the light batteries of Vermont would never be called again into service, yet he said it with pride that these batteries, supported by Vermont Infantry, would fight any enemy south of Mason's and Dixon's line, or north of line 45.

X. *Our Sharp Shooters*.—Foremost in danger, their especial service to reduce the number of rebel officers and silence batteries.

Colonel W. Y. W. Ripley acknowledged this recognition of the Sharp Shooters, in a few "neat and appropriate" words, declaring that the main regret of this efficient body of men is that they did not serve with Vermont organizations.

XI. *The Women of Vermont.*—Pure as the air of their native State. May they all find husbands as faithful and constant, as our soldiers were true and brave.

Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. W. Hooker, of the old Fourth Vermont, and latterly Assistant Adjutant General on the staffs of Generals Stannard and Devens, responded.

As no army, he said, could exist without men, and no generals without material, how could both men and generals have existed without women? Yet seriously the women of Vermont had done much to crush the rebellion. They had encouraged and incited the soldier to honorable action. They had ministered to him when sick, and afforded him comforts in camp he could not otherwise obtain, and now that the war was over, hundreds could be found teaching the ignorant freedmen of the conquered South. He brought his telling remarks to a close with the fervent prayer of "God bless the women of Vermont," which was heartily endorsed by all the brave boys present.

XII. *The Rank and File of Vermont Regiments and Batteries.*—Always ready to follow where any would lead, or to lead where any dared to follow. Braver and steadier men never stood shoulder to shoulder. It was their blood, toil and endurance which gave our arms the victory wherever the starry flag floated in triumph.

Chaplain L. O. Brastow said no words could do sufficient honor to the brave men recognized in this sentiment. Theirs was an unwritten history, and therefore the world cannot now know the story of the hardships and privations endured by these men in their country's service. But it will be yet written and the story will be read and known of all men, and the record be preserved in all loyal hearts, else we become dastardly citizens. An earnest of the faithful service of the rank and file was, that under frequent change of leaders, as in the Army of the Potomac, they still fought it out from the first onset, on the same earnest, persistent and loyal line.

Democracy is on its testing and not on its trial, and Democracy flourishes, thanks to these brave men whom she has begotten and fostered, men who are to determine what this nation shall be.

XIII. *Our Fallen Comrades.*—Their lives were sacrificed that their country might live. Let us emulate their virtues and ever keep their memory green.

Chaplain W. S. Smart, of the 14th Regiment, responded in a speech full of touching allusions to the fallen brave. He thought the sentiment should have read "our *risen* comrades," because they had in truth risen to a higher niche in the temple of fame than any of us could hope to rise to.

XIV. *The Memories of the War for the Union.*—We shall cherish them while we retain the power of memory, and hand them down as proud legacies to our children; and, endeared to us by recollections of camp and march and battlefield, where every man's life depended on the steadfastness and truth of his comrades, those comrades shall always be to us as brothers.

Col. Redfield Proctor was called on as the man who was responsible for the foundation of the Vermont Officers Re-Union Society and responded in a capital and humorous speech.

The following letter from General Wm. F. Smith was then read.

GENERAL SMITH'S LETTER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1866.

Dear General:

I have been working very hard to get matters so arranged as to allow me to absent myself from here, to meet my fellow soldiers and statesmen at their annual reunion on the 25th inst. It is however impossible, and you who have served with me so long, will appreciate my regrets at having to give up that promised pleasure. You know that the organization of the 1st Brigade of Vermont Volunteers was due to my exertions and my faith in the reputation they would win, if they could act in a body. You are also aware that I took the greatest interest and pride in them through the entire war. It was very pleasant to me, to hear always from every

one who became acquainted with their acts and valor and sturdiness in the field, that among a million and a half of armed men kept in the field by the North the Vermont troops were second to none in reputation among all the soldiers.

I hope Vermont may never again be called on to furnish a volunteer soldier to defend the United States; but if the United States should ever again need volunteers, in order to ensure success she must have a good sprinkling from Vermont. I think if your legislators appreciated fully the high reputation our State won through its volunteers, they would give those brave men something to bequeath to their children, in the shape of a simple medal, suggestive of their services and the unfading glory they won in the field.

Please present my deep regrets at my inability to be present this year, my wish to become a member of the Association, and my hope of being with you on your next meeting.

Your sincere friend,

WM. F. SMITH,

Bvt. Maj. Gen. U. S. Army.

TO GEN. G. J. STANNARD.

A letter was also read from the father of General W. T. H. Brooks, expressing in behalf of his son regrets at his necessary absence from the meeting, and alluding to General Brooks's high opinion of the Vermont troops.

A "running fire" of volunteer toasts, jokes, songs and stories now succeeded and whiled away the hours until about 2 A. M.

Captain Lonergan of Monocacy fame, kept his "Comrades and Fellow Fenians" in a broad grin over his descriptions of army life, and his funny allusions to his "Fenian friends," Governor Dillingham and Colonel Ripley. He closed with an enthusiastic announcement of his faith in the future success of Fenianism.

Major N. B. Hall gave the song of "Pat Molloy" in magnificent style; Drum Major Perley R. Downer made one of the best speeches of the evening, interspersed with laughable camp reminiscences and a budget of stories told in his own inimitable manner; Surgeon G. B. Bullard of the 15th, made a funny little speech which strikingly affected the risi-

bilities of the audience, especially the field officers of the 15th Vt.; and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Old Hundred," in which all joined, brought to a close the feast of reason and flow of soul, and the Third Reunion ended in good order and universal good feeling.

THE FOURTH REUNION,

OCTOBER 30TH, 1867.

The Fourth Reunion will be ever memorable in the annals of the Society as the largest gathering of Vermont officers ever assembled in the State, and as the one which was honored by the presence of General Philip H. Sheridan. As one of the three foremost soldiers of the War for the Union, standing with Grant and Sherman in well-earned fame and honor, and as the favorite army commander under whom nine Vermont regiments had won some of their brightest laurels, General Sheridan had been invited by the Governor and Legislature of Vermont to visit the State, and accept a public reception at the Capital. He had accepted the invitation, and had timed his coming so as to be present also at the Officers' Reunion. He was greeted by a concourse of *ten thousand* Vermonters, including some *four hundred* officers and thousands of the rank and file of the Vermont regiments. He was formally welcomed by Governor Page and Ex-Governor Dillingham in brief addresses, and in reply spoke of the Vermont troops in terms of such high compliment, that they may well be recorded here. He said, after returning his thanks for the honor done him by such a welcome: "I recollect reading when a boy, of the Green Mountain boys in the War of the Revolution, and I thought when I became a soldier that if I should ever have the honor of commanding Vermont-troops I should be greatly privileged, and that they would make the best campaign in the experience of any leader. In the late war I did have the honor of commanding

the Green Mountain Boys of 1861, and I believe they are equal to the Green Mountain Boys of 1776. No greater honor could be conferred on any man than the command of such men. The State should be proud of them; they were always proud of their State. I would not be here to-day but for the Green Mountain Boys, who were among the troops that gave me my position in the army. When I entered this Hall and saw these old flags, I thought I ought to say as much as this. I have never commanded troops in whom I had more confidence than I had in the Vermont troops, and I do not know but I can say that I never commanded troops in whom I had as much confidence as those of this gallant State."

General Sheridan was understood to refer in these public remarks, as he did more particularly in private conversation, especially to the Battle of Cedar Creek, where the flags to which he pointed flew steadily at the front when the colors of many other good regiments had been lost or gone to the rear; and to imply that the loss of that campaign and of that field, gained in large part by the sturdy fighting of the Vermont troops, would have been the loss of everything for him.

Later in the day, as hereafter recorded, General Sheridan attended the Reunion of Vermont Officers.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The Reunion Society met at the Court House, in Montpelier, October 30th, 1867, at 11 A. M. The Society was called to order by General Stannard, and in the absence of the Recording Secretary, Captain J. B. Brooks of the 4th Vt., was appointed Secretary *pro tempore*.

A committee consisting of one from each organization represented were appointed to nominate officers for the year ensuing, as follows:

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Lieut. F. E. Bell.	8th Regt., Surgeon H. H. Gillett.
2d Regt., Capt. W. H. Cady.	9th Regt., Capt. S. W. Kelley.
3d Regt., Capt. & A. Q. M. Fred. Crane.	10th Regt., Lieut. Col. R. C. Benton.
4th Regt., Capt. & A. Q. M. J. H. Cushman.	12th Regt., Lieut. G. G. Benedict.
5th Regt., Capt. S. E. Burnham.	13th Regt., Lieut. Col. A. C. Brown.
6th Regt., Capt. & A. Q. M. J. W. Clark.	14th Regt., Capt. N. F. Dunshee.
7th Regt., Col. H. W. Porter.	15th Regt., Lieut. Col. W. W. Grout.
	17th Regt., Lieut. Col. L. E. Knapp.
	1st Cav., Maj. J. H. Hazelton.
	Batteries, Lieut. E. E. Greenleaf.

The Society then took a recess till 6 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING.

The Society re-assembled at the hour.

The nominating committee, by their chairman, Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Benton, reported the following nominations for the year ensuing, and the report was adopted, as follows :

OFFICERS, 1867-8.

President.—Lieut. Col. W. Y. W. RIPLEY.

Vice Presidents.—Lieut. Col. S. E. Pingree, Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Geo. P. Foster.

Treasurer.—Col. P. P. Pitkin.

Executive Committee.—Maj. Charles F. Spaulding, Maj. Josiah Grout, Jr., Maj. John L. Barstow.

Recording Secretary.—Maj. James S. Peck.

Corresponding Secretary.—Lieut. G. G. Benedict.

On motion of Captain Cushman, Brigadier General Stephen Thomas and Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Benton were appointed a committee to conduct the President-elect to the Chair. This duty was performed, and General Ripley took the chair with some brief and appropriate remarks.

On motion of Lieutenant Colonel Benton, the thanks of the Society were presented to General Stannard for the

acceptable manner in which he had presided over the Society for the past two years.

General Stannard returned his thanks for the honor done him, expressed his strong interest in the Society and the pleasure it always gave him to meet his old comrades in arms, and trusted that all would remember that the free Institutions of this Land of Liberty have been maintained by the patriotic soldiers of the Army of the Union, and that they may yet again be called on to sustain them.

At 7 P. M. the Society formed in front of the Court House and marched in procession to the State House, headed by Gilmore's Band, and under the marshalship of Lieutenant Colonel Stephen M. Pingree assembled in the Hall of the House, which was crowded with an audience comprising many prominent citizens. At the Pavilion they received and escorted to the State House General Sheridan and staff, and Generals Butterfield and Ingalls. After suitable preliminary exercises, General Ripley presented Rev. Lewis O. Brastow of St. Johnsbury, Chaplain of the 12th Regiment, who delivered the oration.

ABSTRACT OF CHAPLAIN BRASTOW'S ADDRESS.

The subject, briefly stated, was "*The Patriotism of the Past and of the Future.*" Patriotism subdued the rebellion, and Patriotism caused our mighty army to melt back into peaceful citizens, first in the arts of Peace, as first in War. England has said we had no past; which meant that we had no hereditary aristocracy. We cut loose from her past, and she has ever till now predicted our downfall. But it is better to inherit virtues than estates. Our past is merit, not blood. True our history is short—our heroes are not half cloud; but we had a most potential past. The characteristics of the patriotism of Revolutionary days were forcibly depicted. The rebels made the blunder of thinking that we had forgotten that past. But we had not, and it was our glory and her strength, when the time of trial came. And now our newer past has joined on to the elder, and the men who have made such a past are of right the champions of our future.

Chaplain Brastow proceeded to discuss the Patriotism of the Future. He described the different kinds of that virtue, not forgetting the selfish patriotism which only asks *will it pay best* to sustain or to break up the government—the only kind that section which claims to represent the chivalry of the nation has possessed. When we have fully secured the fruits of the war, it must be our main political question how we shall develop a more patriotic South. As essential to this he showed the necessity of inculcating the sentiment of respect for the authority of the government. Granting and insisting on our duty of forgiveness, and of aiding to restore the wasted prosperity of the South, it is still necessary, as involving the *authority* and dignity of the government, to make a difference and a prodigious difference between the loyal men and the traitors; between those who would build up and those who would break down the nation. As individuals we can forgive, but as a people we show ourselves emasculate if we patronize and reward the men who have caused such an expenditure of precious blood and toil and treasure.

Such were some of the salient points. The discourse was a very fine one, eloquent in its tributes to the fallen and its assertion of the rights and duties of the living, sound and manly in sentiment, and interesting in manner and matter. It was listened to with close interest and attention by an audience of soldiers, civilians, gentlemen and ladies, which filled the Hall to overflowing, and it was often interrupted by very hearty applause.

THE SUPPER.

After the exercises at the Representatives' Hall, the Society again formed in procession, and proceeded amid a brilliant display of fireworks to Washington Hall, where the annual supper was served.

The Hall had been handsomely decorated by the patriotic ladies of Montpelier. There were national decorations and drapery of most admirable character. Portraits of distinguished Generals hung upon the walls. Evergreens

encircled the Hall, while the long tables were adorned with most magnificent exotics, obtained at large expense from the hot-houses of Boston. The ladies, who acted as volunteer attendants, were all attention, and showed that, in the language of Longfellow's psalm of life, "They had learned to labor and to wait."

General Ripley presided, and upon his right and left were Governor Page and Ex-Governors Smith and Dillingham, General Sheridan, General Butterfield, General Ingalls, the officers of Sheridan's staff, General Michael T. Donahue, of New Hampshire, Hon. John W. Stewart, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and members of the Reception Committee. Some four hundred officers and guests sat down to the long tables. Chaplain Stone, of the First Vermont Regiment, said grace.

The appetites of the officers having been fully satisfied, the "feast of reason and flow of soul" came next, as a matter of course.

Colonel Ripley introduced the intellectual and social festivities of the occasion in the following words:

Brothers :—It is now about four years since a little band, some twenty or thirty officers of Vermont organizations, assembled in the dining room of one of the hotels in this village for the purpose of receiving and honoring one whom we were then, as now, proud to acknowledge as the representative soldier of Vermont. I refer to Major General George J. Stannard, at that time just returned to us, fresh from the fields of his fame, bringing back to us for the first time his armless sleeve and his shattered form. (Applause.) Upon that occasion, by the kindness of the officers present, I was called upon to preside. Four years have passed away, "grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," and the handful of 1863 has grown into the society for whose annual reunion we are to-night assembled. For the past four years you have been presided over by him, to honor whom you first organized. Your partiality has now called me to preside over your festivities. You have by your votes ratified the nomination of your committee, and I can only acquiesce in

the result, although I regret exceedingly that your choice did not fall upon some worthier man. Accept my thanks, gentlemen, for the distinguished honor you have done me, and the assurance of my best efforts in behalf of the Society.

General Ripley then introduced the genial toast master of the evening, Lieutenant Colonel Stephen M. Pingree, who announced the regular toasts as follows:

I. *The Health of Major General Sheridan.*

After tremendous applause and patriotic music by the band, General Sheridan responded as follows:

Gentlemen:—You are all very kind to me, indeed, and I wish to say to you that there has been no greater pleasure for me than that which I am enjoying this evening; but especially am I gratified to meet you here as an organization to preserve and perpetuate the memory of your own record and also of mine. I feel that I am identified with you and that your record is mine. I feel happy to meet you here to-night, and to see you so united. I thank you for your kind expressions of fond esteem, and I regret that the very little time that I can spend with you prevents my saying more to you. I have seen a great deal of you in the past, and I would like to see a great deal more of you in the future.

The General sat down amid thunders of applause. General Ripley then called for three such cheers as greeted the General on his ride from Winchester, which were given with such "vim" as to shake the building.

II. *Vermont.*

Governor John B. Page, in response, spoke of Vermont's war record, and how proud her people were of it. He paid a high compliment to General Sheridan, the guest of the evening. Had he not been State Treasurer during the war he would himself have tried to fill some position in the field. The Governor closed with an eloquent allusion to the fallen sons of Vermont—Roberts, Stone, Jarvis, Reynolds, Dillingham, Dudley and Cummings.

Speaker Stewart also responded in his usual felicitous manner. A distinguished son of Vermont had said that it was a good State to emigrate from. He thought it a good State to live and die in. Vermont's strength was not in territory and resources, but in men. He alluded eloquently and at length to the early history of the State, and also to the State's record in the late war. He followed the bloody track of the Army of the Potomac, and spoke of the Vermont troops, beaten back at Cedar Creek but not dismayed, availing themselves of a *one horse* reinforcement from Winchester. Sheridan upon that occasion solved the military paradox: Better late than *Early*,—and better late than never. (Tremendous applause.)

III. *The Organizers of our Vermont Regiments.*—We welcome the presence of our two ex-Governors, who so efficiently organized and forwarded the troops of Vermont during the late war; may their memory long be cherished.

Ex-Governor Smith spoke at some length in response to the sentiment, and remarked that the organization of the regiments was due to his predecessors, Governors Fairbanks and Holbrook. He paid a high tribute to the late Governor Fairbanks, but thought that most of the credit belonged to the earnest patriotism of the people of Vermont.

IV. *The Regular Army.*

Major General Butterfield happily responded, complimenting General Sheridan and the Vermont troops. He thought the year's service that General Ripley had under his command should have taught him not to call on him for a speech. He was proud to recall that some of his ancestors were natives of Vermont. His mother was born in Vermont, and because he was not, many of his thrashings in early youth resulted. He thanked them for the compliment given to the Regular Army, to which he had the honor to belong.

He eulogized the volunteers, considering them the *real* regular army of the land, and gave the following toast:

The Citizen Soldier, the Pillar of the Republic.

General Ripley proposed that those who would brevet General Butterfield a Vermonter should rise and give three cheers. They were given with a will. Cheers were also given for Generals Ingalls and Donahue.

V. *Our Soldier Lawyers.*—Though in the service they had little to do with “pleas in abatement,” they proved good at “rejoinders,” and always kept up their ancient habit of being great in “making charges.”

Responded to by Colonel R. C. Benton, who protested that the law was a *modest profession*, and that there was a similarity between soldiers and lawyers, the difference being that there was no pettifogging in the army, and as soldiers their reward was better. All honor is due to those who honored their country when alive. Their efforts had saved the country and freed it from slave and serf.

Colonel W. G. Veazey also spoke briefly, comparing the skirmishing of soldiers and lawyers, and closed by telling an amusing story.

Major N. B. Hall of the 14th Vt., was called on, but denied being a lawyer at present, and begged to be excused also from singing.

General Sheridan now took leave by shaking hands with all present, and after three rousing cheers being given him, he departed, amid a shower of rockets and Roman candles, upon the 11 o'clock train for New York, Major General Starnard and Colonel E. S. Stowell accompanying him in behalf of the Society.

VI. *Major General John Sedgwick.*

The whole assembly rose, and most appropriately and feelingly sang, to the tune of Mt. Vernon—“Brother, thou

wast mild and lovely"—in memory of the gallant commander of the Sixth Corps.

VII. *The Surgeons and Chaplains.*

Surgeon Edson of the First Vermont Cavalry and Seventeenth Regiment, said numerous pleasant words. He spoke of the patriotism which animated the surgeons.

Surgeon Bullard of the Fifteenth Regiment, said the duty of the surgeon was equal to that of any officer, but with no increase of rank. The soldiers had more courage because they knew that the "surgeons" were behind with a "bottle of chloroform." Dr. Bullard told a capital story, and closed with a fine tribute to the memory of Surgeons Shaw and Chapin, who died in the service.

Surgeons S. J. Allen of the 4th Vt., Medical Director of the Second Division of the Sixth Corps; and Henry Janes, Acting Medical Director of the First Corps at Gettysburg, were both called on, and returned thanks, but declined to make speeches.

The surgeons having retired from the field of oratory, Chaplain Stone of the First Vermont, said the chaplains were an indispensable part of the army, and that with few exceptions they had been faithful throughout the war. "The intoxicating cup" was feelingly alluded to. Mr. Stone stated that he had been tempted in Virginia, but refused a "tod," and General Phelps had remarked upon that occasion that there was one iceberg which would not melt, even in Virginia. (Loud applause.)

Rev. D. A. Mack, Chaplain of the Third Vermont, made a capital speech. He alluded to his first visit to Montpelier, which was on the occasion of General Lafayette's reception, when he was but *six months* old. He liked the supper now better than he did then. He had never refused but one order, that was Colonel Veazey's, to preach an eloquent sermon in fifteen minutes. He closed his apt remarks by saying

that no acts of his life had done him more pleasure than administering cordials to the lips of the sick in hospital, and to the wounded and dying on the battlefield.

VIII. *New Hampshire*.—Her sons in the late war as firm as her hills; we welcome here to-night one of her best soldiers.

This sentiment brought to his feet General Michael T. Donahue, formerly of the Tenth New Hampshire Regiment, who said he was a poor representative of a noble State. He spoke of the sympathy between Vermonters and the soldiers of New Hampshire, and predicted that they would march shoulder to shoulder in any conflict to which their country might call them.

IX. *The Committee of Reception*.—Stronger than the rebel army, for they have captured General Sheridan.

Hon. Trenor W. Park remarked that the capture was very easy, for the committee only obeyed the order of the State Executive. Nobody ever heard of the rebel army trying to capture General Sheridan; they always kept away from him. He presumed there was no man so welcome to the State as General Sheridan, for the reason that Vermonters liked his style of fighting. He whipped the rebels "constitutionally." They liked his administration in New Orleans, and although glad to see him here to-day, they should be more delighted to know that he was back at his old post of duty in New Orleans.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Martin thought the toast flattering to the committee, and said many clever words in response.

X. *Our retiring President, Major General Stannard*.

General Stannard having been detailed to accompany General Sheridan to the State "lines," Colonel George W. Hooker, formerly of the General's staff, was called on to

respond. He paid an eloquent tribute to the General as a soldier and a citizen. General Hancock had considered him the *best* field general in the service. The Federal success at Gettysburg was chiefly due to the pluck and military skill of General Stannard.

Lieutenant G. G. Benedict was also called out, and briefly responded.

"Three times three" cheers followed for General Stannard, which made the "welkin ring" as decidedly as those for "General Sheridan" or any other "military man."

XI. *The Orator of the Evening.*

Brief response by the orator, Chaplain Brastow.

XII. *The Fathers and Mothers of our Fallen Comrades.*—Their sacrifices are appreciated, and a nation tenders its sympathies.

Ex-Governor Dillingham responded. The fathers and mothers of the State had done much to recruit its armies. Their hearts swelled with exultation when their boys fought bravely in the field. They wept tears of blood at home, when they knew that the dear son was sick in the hospital or lay wounded. If death took one son, oft-times a younger boy was sent with the father's blessing: "Go, your country needs you." The Governor closed his grand speech with a sensible encouragement to young men to marry. Those who entered into the marriage relation were public benefactors. The only thing that he had ever heard against "Phil. Sheridan" was that he was an old bachelor.

XIII. *The Fallen Heroes.*

General and Lieutenant Governor Stephen Thomas was called upon to respond, which he did in an eloquent tribute to the fallen brave. Their memory is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." They need no eulogy, for it is writ-

ten in letters of living light. They still live, and we trust are enjoying eternal bliss above.

Hon. Charles W. Willard was also called out in response to this sentiment. If he had had the recollections of the war which the members of the Society had, he would have been glad to respond in this hall of reminiscences. He returned his thanks for the handsome manner in which Governor Thomas had introduced him.

This terminated the regular toasts, and Colonel Pingree proceeded to read various letters and telegrams from invited guests.

FROM GENERAL WM. F. SMITH.

OFFICE INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH CO.,
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4TH, 1867.

Colonel S. E. Pingree:

Dear Colonel:—Many thanks for your kind letter, with the accompanying invitation to meet the Old Vermont Brigade on the 24th of the month. I have delayed answering, trusting my business affairs would be so arranged that I could see my way to say "yes" to you; but the fact is, that this new telegraph line requires more watching than the line of the Old Vermont Brigade did in old times, and I cannot, as I could then, go away and think everything safe. I can only say that I shall be with my old fellow soldiers if I can; and if I don't get to you, mine will be the loss. They are all as near my heart as ever.

Yours truly,

W. F. SMITH,

Late Col. Third Vt. Volunteers.

RIVERDALE, OCTOBER 17, 1867.

Colonel S. E. Pingree:

Dear Colonel:—Your very flattering letter of yesterday (16th) reached me to-day. I have already written to you in regard to your first kind invitation, and directed my letter, by mistake, to you at Montpelier. If it is possible for me to get away from New York, I will meet my old comrades and fellow soldiers of the war at the reunion of the Vermont officers. I have not yet received the official notice of the invitation of the General Assembly; but if I can get to you, it will be on the invitation of my old companions of the First Vermont Brigade. My pride has been in the esteem of the subordinate officers and soldiers who served under me, and who have testified their love and confidence on many occasions; and I

would not exchange it to-day for all the resolutions of thanks of all the governments in the world; and for that reason I value your letter more than acres of parchment. If I am not with you, my dear Colonel, at your reunion, you may be sure it is because I am attending to the business of others, which has been confided to me, and which cannot be neglected.

Yours truly,

W. F. SMITH.

Letters were also read from the father of General W. T. H. Brooks, Governor Chamberlain of Maine, and General M. T. McMahon of New York.

FROM GENERAL BUTLER.

CAMBRIDGE COURT HOUSE, MASS.,
OCTOBER 20TH, 1867. }

Gen. Stephen Thomas:

I had fully intended being with my comrades and the soldiers of Vermont at their reunion. The occasion is rendered still more interesting by the reception of your illustrious guest, whom I should have been delighted to honor. Nothing but an imperative call to court hinders my joining you. Give the right hand with the heart in it for me to every soldier who served with us in the war for the Union. We will save it yet.

B. F. BUTLER.

Cheers were given for General Smith, as the "author," and for General Brooks as the "founder and finisher" of the "Old Vermont Brigade."

Major N. B. Hall, after earnest request, capitally sang "Pat Molloy."

Captain Lonergan was called on to respond to the Major's song. His spirits had gone with "another Irishman—General Sheridan." Some gentlemen had alluded to the Monocacy. He had been "thar." He had entered the enemy's last ditch on that occasion.

Colonels Veazey and Proctor were called out, and humorously responded. Colonel Proctor said that though once a quartermaster, he never issued a speech on a special requisition.

Perley R. Downer, Drum Major of the Twelfth Regiment, in obedience to repeated calls, read a remarkable

Irish letter from "Judy Hooligan, late of the town of Tulley McGurttey, near the Parish of Ballyraggit, in the county of Killarney, Ireland."

General Donahue, by request, sang "Ye Sons of Hibernia" amid loud applause.

A complimentary toast to the Quartermasters "who clothed us when well and carted us when sick," brought out Quartermaster J. Halsey Cushman of the 4th Vt., G. H. Bigelow of the 12th, Quartermaster General Pitkin, Captain Fred. Crane and Captain John W. Clark, who made characteristic remarks.

In response to a toast to the "Old Vermont Brigade," Colonel Samuel E. Pingree responded handsomely. No Vermont soldier should be embarrassed to fight or speak. He eulogized at length Generals Smith and Brooks, and their successful efforts to create the "Vermont Brigade."

Colonel F. V. Randall of the 13th, and Major William Rounds of the 16th Regiment, said a few stout words for the "nine months men."

Major J. S. Peck was called out, but excused himself from speaking.

"America" was then sung by the Society, Colonel H. D. Hopkins leading the grand national anthem.

Cheers were proposed and heartily given for General Abner Doubleday, General James M. Warner and General L. A. Grant. It was remarked in this connection that General Doubleday had said that the Vermont troops at Gettysburg "held the key to that battle and turned it."

Major John L. Barstow proposed three cheers for the ladies of Montpelier, for their services in waiting upon the supper tables and decorating the hall, and they were given with a will.

At the suggestion of General George P. Foster, "Auld

Lang Syne" was sung, in memory of the officers and soldiers who had fallen in action.

The "First Vermont Cavalry, who always 'cut and run' towards the enemy," called up General Wells, who said in trying to flank General Sheridan he had caught a bad cold, and couldn't say a word.

Major Grout thought the cavalry had made their own record.

Brief speeches followed from Surgeon Nichols, Colonel John B. Mead, and others. Also toasts complimentary to the unattached regiments, batteries and companies, and the "Press." At 2 A. M. the reunion came to a genial termination.

THE FIFTH REUNION.

OCTOBER 22D 1868.

The Reunion Society met agreeably to the call of the Executive Committee, at Montpelier, on Thursday, October 22, 1868. In spite of a long, cold storm extending all over the State, some 160 officers were present, drawn by their love for the Society and for each other.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held at the Court House at 10 o'clock, A. M. Lieut-Col. W. Y. W. Ripley, President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and the Secretary read the record of the previous meeting.

Major J. L. Barstow offered an amendment to the Constitution of the Society, adding to article 2, (which designates the officers of the Society to be elected at the annual meeting) the words, "and shall enter on their duties on the first of January next after their election." The amendment, which was designed to obviate the inconvenience of changing officers at the time of the meeting, in the midst of arrangements for the reunion, was adopted.

Colonel Seaver moved the appointment of a committee of one from each regiment and organization represented, to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and the committee was constituted by nomination as follows :

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.

1st Regiment—Lieutenant-Colonel P. T. Washburn.
2d " —Colonel A. S. Tracy.
3d " —Colonel T. O. Seaver.

4th Regiment	—Colonel and Brevet Brig-General Geo. P. Foster.
5th	“ —Captain and Brevet Major B. R. Jenne.
6th	“ —Captain and Brevet Major Charles S. Shattuck.
7th	“ —Not represented.
8th	“ —Captain L. M. Hutchinson.
9th	“ —Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Stowell.
10th	“ —Captain A. B. Valentine.
11th	“ —Captain O. H. Austin.
12th	“ —Lieutenant B. J. Derby.
13th	“ —Lieutenant G. S. Robinson.
14th	“ —Captain N. F. Dunshee.
15th	“ —Lieutenant J. M. Poland.
16th	“ —Colonel W. G. Veazey.
17th	“ —Captain E. J. Hartshorn.
1st Cavalry	—Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Cummings.
3d Battery	—Lieutenant J. W. Marsh.
Sharpshooters	—Colonel H. R. Stoughton.

The Treasurer's report was read and accepted.

On motion of Lieutenant Poland, it was voted that an assessment of one dollar be collected by the Treasurer, of each member, to replenish the treasury.

On motion of General Washburn, a committee of three was appointed by the chair to call upon the general committee of one from each organization, heretofore appointed to prepare and present memorial sketches of Vermont officers who died in the war, and secure the preparation of such sketches, to be read at a future meeting or meetings of the Society, as follows: General George J. Stannard, Colonel Seaver, General P. T. Washburn.

On motion of Colonel Veazey, the Executive Committee was instructed to procure from Chaplain Brastow a copy of the address delivered by him before the Society at its last annual meeting, for publication in pamphlet form, at the expense of the Society.

On successive motions, Chaplain Harvey Webster was substituted on the biographical committee in place of Colonel

Sumner Lincoln, now on duty in Texas; and Major J. S. Peck in place of Colonel Randall, for the Seventeenth Regiment, Colonel Randall being on the committee for the Thirteenth Regiment.

General William Wells was appointed Marshal for the public exercises of the evening.

General Stannard offered the following resolution :

Resolved, That the Executive Committee of this Society be authorized to designate the place and appoint the time for the annual meeting of this Society.

Colonel Veazey moved to amend by adding the words, "and it is the present sense of this Society that some place other than Montpelier should be designated for the meeting."

After discussion by Colonel Veazey, Captain Valentine, General Washburn, Lieutenant-Colonel Grout, Colonel Seaver, General Stannard, and Major Grout, the vote was put on the amendment, and it was lost. The resolution was then adopted.

The meeting then adjourned to 6 o'clock P. M.

NEW MEMBERS.

The following new members signed the Constitution :

Buel J. Derby, 1st Lieutenant and A. Q. M. 17th Regiment, Huntington; George H. Kittredge, 2d Lieutenant, 12th Regiment, St. Albans; Kittredge Haskins, 1st Lieutenant, 16th Regiment, Brattleboro; Hiram Cook, Captain, 5th Regiment, Huntington; Benjamin R. Jenne, Captain and Brevet-Major, 5th, Brattleboro; H. W. Kingsley, Captain, A. C. S. and Brevet-Major, Rutland; Putnam D. McMillen, Lieutenant and A. Q. M., 15th Vermont; J. O. Roundy, 1st Lieutenant, 15th Vermont; John W. Marsh, 2d Lieutenant, 3d Battery, Woodstock.

EVENING.

The committee on nominations reported the following

list of officers for the year ensuing, which was adopted, and the same duly chosen :

OFFICERS FOR 1869.

President.—Col. S. E. Pingree.

Vice Presidents.—Lt. Col. E. S. Stowell, and Gen. Geo. P. Foster.

Treasurer.—Gen. P. P. Pitkin.

Recording Secretary.—Major J. S. Peck.

Corresponding Secretary.—Lt. G. G. Benedict.

Executive Committee.—Maj. Josiah Grout, Jr., Capt. Fred E. Smith, Maj. J. A. Salsbury.

The Society then marched to the Representatives' Hall. The fact that General Washburn was to deliver the oration was sufficient in itself to attract a large audience. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. S. Roberts, Chaplain of the Senate. After music by the band, the President, Colonel Ripley, introduced Lieutenant Colonel P. T. Washburn of Woodstock, the popular and efficient Adjutant General of the State in the old war times, as the orator of the evening.

General Washburn was enthusiastically received, and spoke for about three quarters of an hour.

GENERAL WASHBURN'S ORATION.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Vermont Officers' Reunion Society:—The notice for your meeting has announced your purposes, and has, perhaps unintentionally, but most significantly and beautifully, prescribed a programme for your address. In addition to the renewal, "through social intercourse, of the ties of friendship formed in the field," you desire to keep "green and sacred in your hearts the memories of the five thousand, who gave their lives for the cause" of freedom and the Union, and "to draw a renewed inspiration and renewed courage for the work yet before you from the 'touch of a comrade's elbow' and the sight of the shot-rent standards, under which you fought and so many of your heroes fell." To direct your attention to the prominent circumstances, which connected you and your deceased comrades and the thousands of enlisted men who served with you, with the State which you represented in the field, and,

from a consideration of the sacrifices made and the results achieved at home and abroad, to arrive at some appreciation, imperfect though it may be, of the work yet remaining to be accomplished, is the task which you have thus imposed upon me. Trusting to your forbearance, your kind consideration, your hearty appreciation of good intentions, however crudely accomplished, with which heretofore, through the years of war, you have cheered and encouraged me in the performance of the duties and responsibilities which devolved upon me, I proceed, as I best may, to its accomplishment.

The history of Vermont in the war for the preservation of the Union remains to be written. Its minutest details, yet fresh in your memories, are preserved of record in the official archives of the State, their most sacred deposit, for the use of the future historian, when memory fading into tradition shall require their reproduction in the enduring form which literature gives to facts, and time shall furnish a standpoint, free from partisan prejudice and personal partiality, from which the past may be viewed in connected panorama. But in the mean time it cannot be inappropriate that we should devote the hour allotted to us to a brief review of its prominent features, and a slight tribute to the memory of those of our fellow citizens, who, with more than 275,000 of their comrades, have made upon the altar of their country the highest and holiest sacrifice that man can ever make,—the offering of their lives,—a burnt offering upon fields of fire, rendered necessary by the Nation's sins and rewarded by the Nation's purification.

When, after one encroachment had followed another, and the struggle between the earnest advocates and exponents of absolute freedom and its opponents had become year by year more bitter and intensified, and slavery yet demanded broader territory for its unskilled agriculture—after Missouri had been surrendered to its grasp, Texas had been enveloped in its dark folds, Kansas had become a free State only through a purification by blood—and still it was insisted that all the broad territories of the nation should be surrendered to its demands; the Judiciary obeyed its behests; the chiefs of the government forgot the fundamental idea of the government and the source of its prosperity; treason was plotted; conspirators found favored audience in the Executive Chamber; the armament of the nation was so dispersed as to be unavailable for its protection, and the loyal States were awakened by the first overt act of Secession, as by the sud-

den convulsion of an earthquake, to the knowledge that the integrity of the nation was in dire hazard, that the Representative Federal Union, which our Fathers had transmitted to our care, was upon the brink of disruption, and that we were strong only in the immutable principles of right, in our reliance upon the overruling power of a just God, and in our own untrained, unskilled numbers—the State of Vermont, in common with most of the loyal States, was poorly prepared for the emergency, though in better condition than some. The universal burst of popular indignation and of fierce determination to save the government at all hazards was the same in all; but Massachusetts and New York, by means of their organized militia, were enabled to render, with the utmost promptness, the assistance which was required for the preservation of the Capital of the Nation; while in Vermont, the militia, which had existed and flourished from the commencement of the State Government, fostered by the recollections of two wars, had been destroyed as an organized body by the statute of 1844, so effectually that in the year 1855 there was not in the State, and had not been for years, even the semblance of a military organization; and it had become the received opinion throughout the State, incited by years of peace and favored by a false economy, that no emergency could arise which would render it of any importance that the men of arms-bearing age should be organized, drilled, disciplined, or even armed.

Fortunately, as the result proved, in 1856 the Legislature enacted a statute permitting the formation of volunteer companies, the provisions of which were sufficient to stimulate the organization of a few companies in 1857 and 1858; and when, in April, 1861, the proclamation of the President was issued, calling for 75,000 militia to serve for three months, there were upon the Roster in the office of the Adjutant & Inspector General the names of twenty-two companies,—several of them, however, unprovided with arms, and all deficient in numbers. The enrollment of the militia, required by statute, had been defectively performed; from many towns no returns had been made, and neither records nor files existed, from which the number of able-bodied men in the State, liable to perform military duty, could be determined with even an approximation to correctness.

Alarmed by the ominous gloom of the thickening political horizon, the Governor of the State, in January, 1861, had issued his order directing each commander of a company to

assemble his men at once and ascertain and report without delay whether they would volunteer to enter into the service of the United States, in case it should be found necessary to resort to arms. The order was obeyed, and was responded to by the several companies. But even this measure failed to induce a realizing belief that anything serious was impending. The deficiencies in the ranks remained unfilled and the people were apathetic, regarding the events which were crowding thickly upon them more as matters of curiosity and interesting items of daily news than as real facts, prophetic of the future, which were to influence their lives, the history of the government, the safety of the nation, and all that they held most dear in person, family and property.

In this condition of the militia and of the militia law, the officers of the State were required to raise, organize, arm and send out, for immediate active service in the field, in the army of the United States, the quota of troops required from Vermont.

To the partial, incomplete, and extremely deficient militia organization then existing, and the fiery impulse of the people, which enabled its officers to fill its scanty ranks without delay, Vermont is indebted for her ability to respond to this first requisition for men, made when delay, even for a week, might involve the destruction of the nation, or prolong the contest until endurance could no longer be borne; and to Governor Fairbanks, whose indomitable energy would allow no check, and to his efficient staff officers, enduring gratitude is due for the promptness with which the necessary equipment for war was provided.

Of the First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers I must be allowed to speak with pride. They were first to volunteer from the State; the order for their organization was issued on the twenty-third of April; they were in camp on the second of May, left the State on the ninth, bore proudly through the streets of New York the little sprig of evergreen, which designated each man as one of the noble race of Green Mountain Boys, whose fathers had fought and won at Bennington, and whose sons had maintained the integrity of their sires, until they had gained for their State the proud title of "The Star that never sets;" they were at Fortress Monroe on the thirteenth,—too late to save Norfolk, with its immense armament, which treachery had surrendered to treason only a few days preceding their arrival; but seasonably to preserve the Fortress from capture by the rebel bands

which then swarmed under its very walls and effectually blockaded every approach by land. They served faithfully their term; the name of the first battle of the war is inscribed upon their record; and when they returned to be disbanded, it was but to tender service again in other organizations, again to maintain the honor of the State and the integrity of the Nation in field and camp. The history of every subsequent organization, the history of Vermont in the war, is in part their history.

In the mean time, upon the call of the Executive, the people of the State, by their elected representatives, met in council to devise ways and means for performing worthily and promptly their part in the great struggle, which they had scarcely begun to realize. So little were the extent of the exigency and the resources of the State understood and appreciated, that, beside making some slight provision for calling out the previously neglected and scanty organized militia, they authorized the raising of two regiments immediately for two years' service, and four more regiments *if necessary*; and even with this as the extent of the provision made, there were men, whose intelligence and patriotism could not be doubted, who argued with earnest sincerity that the provision made was greatly in excess of the necessity,—and army officers of large experience, and even thinking and well informed men resident in the State, insisted that to raise *three regiments* and keep their ranks filled would test the capacity of the State to the utmost. What would have been the thoughts of those men and what the action of that Legislature, could the veil of futurity have been for a moment raised, and they could have known that before that rebellion should end, before the terms offered by humanity and justice to wrong and oppression should be accepted at Appomattox, Vermont would raise *eighteen* regiments, three batteries and three detached companies, requiring for their original organizing and the replenishing of their constantly depleting ranks more than *thirty-four thousand* men, at a cost of more than *nine millions* of dollars, happily we are not required to speculate. The error of those days was that each side underrated the other. Had the magnitude of the approaching contest been appreciated, compromise might for a time have prevented its occurrence, and the nation have been left to struggle for a few years longer with the ulcer which was gnawing at her vitals, but which yet would have ultimately been required to be removed, not by the soothing appliances of

scheming and compromising politicians, but only by the harsh operation of actual excision. In the wise providence of God, the contest has been fought and won; and if it has taxed our resources and our faith beyond the possibility of anticipation, it has nevertheless enabled us to transmit to those who shall succeed us a more priceless legacy than our fathers bequeathed to us,—a constitution freed from compromises, a government realizing in fact what previously was but a splendid theory, that “all men are born free and equal.”

But two acts of that Legislature must ever be regarded as eminent illustrations of their wise and patriotic forethought. They deemed it unjust that the gathering volunteers from Vermont should make all the sacrifice, and those who remained within the State enjoy the result without cost, and they provided that every enlisted man, serving in a Vermont organization, should receive from the treasury of the States seven dollars per month in addition to his pay from the United States. And they held that it would be a disgrace to the commonwealth if the families of its brave defenders, who had given to the service of the State their sole dependence for the necessities of life, should ever be deemed, or treated, or even assisted, as town paupers,—and they provided that those families should be treated as the beneficiaries of the State, and be furnished by an agent of the State with all the assistance they required. From that time the patriot, having a family, or relatives, dependent upon him, however poor in worldly goods, could enter and remain in the service with the undoubting certainty that their necessities would be relieved and their comfort be provided for by the State, which had assumed their guardianship. How much of alleviation this may have brought to the deathbeds of soldiers dying from disease, or wounds; how much it may have rendered more endurable the hardships of the campaign and of the battlefield, we may never know. But these two wise and spirited enactments, originating in the brain of some far-seeing man, to whom, for the conception, the people of the State should be ever grateful, were the foundation of the promptness with which every subsequent call for men was met, and of the consequent position which the State was enabled to attain.

The action of the people of the State during the succeeding four years of war is too recent and too familiar to need more than mention. Everywhere from our rugged mountain slopes and our beautiful valleys, from the field, the work-

shop, the counting-room and the scenes of professional life, the young and the brave—abandoning the pursuits of peace, with which alone they were familiar; abandoning wives, children, and parents, the delights of home and the comforts of home life, with a readiness and a unanimity which evinced, more than words can describe, how dear to the people was the cause which was involved—assumed the garb and weapons of the soldier and put themselves in training for their new profession. The State furnished means with lavish hand. To her executive officers, enlarged and extraordinary powers, the necessity of war, were freely conceded. The towns assumed cheerfully the quotas that were assigned to them, and vied with each other in friendly contest to avoid a draft. Every selectman became a recruiting officer,—every hamlet and every farm was diligently canvassed for recruits. As time progressed, and the supply of men became more limited, and the first enthusiasm, which had induced the belief that the contest was to be terminated in some very brief period of time, gradually gave way to the stern realities of protracted war, the towns increased the inducements offered to volunteers, until, under the call of July, 1864, in the midst of the campaign from the Rapidan to the James, when the Army of the Potomac, under the immediate eye of Grant, were engaged in daily conflict, and the long rolls of casualties from the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, and the hospital returns from one hundred and twenty-five General Hospitals told to the citizens of the State, that recruits then obtained were needed for and would be at once placed in the front rank of actual battle, bounties attained their highest point, and the towns cheerfully paid five hundred dollars, and in many cases a thousand dollars, to each volunteer; and the required quota was filled without a single drafted man.

With a grand list, as the basis of taxation in 1861, of \$970,690 09, a population of 315,116, and an enrolled militia, as near as could be ascertained, of 36,680, the State furnished for the war 34,238 men, at an expense of \$9,087,353 40,—of which sum \$5,215,787 70 was expended by the several towns, in their municipal capacity, without expectation of repayment,—an average for the State of more than nine hundred cents upon each dollar of the Grand List. I do not mention this boastfully; but it is an item in the history of the State of which her citizens have a right to be proud. If the emergency was attended with lavish expense, it also justified it; and no complaint has ever been made of the amount.

The Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Regiments of Infantry, the First Regiment of Cavalry and the three companies of Sharp Shooters followed each other in rapid succession in 1861; the Seventh and Eighth Regiments went into camp in the midst of the severity of a Vermont winter; and the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments of Infantry and two Batteries of Light Artillery followed them from the State in 1862. In that single year 11,952 of our bravest and best men volunteered their services to the nation, without draft, and with a very slight bounty in a few cases—a very large proportion with none. To the men who volunteered for three years I am not aware that any bounty was paid, unless as subsequent appreciation of patriotic service, until after 1862. Under subsequent and often repeated calls for troops the Seventeenth Regiment and the Third Battery were raised and sent forward; and the ranks of the old regiments, depleted by death, disease, and the casualties of the service, were filled by recruits, taking their places by the side of the scarred, war-worn veterans who remained, and carrying to them that encouragement which those only who have experienced it can appreciate, that their State had not forgotten them,—until, when the long contest culminated in victory, and the vanquished but stubborn rebellion had collapsed, 10,437 men had been sent for this purpose—more than thirty-four thousand in all—from the comparatively small but glorious old Green Mountain State.

Our Fathers, with wise appreciation of the present, and perhaps with prophetic anticipation of the future, inscribed upon the banner of the State of Vermont the motto “Freedom and Unity,”—freedom for all men of every race—freedom for self-government—freedom for the equal rights of all—the Unity of the States, the confederated exponents and defenders of the rights of man. When the martyr Lincoln proclaimed liberty to the enslaved, the motto of the State became the battle-cry of the Nation. Time and again have the stalwart men of the State flaunted the banner bearing that motto in the faces of defiant rebels;—never once has it been left in their possession.

But in alluding to the patriotic deeds of patriot *men*, let us not forget the mothers in the State, those tender, loving, shrinking mothers, called upon to give consent to the enlistment of their sons into a service of which they knew nothing but that it was beset with danger and death—impelled on

the one hand by the stern demand of patriotism, and keenly, most keenly, tortured on the other by the thought of surrendering to privation, exposure and the chance of sudden death the children whom they had borne and nursed and watched from birth with all a mother's love and all a mother's care. Nearly, if not quite, one-third of the soldiers from the State required the consent of parents to their enlistment into the service of the country. To give that consent must have involved a conflict as keen, a forgetfulness of self as complete, a devotion to country as perfect, as was ever required from the soldier in the sterner conflicts of actual war. And the wives, the sisters, the daughters, and the betrothed,—let them never be forgotten when the sacrifices and exertions of Vermont are remembered. Each and all surrendered all that they loved most dear on earth at the call of the State—they gave infinitely more than treasure, for they gave that for which each would gladly have given life itself. Most nobly have they contributed to the record of honor which the State has earned.

But to find the full page of that record we must follow those patriot soldiers to the field. And here I falter, for I cannot do justice to their bravery, their endurance, their gallant bearing in every time of trial and of danger. The battle flags displayed in these legislative halls and in yonder vestibule, torn and pierced by shot and shell, shreds only of the beautiful banners they once were, with the tablets, upon which are inscribed the battles through which they were borne, though silent, more eloquently speak of the deeds of the brave men who fought and died under their folds, than the most finished eloquence of the most gifted orator.

I do not need to tell you of the glorious record of the "Old Brigade,"—the "best brigade in the Army of the Potomac,"—distinguished alike for fearless courage in fight, patient endurance in camp, and unwearied diligence upon the march. I need not tell you how at Lee's Mills they forded the Warwick in the face of the enemy's fire, carried the rebel entrenchments and held them against repeated attacks by thrice their number for hours, until they were ordered to retire,—how they endured the seven days from Savage Station to Harrison's Landing, when every day was spent in continuous fighting and every night in marching,—how they fought at the first Fredericksburg,—of the gallant charge at Marye's Height, crossing at the double quick the

open plain of a mile in width and storming successfully the enemy's works,—how at Bank's Ford they held at bay the victorious rebels and saved the Sixth Corps,—how at South Mountain they charged and drove the enemy from a position which appeared impregnable,—of their exploit at Funkstown, unexampled in history, where in extended skirmish line of three miles and without support they repelled three several attacks of rebels in line of battle, and retained their position,—of that stubborn, fearful fight at the Wilderness, where, holding the key of the position, a line the piercing of which would have exposed the reserve artillery and the wagon train of the army to immediate capture and would have effectually severed Hancock's Corps from the main body and driven him back upon Fredericksburg, with but 2800 muskets they resisted the repeated impetuous charge of a division of 10,000 rebels, and held their line, though at the fearful cost of three out of every five,—more than 1700 in all killed or wounded,—of their gallant behavior at Spottsylvania, where, having charged and carried the enemy's works far in the advance, they refused to retire, when ordered, and declared that they would hold them six months, if furnished with rations and ammunition,—of the deadly conflict on the twelfth of May, 1864, when only a breastwork of logs and earth separated the combatants and almost hand to hand the fight was maintained at scarce a musket's length apart,—of Cold Harbor; the march to Petersburg; the fight at the Weldon Railroad, never to be forgotten by those whose friends and relatives were there captured and consigned to the tender mercies of Andersonville; of Opequan, Charleston, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek; of the tedious winter in front of Petersburg, and the magnificent charge of the second of April, which drove the rebels from their last stronghold and compelled them to that final disastrous flight which resulted in the annihilation of the rebel strength. Through all this that brigade of men of iron marched and fought, until their record has added its brightest pages to the history of the State, and the name of the "Vermont Brigade" has become as widely known as that of the State itself.

Shall we ever forget the services rendered and hardships endured by the regiments and batteries stationed in the Department of the Gulf, and subjected to the severity of an unhealthy climate so unlike their own?—the Seventh Regiment, depleted to a skeleton by disease before they had had time to fire a musket in active service, but who nobly vindi-

cated at Spanish Fort the honor of the State, and compelled, by their fearless bravery, the recognition of their claim to have been ever brave and true, and of their right, denied by Butler, but ordered by the gallant Sheridan, to inscribe upon their colors the name of Baton Rouge;—the Eighth Regiment, can we forget the almost incredible labor performed by them in opening the railroad to Lafourche,—the march from Brashear City to Alexandria, with the battles fought and won,—their dashing bravery at Vicksburg, where, in the first attack, they marched through and over two brigades in front and from the third became the first line of attack, holding their position with dogged obstinacy until the fortress fell,—or their gallant enduring courage at Cedar Creek, where, attacked in front, flank and rear, they maintained their ground, until, of sixteen officers and one hundred and forty men engaged, thirteen officers and one hundred and nine men had been killed, wounded, or captured;—the First Battery, who at Pleasant Hill, with double canister and at half distance poured into the breasts of the charging column of rebels such a resistless storm as enabled them to save the guns which they had been ordered to spike and abandon;—and the Second Battery, who at Plains' Store and Port Hudson made their record for history?

Let me also, in this brief retrospect, do full justice to the Ninth Regiment, who effaced at Chapin's Farm the memory of their misfortune, not their fault, at Harper's Ferry,—who won the palm in the Eighteenth Corps for soldierly drill and discipline, and were the first of the Union Army to enter Richmond;—to the Tenth Regiment, who, after long and wearying delay upon the banks of the Upper Potomac, nobly earned at Orange Grove, in every battle from the Rapidan to the James, in the final assault on the second of April, and at Sailor's Creek, the right to be recognized as true sons of Vermont;—and to the Eleventh Regiment, who, in the construction of the defences at Washington, left an enduring monument of their toil, whose active service commenced at Spottsylvania, and whose subsequent history is that of the "Old Brigade."

No unimportant part of the record of the history of Vermont in the war has been won by the fearless riders, the gallant, dashing troopers of the First Vermont Cavalry, whose colors are inscribed all over with the names of seventy-three battles, and who were always ready to follow where any man would lead, or to lead where any man would

follow. They rode, as though it were pastime, from the Rapidan to the defences of Richmond, around Lee's flank and rear,—from Ream's Station through South Eastern Virginia back to the lines before Petersburg,—from Winchester to Waynesboro, and thence to the Chesapeake, fighting as often as the enemy were seen and dealing destruction to his supplies and his communications. Who can read, without a thrill of admiration, the record of that final charge at Cedar Creek, where, after a whole day of desperate fighting, of retreat and advance and varying fortune, the enemy were driven, routed, demoralized and disheartened, from the field, and the ready carbine, the sabre and the revolver, in the hands of men goaded to the utmost limit of excitement by the evidences of brutal barbarity to the Union wounded and dead, which they had witnessed as they traversed the battlefield, took ample revenge in the carnage of blood, and twenty-three captured guns were parked as their trophies of victory.

The Sharp Shooters, always placed in the front, ever sent to explore the most dangerous places, accustomed to direct with unerring aim the deadly rifle, and upon the skirmish line to make and receive the first attack, though they were comparatively few in number and so connected with organizations from other States as to prevent the full record of their daring deeds from being generally known and appreciated, have yet earned ample meed of praise. Of the campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg their official report says,—“Since the first gun in the Wilderness there has been no cessation of artillery and musketry and no resting-place in the whole campaign.” The record of their engagements and the ratio of their loss conclusively prove how deservedly they won the confidence of their commanders.

The bloody record of the Seventeenth, the youngest of Vermont's regiments, deserves more than to be merely mentioned. Within eighteen days after they left the State they were placed in the front rank of battle. Without drill, and scarce knowing an order, save that which directed them to advance, they fought their way with reckless bravery from the Wilderness to the lines of Petersburg, their tattered colors, ever advanced as far as the foremost, now the property and the sacred charge of the State, attesting with silent but impressive eloquence their right to demand rank by the side of Vermont's bravest sons. I would that I could describe to you the fearful scene at the explosion of the Mine,

where every commissioned officer was left, killed or captured, and the colors, grasped by one as they fell from the hands of another of their brave defenders, were yet borne from off the field of battle, with scarce fifty men left to rally around them. The record of the regiment, with its fifteen engagements, is one of honor, and yet one of blood throughout.

The chances of the campaign and their comparatively brief term of service gave to the Third Battery but few opportunities to achieve distinction; but those were gallantly improved and their record is honorable to themselves and to the State. Few of them, while living, will forget their service in "Fort Hell," or the close and decisive artillery fire of the second of April, 1865.

But here another glorious scene, the culminating point of the rebellion, that of the memorable third of July, 1863, made a bright and dazzling page in the history of Vermont by the gallantry of her sons, demands attention. The State had sent out, upon brief notice and for short term of service, a brigade of men,—the Second Vermont Brigade. They left with high hopes of achieving distinction, ambitious of testing their right to challenge position by the side of the "Old Brigade." They lay inactive upon the banks of the Occoquan through the tedious winter until their term of enlistment had well nigh expired, and their anticipation of active service had yielded to the longing desire for home, which at such times protracts the lingering days. But picket duty and the protection of an interior line were not to be the extent of their experience in the field. Lee, flushed with victory at Chancellorsville, had led his legions across the Potomac and transferred the seat of war to the free soil of the North. His fancied opportunity for final success was before him, and he hastened to improve it. On the twenty-fifth of June the order was received, directing the Second Brigade to report at Gettysburg. They toiled for seven days through rain and mud and exhausting heat, and arrived upon the field, weary and exhausted, just at the conclusion of the disastrous fight of the first of July. On the evening of the second day the Union ranks had been pierced and broken by a desperate charge, and the chance of war placed the untried troops of Vermont in the front line,—the exigency of the moment not allowing delay for bringing up more distant but veteran troops. That line they held,—giving, that evening, by a gallant dash in front, a specimen of their spirit. The next day,

when every other part of the line had been unsuccessfully attempted, Lee, informed that the left centre was held by untried militia, directed upon it for two fearful hours the terrific fire of more than one hundred pieces of artillery. The men of Vermont lay unprotected, while shot and shell ploughed the ground in front and rear and filled the air with demoniac sound. The tornado ceased, and the veteran division of Pickett was hurled upon them. Met by a courage as determined, by a fire as furious as their own, and unable to advance against the pitiless storm of death, the charging column changed their direction, hoping to find a weaker point. Then was the time for the Second Brigade. Changing front upon the battle-field with the precision of parade, they assailed the rebel column in flank and it disappeared before their impetuous charge. And while in the very flush of victory, with captured battle flags and unnumbered prisoners falling into their hands as the trophies of their triumph, when men, if ever, would lose their formation in the excitement of the moment, another change of front was made, another rebel column, met by the Fourteenth Regiment with furious fire, was assailed in flank by the Sixteenth and annihilated ;—and Gettysburg was won. Hearty were the cheers, with which, that night, the “Old Brigade” received their younger brethren into full communion, and recognized their right, earned by a baptism of blood, to rank by the side of Vermont’s proudest sons upon the roll of History.

And thus the records show the people of Vermont entitled to the proud remembrance, that every organization sent from the State returned to the State the Colors with which it was entrusted,—that the record of every regiment is a record of honor,—and that the gallant soldiers of Vermont, in earning for themselves that record, have added new and increased lustre to the honor of their State, and have obtained for it a name which shall be imperishable in history. But at what fearful cost has this been done!—5,124 men lost by death,—5,022 men discharged and sent home, wrecks, only, of the physical vigor with which they entered the service,—a total loss, in all the various forms of casualty, of 13,724 officers and men. The proportionate ratio of the loss in battle, of Vermont, is second in the loyal States of the Union,—exceeded only by Kansas, long accustomed to ferocious fighting. In proportionate loss by disease Vermont stands third among the loyal States,—exceeded only by Iowa and Kansas. And in the proportionate number honorably dis-

charged for disability she stands the fourth of the loyal States,—exceeded only by Maine, Michigan and West Virginia. If Vermont has earned a reputation in the war, of which her sons have a right to be proud, she has paid for it a price proportioned to its value.

The names of your deceased comrades, whose memories are to be kept “green and sacred” in your hearts, yet fresh in your recollection, are known and honored throughout the State. Fifty-four commissioned officers, your brethren in arms, endeared to you by many a hardship shared in common, whose example and whose social qualities alike incited your emulation and won your affection,—among them, earning high place upon the Roll of Honor, the gallant Stone, Tyler, Barney, Roberts, Preston, Dudley, Chamberlin, Cummings, Eaton, Crandall, Dwinell, the self-sacrificing Jarvis, the young and ardent Dillingham, Buxton, and the brave Reynolds,—fell by your side at the head of their men in the front of battle, and by their death sealed the devotion of their lives to loyalty. May they never be forgotten. Patriotic towns have erected monuments to the patriot dead; and in every grave yard throughout the State are grassy mounds, whose marble head-stones mark the resting place of the soldier, where he awaits the final reveille. Let these monuments stand, while time shall endure, not merely as the votive offerings of a grateful people to commemorate brave deeds and men, but perpetual remembrancers of the great principle of the universal equality of man, illustrated by its defenders in their lives, but rendered sacred by their sacrifice,—so that, when your children’s children, to the remotest generation, shall gaze reverently upon them, when your names and deeds shall have faded even from tradition, they shall say, each to the other; these men died that we might be free.

The war has closed, rebellion has been suppressed, the right of secession has been tried by the final arbitrament of the sword and has failed, the officers and men composing the organizations from Vermont have laid aside their arms, have assumed again the garb of citizens, have quietly resumed their places in the communities from whence they emerged and returned to their original peaceful employments, and there are no indications left of the terrible events which so severely taxed the energies and resources of the State, except the record of their gallant deeds of bravery, the maimed veterans, whose appearance among us makes constant appeal to our sympathies and our respect, and the

vacant places in many a household, eloquent of the remembrance of the gallant men whose lives have been surrendered in defence of the great principles of freedom, unity and equality before the law.

But has the contest closed—or has it only assumed a new form and been transferred to a different sphere? The close of war brings with it duties as imperative as those of war itself. It was due to posterity, it was due to humanity, that the fruits of the victory should be preserved,—that those men who had deserted, and had sought by force to divide, the Government, who had traitorously violated the most solemn oaths, who had desolated the homes of the North and had burdened the Nation with debt, should be required, before again participating in the councils of the nation, or assisting in its legislation, to give the most binding security that they would thereafter, in the most perfect good faith, live as true and loyal citizens. Criminals of the deepest dye, pronounced guilty by the God of Battles on appeal of treason, they have no right to complain, if bound over under heaviest bonds to keep the peace. They were offered terms more liberal than they deserved, or had reason to expect,—terms so liberal, that, though freely offered and for a time adhered to, prudent and sagacious statesmen deemed them not free from hazard in the future. These terms were rejected, except by a single State, and were withdrawn;—and, like the Sybil of old, the loyal people of the North offered others in their stead, made more onerous, and thereby more complete and perfect. These have been *in form* accepted by seven of the revolted States,—three have thus far refused to accede to them.

But the form of acceptance has not carried with it the spirit of loyalty. The obligations which it imposes are regarded as lightly as the criminal regards the bonds which bind him for appearance at court,—to be evaded, if possible, or forfeited, with the hope that full payment will not be enforced. Defiant and arrogant as ever, aided by the countenance and counsels of a Chief Magistrate of the Nation, who has deserted alike principle and party, and of their former allies in the North, political leaders, who are ready to surrender for power and place all that the sacrifices of the war secured, they announce to us by their acts as unmistakably as by their words, that the rebellion, though suppressed, is *not* yet dead.

They demand the violation of the public faith, pledged

by Abraham Lincoln, with the full concurrence of the loyal States, to the only loyal class in the rebel States, that they and their posterity should thenceforth enjoy the equal rights of manhood; to which the grateful response of the race is testified by the muster rolls of more than 186,000 volunteers in colored regiments, by the roll of 54,000 casualties in the service, by the records of Wagner, Port Hudson, Helena and Mobile. They demand the right to regulate suffrage; and they are regulating it every day with the rope, the rifle and the revolver. They demand the repudiation of the public debt, or the recognition of their own. Their chiefs openly and boldly proclaim, that the "lost cause" is not yet lost,—that the fourth of March, if they and their allies are successful, shall inaugurate a reign of terror, which shall drive from the Southern States every loyal man, white or colored, or overwhelm them in one common destruction. They demand, in short, that the victors shall accept terms from the vanquished under penalty of a renewal of the war. And their candidate for the second place in the Government was selected solely for the reason, that he placed himself beyond the possibility of misunderstanding upon a platform, which, though its planks are rotten and crumbling beneath his weight, declared that every thing thus far accomplished at the South should be undone, that the reconstructed State governments should be dispersed by force, and that the white people alone should be allowed to reorganize their governments, and elect Senators and Representatives.

Are these the principles for which you fought? Is this the victory which you fancied had been won by the loyal North? Shall we submit to the insolent terms thus imposed? Better death, privation, poverty, the repetition an hundred fold of the sacrifices we have made, than such tame, cowardly submission. Faith to the loyal dead, faith to their widows and their orphans, faith to the outraged living, demand adherence to the principles for which the war was fought, and in defence of which our heroes died.

What duty, then, remains for us? What sin of omission, or of commission, yet remains unrepented and unpardoned, which thus protracts the punishment meted to us for the sin of slavery?

The National faith and the National honor, to be preserved at all hazards, demand, not only that slavery, but that every incident and result of slavery, shall cease to exist; that the loyal colored men of the South shall retain inalienably

the right to maintain by the ballot the privileges for which they were willing and were deemed worthy to contend with the bayonet and the bullet; that the public debt should be paid according to the letter and the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted, and the public credit be preserved without stain; that treason "should be made odious" and traitors, whether at the North or at the South, be repressed and punished.

The great captain of the age, whose genius devised and whose orders directed the movements of the loyal armies to final victory in the field, under whose eye you fought and your brave comrades died, whose name and fame are as dear to us as our own, and who is now the selected standard bearer of liberty and loyalty, has said, "Let us have peace." If we are true to ourselves, to our manhood, to our avowed principles, to our plighted faith, peace, with its blessings, will prevail from the Atlantic to the Golden Gates of the Pacific, from the Dominion of Canada to the borders of the Gulf,—prosperity, exceeding all that we have ever yet known, will place us foremost among the nations of the earth, and a victory will be won by Grant in November, which shall perfect the fruits and secure the full results of the victory which he achieved at Appomattox.

In whatever yet remains to be done for the securing of the full fruition of these glorious results, whether of action, or of further sacrifice, may that higher and Supreme Power, that rules the nations and controls the action of States, announce and enforce Sedgwick's famous order: "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column closed up."

General Washburn was enthusiastically applauded at the close of his oration. The applause from all present, ladies as well as gentlemen, members of the legislature as well as soldiers, which followed his allusion to General Grant, seemed to indicate a pretty distinct preference, on the part of the audience as a whole. The name of "Uncle John" Sedgwick was also long and loudly cheered by his boys of the "Old Sixth Corps," and the others who, through them, have learned to respect the memory of that brave and true soldier.

A poem by Colonel Redfield Proctor, of the Fifteenth, followed. It was a surprise to many, who were not aware

that a poem was on the programme, or of the Colonel's poetic gifts. It was, however, a most happy addition to the exercises of the evening. And from the opening pun, which averred that his hearers would declare his lines ought to have been not written but indi(c)ted, to its stirring close, it held all alternately convulsed with laughter, and stirred by its pathos and spirit. It was full of hits at the surgeons, the chaplains, the hospital stewards, and other camp characters, and described various scenes of army life and death, with graphic touches.

Colonel Veazey offered a resolution, which was adopted, extending the thanks of the Society to General Washburn for his eloquent and valuable discourse, and to Colonel Proctor for his happy and pleasant poem, and requesting a copy of each for publication.

A few moments remaining before the hour for supper, the time was occupied by brief speeches by Senator Edmunds and Hon. D. E. Nicholson, who were called out.

At ten o'clock the Society re-formed, under the leadership of General Wells, and marched to Village Hall, where three long tables extended through the hall, with plates for two hundred guests. Every seat was filled with the officers and their invited guests.

THE SUPPER.

The Supper was prepared and served by the ladies of the Congregational Church. The tables were decorated with flowers, and groaned under a bountiful array of substantials and delicacies. The ladies waited on the tables in person, and better and more attractive attendance could not be asked for.

General Ripley presided, and at and around the heads of the tables were Governor Page, Senator Edmunds, Speaker Grandey, Mr. Hendee, President *pro tem* of the Senate, State

Treasurer John A. Page, Rev. Mr. Roberts, Chaplain of the evening, and other invited guests. The band occupied the elevated platform at the end of the hall, and followed the toasts with appropriate airs.

After the cloth was removed, General Ripley, who presided throughout with his customary grace, invited the ladies to remain, if they desired, and listen to the speeches, saying that their presence, always desirable, would be particularly gratifying on this occasion, to the pleasure of which they had already contributed so much.

After a brief expression of thanks for the uniform kindness and respect shown him by the Society, while he had been its President, General Ripley introduced Major W. Rounds, the Toast Master of the evening, who proceeded to read the regular sentiments.

I. *Vermont—The Nation's Index*—always indicating correctly the progress and condition of the religious, political and social prosperity of the Union; truly, in that constellation which every American hopes will bespangle the civil sky of this continent forever, is she "the star that never sets."

Responded to by Hon. John B. Page, Governor of Vermont who said:

It cannot be expected that I should indulge in a speech at this time, it not being my forte. And after listening to the just, truthful and eloquent oration from General Washburn, and enjoying the ludicrous and the beautiful set to rhyme by Colonel Proctor, there seems to have been enough said and sung.

But I am reminded by the achievements of the sons, of the labors and struggles of the fathers; for to them belonged the honor, in the war of the Revolution, of compelling the first surrender of the British flag to the then coming republic, its surrender having been demanded "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." In those days Vermont led in making treason odious, and the fathers' earned from the British General the compliment of being the most active and the most rebellious race of the continent. We are proud, to-night, to claim descent from such ancestry.

It was stated by General Washburn, that the total expense of arming and equipping—including bounties and State pay—of all our men in the late war, was \$9,000,000. This seems a large sum for us; though New Hampshire, by way of comparison, equal to us in all respects, incurred an expense for like service of \$13,000,000. In this you have an index of our people.

Again, we had occasion to send during the war to recruit our regiments in the Gulf Department, at one time, a body of 350 men; they went without guards, and then on landing at New Orleans they were permitted the freedom of the city. The officer in charge was told that he would never see half of his men again. But they were ready, and proceeded the next day and night by rail and boat to Franklin, having every opportunity to desert if they so desired. At a roll call on the morning after arrival, *every man* responded to his name. A sister State a short time after sent a like body of recruits over the same route, guarded by fifty soldiers. On arrival at Franklin, fifty failed to respond at roll call. Does not this fact fairly indicate the quality of the men that Vermont sent to the front? Should we wonder that they did their duty, their whole duty, in all places and under all circumstances?

Vermont stands pre-eminent among her sister States, and we have reason to be proud of her history in the past; and with the spirit that animates the children, need we fear for the future? Not long ago a little one, kneeling at its mother's side, prayed,

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should never pray again,
O Lord bless Vermont and Maine.

II. *The Assembled Wisdom and Virtue of Vermont*.—The industry, prosperity, liberty and long-time honor of the State look to you for protection, suggestion and counsel.

Responded to by General Stephen Thomas.

General Thomas thought the sentiment covered too much ground for one man. We may well look to the Legislature of the State for counsel. We had never looked there in vain for advice and suggestions. And the counsel of the "assembled wisdom" was always honest, true and disinterested. They always suggested devotion to the union.

The counsels of the Legislature were always those of patriotism. They taught us to regard the honor of the State as dearer than even life itself. The Vermont officers may also be well proud of the support extended to them by their Legislature. Unity, Freedom and Justice is an appropriate motto for a State whose character has never been sullied by injustice; and whose soil has never been dishonored by a slave. But he found he was encroaching on the proper duty of another man. It was the *House* that was required by the Constitution to be composed of men, of "men most noted for wisdom and virtue." The Constitution did not require that of the body he presided over. It was for the Speaker of the House, therefore, to speak for the assembled wisdom and and virtue, and he called on Mr. Speaker Grandey.

Speaker Grandey said he felt that he was not fitted to speak in their presence; he but came to listen to them. He knew he could learn from them now, even as he had derived safety from their efforts in the field. But he felt, as braver men than he had felt before now, his courage failing as he faced the veterans of Vermont, and they must excuse him from anything more than this apology.

Hon. Geo. W. Hendee, in response to loud calls, said he thought General Thomas and Mr. Grandey had responded sufficiently for the wisdom and virtue. Of course we are wise, or we would not be sent to the Legislature, and everybody knows we are virtuous to a fault. He thought, himself, the Legislature had sometimes failed in its duty to the soldiers, as when last year they refused the State pay to some of the veterans. [Applause and cries of "pay it now."] He was in favor of paying it at any time.

III. *The Union*.—Purchased and preserved at the cost of life, and and blood, and treasure, may it encircle the wealth and freedom and intelligence of America. May it endure while its eternal hills stand, the proudest monument of a soldier's sacrifice.

Responded to by Colonel J. B. Mead, of the 8th.

He spoke eloquently of the value of the Union, now more precious than ever. Let us cherish it, and as the Spartan bequeathed hatred to the Roman to his sons, let us hand down to ours devotion to the Union. Since sitting down to this table he had heard a soldier near him say, "If it was to be done over I would leave wife and five children and go again." He who said that, spoke with the spirit of a true Vermonter. Let us then still rally round the Union and the principles for which we fought, and in the words of our next Vice-President of the United States, "Let loyalty preserve what loyalty has saved."

Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout was next called up. He declared he wouldn't say a word, but to maintain a reputation for courage. He saw a Senator's hands come together when he (the speaker) was challenged to speak, and it reminded him of a story he had heard of a Senator who challenged a Judge. The Judge declined to fight. The Senator thereupon sought out the Judge, and told him he was a contemptible coward. "I know it," was the reply, and *you* know it, or you never would have challenged me." Colonel G. went on to say that this subject of the Union was a pretty broad one, and to discuss the issues of the war, alluding to some of the parallels in ancient history. He closed with a humorous couplet, and was heartily applauded.

IV. *Gettysburg.*

Responded to by Colonel W. G. Veazey in some eloquent remarks. He thought Gettysburg was least appreciated as a field of brilliant military achievements; the eye of the patriot and statesman always looking through the battle to its moral results. Thirty years of treason culminated when Pickett's division rushed on the bayonets of Vermont. It was the hinge on which the rebellion swung backward. Let us emulate the bright example of our comrades who then fell, and in the language of the great martyr of freedom, let us see

to it "that from the honored dead we take new devotion to the cause for which they nobly died," adding with fine effect the closing words of Mr. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg.

V. *Chapin's Farm and Fort Harrison.*

General Stannard was called on to respond to this, and described the storming of Fort Harrison, giving due credit to the brave soldiers and officers of other States, who served under him in that noted action, which cost General Lee one of the strongest defences of Richmond.

VI. *The National Congress.*

Responded to by Senator Edmunds. He said that more men had gone into Congress from the army than went into the army from Congress, and we find them there as eminent in civil life as they were bold in war. This illustrates the beauty of our republican system, in which the army is the people. Mr. Edmunds went on to speak of the relation of physical courage to liberty, the last dependent on the first. So the mother of Puritan States, Massachusetts, has for her motto *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*—"with the sword she seeks soft peace under liberty." As Congress was a representative body, so was this society. You officers represent the great solid rank and file, without whom you would have been as powerless as we without you. You represent, too, the great army of silent tombstones which mark the resting place of your comrades—"On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread." Mr. Edmunds closed with a touching allusion to the crowning of the graves of Union soldiers by the ladies of Washington, as recently witnessed by him.

VII. *Cold Harbor.*

General W. W. Henry responded, describing the share which his regiment, the Tenth Vermont, took in that battle, in which he lost a finger by a rebel bullet, and in which the Tenth captured the Fifty-first North Carolina entire, in their

rifle pits. The Old Brigade was also there, and he called on Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Pingree to say if he remembered anything about it.

Colonel Pingree responded, saying, among many interesting things, that he thought the Old First Brigade did the hardest fighting with the least hope or chance of accomplishing anything by it, at Cold Harbor, that was done by them in any battle. That battle lasted nearly two weeks, of constant assaulting of the enemy's works. It was who could pound the longest. But the loyal people at home kept our thinning ranks recruited and we conquered. The brigade did what they could do then, as elsewhere, and what they could not do he believed he could say, not boastfully, no men could have done.

VIII. *Cedar Creek.*

General William Wells responded briefly, and called up Lieutenant Farrington, of the First Cavalry, who alluded to the work of the Vermont Cavalry, who there retook twenty-three of the twenty-four guns captured in the morning by Early. It was Sheridan's victory.

IX. *The Rank and File*—without whose stubborn fighting, their officers would have secured but few honors.

Brevet Brigadier-General George P. Foster, who was the last brigade commander of the First Brigade, responded. On looking back over the war, he was sorry for two things—that he was not a better officer, and that he had never carried a musket in the ranks. He commanded men whom he knew to be much his superiors in intellect, and he believed it took more courage to be a good private than a good officer. He alluded to the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, explained its object, and invited all the Vermont soldiers to connect themselves with it.

X. *The Memory of the Dead*—who gave their lives that the Nation might live.

This toast was received in silence, the officers standing while a dirge was played by the band.

XI. *The Vermont Officers Reunion Society*:—Its purpose, condition and prospects. •

Responded to by Lieutenant G. G. Benedict. The purpose of the Society all knew. Its condition they could see. Its prospects were what the officers chose to make them. He urged the importance and interest of the Society, and charged all, if they were proud of their share in the war and considered its memories and friendships worth perpetuating, to stand by the Reunion Society, attend its meetings, and urge their comrades to do the same, till its roll shall include every Vermont officer.

XII. *The Orator of the Evening*.

Responded to by General P. T. Washburn, who after returning his acknowledgment of the honor done him, proceeded to discharge a duty entrusted to him. He said that no corps of the Army was so honored in Vermont as the Old Sixth, and the name of no corps commander was so often on Vermonters' lips as that of Major-General John Sedgwick. Our troops who fought under him owed to him the proud title of "the best brigade in the Army of the Potomac." His was the memorable order: "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column closed up." He was deputed by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Platt, Jr., formerly of Sedgwick's staff, to present to them the most significant and valued memorial of their old commander that they could possibly possess—*Sedgwick's Sixth Corps Headquarters Flag*.

As General Washburn spoke he unfolded the flag. At the sight of the well known forked pennant of blue, with its white cross and red figure 6, the whole Society sprang to their feet, by a common impulse, like one man, and gave three cheers and a tiger for the old flag.

President-elect Pingree, to whom General Ripley had relinquished the chair, received the flag; and speaking with obvious emotion, said :

General Washburn, I accept, in behalf of this Society, this token so fraught with sacred recollections ; under which so many of us fought, and which brings back to us so strongly the honored memory of the brave and lamented Sedgwick, that hero whom we all learned to love so dearly. I confess that on seeing this flag unfolded, here, where we are surrounded by all that exalts and ennobles the acts of peace, I speak in acceptance of it, with a distrust, a diffidence, I never felt when we followed it into the din of battle. It brings memories of scenes never to be forgotten ; memories of sorrow for our General who fell beneath it in the foremost angle of our front line of works at Spottsylvania. I stood but a few rods from him as the bullet pierced his eye. This flag recalls, too, memories of peculiar joy. We looked up to it as a beacon light. We knew when we saw it that "Uncle John" Sedgwick was there. We followed it always with the feeling which the crusaders felt towards the heart of Bruce, when they flung it before them into the ranks of the Saracens with the cry: "lead on, brave heart, we will follow wherever thou goest." We never saw that flag turned one foot to the rear, save by orders from a higher source than the General of the Sixth Corps. We saw it at Fredericksburg and Antietam and Chancellorsville, where 40,000 rebels, by General Lee's official report, were repulsed by the 12,000 men of the Sixth Corps, and at Gettysburg. We saw it when we were repulsed, never when we were defeated. We accept it, and we will guard and treasure it in honor of the scenes through which it has passed, and in memory of the gallant General who died beneath it.

Long applause followed these remarks, after which the Corresponding Secretary, Lieutenant Benedict, read the following letter of presentation from Lieutenant-Colonel Platt :

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PLATT.

PETERSBURG, VA., OCT. 19TH, 1868.

Hon. P. T. Washburn :

SIR,—Much to my disappointment I find myself unable to be present at the annual Reunion of Vermont Officers at Montpelier, on the 22d inst.

For several years I have promised myself the pleasure of meeting my old comrades on one of these occasions ; but important and pressing duties at home have heretofore prevented me from doing so, and deprived me also of the privilege of presenting in person the valued emblem of the glorious Old Sixth Corps, which I have had in my possession since the close of the war, and which I now transmit to you with the request that you will present it, for me, to the Association of Vermont Officers, at their meeting on the 23d inst.

This flag should be especially dear and sacred to the Old Vermont Brigade, as it is the *only one* that our beloved Sedgwick ever used while he commanded the immortal Sixth Corps. It was his headquarters battle flag. Always carried near his person in every action in which he commanded the Corps, it will be recognized by every soldier of the Old Brigade at once, and must awaken in their hearts vivid memories of the numerous fields upon which, under its folds, they achieved so much of their imperishable renown. It will recall the noble Sedgwick, who loved them so well and was so well loved in return, who was at once the brave soldier, the able commander, the sincere friend—the best soldier and the noblest man it was ever our good fortune to serve under. It will also recall our brave comrades who sealed their devotion to their country by their heroic deaths upon the field of battle under its folds.

I have regarded it as a precious and sacred relic; but believing I had no right to retain it all to myself, have long contemplated presenting it to this Association. I respectfully request my old comrades through you to accept it as a valuable addition to their store of relics; that they will permit it as a pledge in their Hall at their annual reunions, and cherish it as a memento of our beloved Sedgwick and the Old Corps.

With my kindest regards to my old friends and comrades, and to yourself, and with sincere regrets that I cannot be with you in person,

I am, very respectfully yours,

JAMES H. PLATT, JR.

On motion of General Ripley, the Corresponding Secretary was directed to express to Colonel Platt, the acceptance of the flag and the thanks of the Society for so precious a gift.

General Stannard offered the following sentiment :

The Orphans of our Fallen Heroes—Their claims upon our patriotism and humanity.

Appropriately responded to by Chaplain Mack.

The following letter was read :

FROM COLONEL A. P. BLUNT.

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, }
LINCOLN DEPOT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT. 12TH, 1868. }

G. G. Benedict, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Re-union Society:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your circular of invitation to attend the fifth annual reunion of Vermont Officers. I keenly regret that my official duty will not permit me to be present.

It is with pride that I recall my connection with the Vermont troops, whose conduct in the camp, and whose noble deeds upon every battlefield crowned them with glory and shed a lustre upon the name of Vermont, which shall endure as long as history continues to tell the stories of the many hard fought battles through which they passed. Composed, as were the regiments of Vermont, exclusively almost of her own *Green Mountain Boys*, it was a happy thought that originally suggested the idea of the Reunion Society; may it continue to exist so long as a single Vermont soldier survives to constitute its membership.

In conclusion permit me to remind you that those who fought to preserve the Union should see to it that the grand issues of the war be not lost, and that the flames of another war do not spring again from the yet smouldering embers of that fierce fire of rebellion which we so lately quenched with blood. We fought to preserve the unity and integrity of the Union and for peace; our final victories under our great Captain U. S. Grant gave you peace *at home*; but peace and protection to loyal and Union men in the South can only be insured by his triumphant election as President in November.

I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours.

A. P. BLUNT.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the ladies of the Congregational Society for their kind attention, and the excellent supper furnished by them; to the band and the singers; and to General Ripley for the able and courteous manner in which he had presided at the last two reunions.

The Society then joined in singing "America," with hearty and harmonious voices, and adjourned.

Thus ended what was one of the best of these reunion gatherings. The address, the supper, and especially the presentation of General Sedgwick's battle flag, will long mark it in the remembrance of every soldier who was present.

THE SIXTH REUNION.

NOVEMBER 4, 1869.

The sixth annual meeting of the Reunion Society, opened at the State House, in Montpelier, on Thursday, November 4th, 1869, at 10 A. M. There was a numerous attendance of worthy soldiers and good fellows.

Colonel Samuel E. Pingree, President of the Society, took the chair; and the journal of the last meeting was read by Major J. S. Peck, Recording Secretary.

The Treasurer's report was read by General P. P. Pitkin, Treasurer, showing a slight deficit (of \$1.69) in the Treasury. The usual committee to nominate officers for the year ensuing, was appointed, as follows:

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Reg., Lt.-Col. R. Farnham.	11th, Lieut. A. M. Carleton.
2d, Col. A. S. Tracy.	12th, Maj. L. G. Kingsley.
3d, Capt. Horace French.	13th, Capt. O. C. Wilder.
4th, Lieut. C. C. Kinsman.	15th, Adj. J. M. Poland.
5th, Surg. W. P. Russell.	16th, Lieut. K. Haskins.
6th, Maj. W. J. Sperry.	17th, Lt.-Col. L. E. Knapp.
8th, Capt. Edward Dewey.	1st Cav., Lieut. W. Farrington.
9th, Capt. A. E. Leavenworth.	1st Bat., Lieut. E. E. Greenleaf.
10th, Capt. A. B. Valentine.	3d Bat., Capt. R. H. Start.

Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow moved that the next annual meeting of the Society be held at Rutland, on the second Wednesday in January, 1871. After a somewhat earnest discussion, the motion was carried.

Colonel S. E. Pingree moved that the wives of members be hereafter (without admission fee) made honorary members of the Society, upon their own request, or that of their husbands.

Surgeon Geo. Nichols moved that honorary membership on the same terms be extended to every widow of a Vermont officer. Amendment accepted, and as amended, the motion was carried.

On motion of Captain Leavenworth, a tax of one dollar for each member was voted, to defray the ordinary expenses of the Society.

General William Wells was chosen Marshal for the evening.

The Society then adjourned to 7 o'clock, at the Court House.

EVENING.

The Society met at the Court House. The committee on nominations reported and the following officers for the year ensuing were duly elected:

OFFICERS FOR 1869-70.

President—Brig. and Bvt. Maj. Gen. Wm. Wells.

Vice-Presidents—Lieut. Col. E. S. Stowell, Capt. James B. Brooks.

Treasurer—Col. P. P. Pitkin.

Recording Secretary—Maj. J. S. Peck.

Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. A. Clarke.

Executive Committee—Maj. J. A. Salsbury of Rutland, Col. A. S. Tracy of Middlebury, Adj. J. M. Poland of Montpelier.

On motion of Lieutenant Poland, seconded by Lieutenant-Colonel Benton, the Constitution was amended so as to make the term of office of the officers commence at the close of each annual celebration, and continue to the close of the next annual celebration.

On motion of Lieutenant Clarke, all honorably discharged soldiers, of whatever rank, were invited to be present at the supper.

The meeting then adjourned to the State House.

Under the direction of Marshal Wells the officers formed

in procession in the order of the regiments and batteries represented, and marched to the Pavilion where the Governor and his staff and other invited guests joined the procession, which then marched to the State House.

The hall of the House of Representatives, granted by the Legislature, was filled with an intelligent audience of members of the Legislature and ladies and gentlemen of Montpelier, in addition to the members of the Reunion Society. The public exercises opened with prayer by Chaplain Webster of the Society, when President Pingree introduced the orator of the evening, Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout.

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GROUT.

Mr. President and Comrades,—Ladies and Gentlemen:

Vermont, the first-born into the family of States, achieved her existence through the military prowess of her people. She was the legitimate child of war. This was true, not only of her population, at the time of her admission into the Union, but was equally true of her territory, which from time immemorial seems to have been set apart as a species of martial arena dedicated to hostile expeditions and enterprises. The aboriginal tribes even were wont to regard it as neutral ground. The fierce Pequots upon the south, the warlike Iroquois on the west, and the blood-thirsty Coossucks and wild tribes of St. Francis on the north and north-east, had, for how many centuries no tongue or pen can tell, looked upon these Green Mountains as a sort of charmed yet fated spot—common, as a hunting and battle ground, to all, but safe as a home for none. Hence upon the exploration of this part of the continent, the territory of Vermont, except a narrow strip along Lake Champlain, was found uninhabited by human kind. Constantly traversed by the surrounding tribes in their hostile expeditions against each other, it must have been the theatre of the most appalling Indian conflicts—and had come to be regarded, as is the brief space between contending armies, dangerous ground. Nor was this condition improved during the colonial period; but much the same state of things was continued.

In the early dawn of the seventeenth century, the spirit of adventure and discovery being at its height in Europe,

Sir Jacques Cartier, the celebrated French navigator of St. Malo, discovered Canada and the St. Lawrence; and straightway the French crown, under the law of nations, laid claim to all that vast territory drained by the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, including, of course, the great chain of lakes. Later, the pious Marquette, to whom, equally with Champlain, "the salvation of one soul was of more consequence than the conquest of an empire," bore the cross of the Jesuit fathers westward even to the banks of the Mississippi, the mouths of which were afterwards discovered by LaSalle, another Frenchman, which, under the same law, gave the great valley to the French also. Meantime the English had taken possession of the entire Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia, and had pushed their settlements northward into the interior towards Vermont, as far as Greenfield. With the French thus upon the north and the English upon the south, and they old-time enemies, and not only at war at home, but from the very first fiercely contending for the supremacy here in the new world, the territory of Vermont during that series of Indian and colonial wars which ran through nearly a century and a half, was still *dangerous ground*; the pathway of advancing and retreating armies, and the lurking place of their savage allies. It was still uninhabited. No set of men had then been found brave enough to undertake the work of wresting from nature's grasp these rugged hillsides and mountain slopes; and it was not until 1759—when, in that decisive "contest for empire" on this continent, before the walls of Quebec, between Wolfe and Montcalm, England was victorious; and the treaty of Paris followed, ceding Canada to Great Britain—that the territory of Vermont was relieved of these dire influences of war and her colonization undertaken; chiefly by bold adventurers, who had taken note of the capabilities of her soil and climate in their marches and countermarches across her territory, during the wars that had preceded.

These men, under grants from a royal Governor, had carved out for themselves homes in this mountain wilderness, and had here set up in peace their lares and penates. Suddenly, however, this territory, which no one during the centuries back, not even the Indian tribes, had dared to own, so excited the cupidity of outsiders, that it was deemed common prey for the surrounding colonies, and was claimed in part by New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and wholly by New York. And, as if this region, so long shunned by man

and left to the wild antics of war, would not, without strife, be subject to civilization, these claims, which as all know were resisted with spirit by the brave men whose firesides were at stake, culminated in a series of disputes characterized by violence and bloodshed. And this brings me to say, that for more than a quarter of a century before the admission of Vermont into the Union, her people held the attitude of armed resistance to the encroachments of an unwarrantable jurisdiction.

When the colonists first remonstrated and then revolted against the unjust exactions of England, it was no new subject to the hardy independent pioneers upon the New Hampshire grants. They had before that petitioned the crown and remonstrated with grasping governors in vain and had already drawn the sword, and for the maintenance of their rights, had, through their chosen leader, declared themselves "ready to retire to the caves of the mountains and wage an eternal warfare against human nature." The spirit of resistance to the mother country which had been "aroused in Massachusetts by that sanest of madmen, James Otis; in Virginia, by that bold and fiery patriot, Patrick Henry, and in South Carolina by the lofty, fearless and eloquent Gadsden," was more than answered in Vermont by the record then already made, by the invincible Allen and his brave Green Mountain boys, against the New York sheriffs and surveyors, as well as against Colonel Reid's tenants and the Durhamites.

The very genius of liberty itself seems to have been derived by these men from the free mountain air which they breathed, and from the wild and rugged surroundings of nature, in the midst of which they dwelt. They were from the very first of that class of devout disciples of liberty, whose patriotism took a *practical* turn and whose faith in bayonets and bullets was more than orthodox. Hence, when the colonists raised the continental standard; and the tide of war, first under Carleton, and then under Burgoyne, swept up from the St. Lawrence and overran our northern boarder, the Green Mountain boys, forgetting for the time all minor wrongs, promptly changed front and gave battle to the common enemy; and as the result Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Bennington were among the trophies of Vermont valor in the *first* war of the Republic.

In 1812, Vermont, not stopping to consult the oracle of party spirit, but answering the puerile order of a misguided

executive, with the same patriotic formula that Epaminondas did his superstitious monitors of old, again,

"Her sword bravely draws,
Asking no omen but her country's cause."

Asking not even the pardon of an offended Governor and commander-in-chief in and over the State. In that crisis, to the credit of Vermont, her sons, with something still of the spirit of Allen and Warner, disregarded that ill-timed proclamation, "to forthwith return to the respective places of their usual residence within the State," and replied in that remarkable language: "We shall not obey your Excellency's order for returning; and would inform you that an order or invitation to desert the standard of our country will *never* be obeyed by us, although it proceeds from the Governor and Captain general of Vermont."

Thus, in 1812, did Vermont boys aptly meet manifesto with manifesto, and in observance of the only law for the true soldier marched to the sound of the enemy's guns at Plattsburgh; and, after the brisk little cotillon on that bright September morning, Sir George Prevost, deeming "discretion the better part of valor," under cover of the following night, hastily packed his kit, and with his British regulars, like the Arabs,

"Folded his tents
And silently stole away."

Thus did Vermont soldiers, in spite of an unwilling Executive, fight their way upon the record into the *second* war of the Republic; and afforded our gallant little State the proud distinction of having furnished a large part of that raw militia, before which a superior number even of veteran troops, trained to war under the Duke of Wellington, had hastily retreated. Glory enough, sure, for Vermont in that war.

In the slight skirmish with Mexico, the enlightened public sentiment of Vermont, already well educated in the school of equal rights, could feel no special pleasure in responding to a call from the constituted authorities for troops. Our people looked upon the war as waged for the extension of human slavery, and the opening up of new marts for the trade in human blood; against which every noble impulse of the Vermont heart revolted. Nevertheless war had been declared, the flag of our country had been unfurled and the honor of the nation was at stake. Vermonters

saw this, and could not suppress the feeling, that the war, after declaration, was *their* war; the flag when unfurled was *their* flag, and the honor that was at stake was their honor. Neither could they consent that the record of the State, so brilliant in previous wars, then in their keeping, should suffer stain or blemish through their defection. Perhaps they had in mind the proud position accorded their State in the geography of their school boy days; which, while it made New Hampshire famous for her mountain scenery, Maine for her lumber, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut for their manufactures, said of Vermont that she was "celebrated for the part taken by the Green Mountain boys in the war for independence." However this may be, she at least did her duty. She voted men and money for the war; she filled her quota from the bravest of her sons, but few of whom lived to return to the State. Among the number thus laid a sacrifice upon her country's altar was the gifted, lamented Ransom.

Such, in brief outline, is the military history of Vermont previous to the late slaveholders' rebellion; when, of a sudden, with hardly a note of warning, the glare of battle lit up Sumter's walls. Instantly, as from profound sleep, the nation was aroused from the lethargic repose of a long peace; the enervating influences of which had, in Vermont, disarmed and disbanded her entire militia, save a few independent companies; in which as the type of the Vermont soldier, to slightly amend the great Poet, "the native hue" of Vermont's early resolution "was *seemingly* sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of home guard effeminacy. Whether *really* so or not, let the bloody record of the 34,000 men who went out from Vermont, leaving home and its endearments, friends and their society, and voluntarily endured the ennui of the camp, the fatigue of the march, the loneliness of the solitary midnight watch, the chill of the bivouac, the disease and death of the hospital, and all the indescribable horrors of the battlefield, make answer—yes, let that record, so replete with glory, make answer. But here I shrink from the task before me. How shall I in fitting words pass in review the heroism, the endurance, the sufferings, the gallantry and indomitable bravery of those men? How, also, suitably portray the sacrifices, the heart-longings, the mental struggles, the keen anguish, the deep sorrow, the tears and the prayers of Vermont homes, during those four eventful years, which, though still fresh in the memory of all, yet already seem like a dream or a tale that is told.

I shall not undertake to give a detailed account of the different Vermont organizations, nor of the special claims of each to honorable mention. This field has been already fully canvassed in previous addresses before you, and I shall content myself in the brief space to which, by the proprieties of the occasion, I am limited, with some hasty allusions to those *crises* of the struggle in which Vermont troops participated. But first, a word about the *character* of that struggle.

In lamenting the death of those twin patriots of the Revolution, Adams and Jefferson (which it will be remembered occurred on the fiftieth anniversary of our independence), Webster said: "No age of the world will ever come, in which the American revolution will appear less than it really is; one of the greatest events in human history. No age will ever come in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776." The cardinal truth which has made that day immortal (but which, from some of his after utterances, it would seem Mr. Webster must have forgotten), was that "all men are created equal."

That was the proposition that echoed round the world with such alarming emphasis, shaking thrones, and carrying consternation and dismay to titled dignitaries and highborn aristocrats everywhere. What else could it have been? Certainly not a mere declaration of independence by the colonies from home rule, for that was no new thing in history. Since the quarrel between the herdmen of Lot and Abraham and the division of the world which followed, there is hardly a chapter in human affairs, either sacred or profane, in which man is not found constantly setting up for himself. But never before was the equality of man declared. This alone lifted the declaration above the common level of every-day philosophy, and must have been the "mighty step" alluded to by the great statesman. And it was truly a "mighty step" for any set of men to assert as one of the fundamental principles of government, that "all men are created equal"—the poor equal to the rich; the weak equal to the strong; the common people equal to the nobility; even the beggar in rags equal to the king in courtly apparel, who the world had been taught ruled by divine right. All who bore God's image "created equal" before the law. Equal in those inalienable rights, life, liberty and the pursuit

of happiness. Yes, all created equal heirs of liberty. So said the declaration. As an abstract proposition it was true, but in point of fact it was a splendid lie. The millions of human beings held in the galling fetters of a worse than Egyptian bondage, pronounced it false. It was simply a declaration, such as lawyers make, which, as every one knows, without proof, goes for nothing. The fathers did not *supply* the proof in support of this bold allegation. They attended only to the "*law side*" of the case; and when they closed the testimony on that point with Cornwallis, at Yorktown, supposed they had made good in all essentials their declaration and were entitled to judgment in chief. This was a great mistake. All was quiet, however, for a little time, but soon difficulties arose. The silver-tongued Clay suggested compromise, and 36° 30' was agreed upon as a substitute for the declaration. Only think of it, north of that imaginary line it was agreed "all men were born free and equal." South, some to freedom, and alas! some to slavery. The higher-law men cried SIN, and invoked the judgment of God. The slaveholder, girt about with cotton, and waxed strong and insolent, very soon snapped his fingers at the line 36° 30', and through a truckling judiciary tacked on Dred Scott as an amendment; which made the declaration read: "the negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." Meantime public opinion throughout the civilized world, always a little cynical, and not without something of justice, towards what it had termed the hollow pretensions of this country to liberty, said that judgment had already been too long suspended; that the American people had utterly failed in their declaration, and ought to have suffered non-suit and been turned out of court long before. Such was the situation when, in 1860, the people, with conscience and pride both stung to the quick, by solemn verdict declared, in the election of Abraham Lincoln, that no more free territory should be passed over to slavery. Slavery defiantly answered: vested rights, the divine sanction, and secession,—and appealed to arms. Thus came up to the last tribunal of earthly resort, the arbitrament of the sword, the "*equity side*" of this great question in the declaration, which for more than fifty years had shook the fabric of this government to its very base; and which, before it was finally settled at Appomattox, invoked the largest chancery powers of the great heart of a great man, and taxed to the utmost the physical resources, the patience, the tenacity and the cour-

age of the American people. It was sought for a time to carry on the war constitutionally, for the preservation of the Union alone, wholly ignoring the declaration; but, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, this great question would not "down;" not even at the bidding of senates, and cabinets, and commanders. It shook the "gory locks" of 4,000,000 slaves in the face of Abraham Lincoln, and called the great Chancellor himself to witness that he "made of one blood all the nations of men." Right at last prevailed, and the proclamation which followed, striking off the shackles of the enslaved, returned to first principles, reiterated and made practical the truth in the declaration that "all men are created equal." Straightway the constitution, by amendment, was made to conform therewith, and suddenly, as light after an eclipse, England's boast, through her gifted Mansfield, became our boast.

"Slaves cannot breathe in our land; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free."

Such was the character of the struggle from the Vermont standpoint. Our people from the first looked upon the contest as one of ideas and principles, and as but the closing out of the Revolution of '76, in which the fathers but half did the work; making it a revolution not merely in the external forms of administration, but in the great principles which underlie the very foundation of government itself. And such has been the constancy of Vermont to these principles of liberty and equality, ever since she opened the revolution on the 14th of March, 1775, by breaking up the Royal Court at Westminster (which, by the way, Massachusetts never could understand, was before the affair at Lexington in the April after), and such her devotion thereto that for years she has been pointed to as "the star that never sets." As an incidental outcropping of these principles, her judiciary long since decided, on requisition for the return of a fugitive from slavery, that before a Vermont court, nothing short of a bill of sale from God himself would give man title to his fellow man.

Imbued with such sentiments, and signalized with such a birth and early history as we have seen, and crowned too with such heroism in former wars; who need inquire, what of Vermont during that struggle? Who could doubt that Vermont would throw her whole soul into the conflict? Who could doubt that when the clarion of war should sound, Vermont would be ready for the fray?

To prove this, need I recount how from hillside and valley, and mountain fastness Vermonters rallied at the call—how the farmer left his plow, Putnam like, to rust in the furrow; how from every department of industry in the State, and from every walk in social life; how from the cottage and the villa men came forth with the blessing of mother and sister, of wife and lover, the fair ones even emulating the lofty example of the revolutionary matrons, who “took down from its hanging place on the wall the trusty firelock, and handing it to husband, brother, or son, said, go and in God’s name strike for liberty”? Need I follow these men to the field, and remind you that Vermont, with her armor on, was in the first battle of the war; and how, ever after, wherever Vermont troops were stationed, whether in the Department of the Gulf, beneath a burning sun, in the midst of malaria and fever, or with the oft-beaten but never defeated Army of the Potomac, through the blood and carnage of her forty battles; whether in the valley under Sheridan, or at Port Hudson under Banks; whether in camp or on the march; whether giving or receiving battle; how everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances, Vermont soldiers did their duty, and preserved unsullied the ancient honor of the State? Need I recite the deeds of these brave men upon the Peninsula, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, where the “old brigade,” through a terrible slaughter which cost more than a thousand men, saved the Second Corps from capture, and the left wing of the army from ruin; Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and the final conflict which drove the enemy from their entrenchments in front of Richmond? Need I follow Early in that stealthy but rapid march on Washington in July, 1864, by which he expected to surprise and capture the capital, but how he found the Sixth Corps, “with the Vermonters ahead and the column well closed up,” only twenty-four hours from Lee’s front at Petersburg, 150 miles away, on the ground, disputing his passage into the city; and how foiled, the rebel general sulkily withdrew to the valley, and was afterwards slightly hurried at Winchester and Cedar Creek; and how, uncivil though it was, the Vermonters are said to have had a hand in the hurrying?

Need I more than name to Vermont soldiers Gettysburg, where for three days everything hung trembling in the balance? The importance of that battle in both a military and political point of view, however much augmented, can never be exaggerated. Lee, flushed with his signal vic-

tory over Hooker at Chancellorsville, had boldly taken up his line of march for the great centres of wealth and population in the free States, and proposed, by giving the North a taste of war, to conquer a peace on Northern soil. The political horoscope was deemed favorable for this *coup de main*. The anti-war party was everywhere active. Many openly, and more covertly were demanding peace and denouncing the war as a failure. The mob in New York had already organized in resistance of the draft, and were awaiting the arrival of their brethren from Lee's army, then in the heart of Pennsylvania. The military situation, too, was most dismal; the Army of the Potomac beaten at Bull Run, driven from the Peninsula, fooled at Antietam, and again badly beaten at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in which two last battles there was an aggregate loss of more than 30,000 men, and not an inch of ground gained; had, sober, but *undismayed*, followed Lee into Pennsylvania and were sullenly hanging upon his rear and flank, covering Washington and Baltimore. In no other quarter was the sky more propitious. Along the coast our armies were at a standstill. Milroy had been overwhelmed at Winchester. Grant, then but a major general and in the infancy of that career which has since rivalled the fame of the brilliant Duke of Marlborough, who, history says, never besieged a city he did not capture, nor fought a battle he did not win, still stood before the frowning entrenchments of Vicksburg. Though himself confident, the country doubted. Banks, in the heart of a hostile region remote from his base, was confronted by a force superior to his own, and could only await events in other quarters. Such was the political and military situation when, on the 1st of July, 1863, Lee, deeming his battalions invincible, resolved to wipe out the Army of the Potomac, the only hindrance to his splendid schemes, and suddenly turning, fell like a thunderbolt upon the First Corps, under Reynolds, at Gettysburg. This was a signal for the concentration of the Army of the Potomac; and the gallant Sickles, who had positive orders to hold Emmitsburg "at all hazards," and be ready to concentrate on Pipe Creek, a line fifteen miles to the rear, at neither of which places was there any enemy nor anything to do, promptly pushed his corps in the direction of the fighting, and reached the field in season to save the remnant of the First Corps from utter annihilation, and the Eleventh Corps the necessity of further "tall running" for that day at least. About

the same time the Second Vermont Brigade, under our own Stannard, took up its place in the thinned ranks of the First Corps. The darkness which closed in upon the disasters of that day was not more oppressive than the gloomy forebodings which filled the hearts of the American people. The fragment of the army then in line also shared, in a measure, those forebodings. The 10,000 killed, wounded and missing in that first day's work was fully one-eighth of Meade's entire force, only about one-third of which then confronted the enemy. The whereabouts of the rest of the army, with its commander, was unknown, at least to the men and subordinate officers. Unless it came up, the second day could be but a repetition of the first.

Welcome disturbances to the weary sleepers that night were the short, sharp commands, "halt," "front," "right" or "left dress," as the case might be, which commands ran through much of the night and intervals of the next day until about 4 P. M., when, by a forced march of thirty-six miles, the Sixth Corps, "Sedgewick's gamecocks," "with the Vermonters still ahead," wheeled into line and the Army of the Potomac was ready for battle; in fact, then more than an hour briskly engaged. And here, in passing, a word about the *accidental* manner in which it became engaged, as at least new to some.

Meade reached the field during the night after the first day's fighting, and in the morning overlooked the situation and was dissatisfied. He thought Pipe Creek a better place. Sickles had the day before sent word to Meade that he had gone to the relief of Howard at Gettysburg, and suggested the propriety of concentrating at that point. Thus the responsibility of that selection was largely upon him, and with true manliness, himself took the only weak place in what must be conceded was a naturally strong line for a defensive battle; and it should be remembered that we were then on the defensive. Under these circumstances Sickles, perhaps made a little anxious by the adverse judgment of Meade, and because, too, of the exposure of his position, thought to improve it by occupying a ridge in his front and moved out for that purpose. But the practiced eye of Lee it seems had caught this same ridge as threatening round-top hill on our left, which in turn threatened the whole federal position; and had ordered Longstreet to take possession of it, which he was then in the act of doing. Thus in manœvering for the crest of this ridge, Sickles, with his corps and the whole left wing of the army, became unexpectedly engaged, to the

great chagrin of Meade, who was still intent upon falling back to his favorite position near Taneytown. Some have spoken of this step on the part of Sickles as unfortunate. In my judgment history will record it otherwise. It is not my purpose, however, on this occasion to defend it; my only object is to show how that step precipitated the engagement, and prevented the possible retreat of the army to Pipe Creek.

"A grain of dust,
Soiling our cup, will make our senses reject,
Fastidiously, the draught we did thirst for;
A rusty nail placed near the faithful compass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy."

That movement of Sickles was the "rusty nail" which drew to "wreck the argosy" of the rebellion. Only for that, the battle of Gettysburg might never have been fought, for at that very moment Meade was in council with his corps commanders, on the question of falling back; to which Sickles, though summoned, had not reported, being busy with his change of position. A second order, however, of a peremptory character, brought him to headquarters, but he did not dismount. His corps was already fiercely attacked in front and flank by Longstreet, which at once broke up the council and turned attention to business. Thus was inaugurated the heavy fighting of this the great pivotal battle of the war; and for two days the rebel horde surged against the iron wall of the Army of the Potomac in vain. For two days anxiety and suspense were depicted on every countenance in the land. Should the Army of the Potomac give way, then all was lost. For two days the heart of the great loyal North stood still. All hearts were turned to Gettysburg. The Vermont heart, too, was turned to Gettysburg. She was represented on that field by two brigades of infantry and her regiment of cavalry, and they were not idle. Time, however, forbids a detailed statement of the gallantry of each organization; besides, the record which each there made is known to all; so, too, is the honor and glory which Vermont there won, in giving the finishing stroke to the victory known to all. All know how, after two days' stubborn fighting, during which charge after charge in solid column had been made upon our lines, 15,000 men, the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia, until then held in reserve, were massed for one final desperate assault; and how that assault, that last terrible charge of Pickett's division, the topmost

wave of that bloody struggle, the topmost wave of the rebellion, came surging up to the south of Cemetery Hill, and broke harmlessly at the feet of Vermont troops; on whose stern countenances was written, with something of Divine illumination, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no farther; and here shall thy proud wave be staid," and Gettysburg was won. Where, according to the felicitous expression of one* of your number, "the rebellion touched high-water mark;" ever after which, according to the eloquence of another,† "the wave was reffluent." It remains only to be observed that the exact spot where the rebellion "touched high-water mark," was the immediate front of Stannard's brigade of Green Mountain boys. This is not mere assertion—there is the best authority for it. General Doubleday, who commanded the First Corps on that day, testifying before the committee on the conduct of the war, says: "The prisoners taken stated that what ruined them was Stannard's brigade on their flank; and that they drew off all in a huddle to get away from it." But it will be remembered that the Vermonters did not let them get away, but captured prisoners largely in excess of their own numbers, including two regimental colors and a battle flag.

But the day was won, and the country breathed freer. Next day, July 4th, Pemberton, apprehensive that Grant might be inclined to celebrate a little on his account, surrendered Vicksburg. Port Hudson fell as ripe fruit—Lee lost no time in seeking the south bank of the Potomac and, suddenly, the whole situation was changed. Though much heavy fighting, really the heaviest of the war remained to be done, yet the rebellion had received its death blow, and was everywhere on the wane. The Mississippi was opened and its entire length patrolled by our gun-boats. Our navy along the coast took new courage, and added new vigilance to the blockade. The Army of the Potomac forgot its early lessons of how to retreat in good order, and ever after fought only to advance. Our arms were everywhere successful. Early was rudely helped out of the Shenandoah by Sheridan, who left the harvests of that fertile valley, the granary of Virginia, smouldering ash heaps. Lee, at Richmond, was at last in Grant's firm grasp, from which no enemy ever escaped. Sherman had swept down from the mountains to the sea, everywhere burning what cotton he could not trans-

* Lieutenant G. G. Benedict.

† Col. W. G. Veazey.

port, and with torch and levelling axe, had, in the language of his famous foraging order, "enforced a devastation more or less relentless, according to the measure of hostility shown by the inhabitants." Savannah had fallen, and Charleston in turn, as he swept through the Carolinas, leaving Columbia in flames as he passed. Then it was, that the rebellion, hungry and worn out, began to understand that in provoking war it had verily,

"Tempted the fury of his three attendants:
Lean famine, quartering steel and climbing fire."

But the rebel armies still held out, and the southern people still clung to a cause that had really been doomed since July 4th, 1863. The Lieutenant-General, however, was at last ready, and without going into particulars, which would reflect a full share of glory upon Vermont troops, let it suffice that Grant closed the war, as Napoleon did the campaign at Austerlitz, "with a clap of thunder." Lee surrendered April 9th; Johnston, the 14th; Dick Taylor, the 19th, which was immediately followed by the rebel navy under Commodore Farrand, and Kirby Smith's army, in Texas. Thus, like a dissolving view, the rebellion suddenly vanished into thin air; and those who were left of the 2,688,523 men, who, at the call of their country, had come forth from peaceful vocations and devoted themselves, with such singular energy, to the havoc and waste of war, nearly as suddenly glided back again to a pursuit of the arts of peace; one of the most sublime spectacles in the history of the world. These men had fought not for glory or gain, neither for ambition of their own, or that of prince or ruler, but for the integrity and perpetuity of the Union and for the freedom of man. They had left 400,000 of their comrades, 5000 and more of whom were from Vermont, on the field, who had bravely met death in some one of the many revolting forms incident to war. Left a sacrifice for the sins of the nation; the price of liberty to a race—

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead, for me and you;
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you, kind friends,
For me and you."

And who can compass the grief or fathom the sorrow which, for them, has since everywhere brooded over the land ; and which, at their mention, still leaves the eye moist and the voice choked. Their ashes are sacred, and any eulogium which even the most finished eloquence can offer, in their praise, is utterly futile. Words of mine are certainly too feeble ; and I can only say in the language of another :

“ Take them, O, God, our brave,
The glad fulfillers of thy dread decree ;
Who grasped the sword, for peace,
And smote to save,
And, dying for freedom, Lord, died for thee.”

Let us, then, turn from the dead to the living ; to those who were fondly leaning upon the arm of these strong men stricken down in defence of their country ; to dependent woman, to decrepit age and helpless infancy. These, the wards of the nation, must be,—already are amply provided for, and must never be neglected. Those too, in our midst, sad reminders of the shock of battle, with an arm or a leg shot away, or still suffering from disease unchecked or wounds unhealed, are equally objects of tenderest care and solicitude. These last are still with us, and long may they survive, to stir with their mute appeals, the heart of our busy, thoughtless millions, with a constant response to the pleading lines of the Scottish bard—

“ The brave poor soldier ne’er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he was his country’s stay,
In day and hour of danger.”

Let all “remember” this, now that the danger is passed, and anxiety and fear no longer act as spurs upon the flank of drowsy gratitude—now, that,

“ Grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
And—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
The soldier’s arms are hung up as monuments ;
His stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
His dreadful marches to delightful measures.”

But here, I am admonished that my hour is passed, and that I must detain you only a moment longer. I cannot however, help adverting to some of the first fruits of the peace, and to the glorious future of the Union, which we now enjoy. The one achieved, and the other preserved, through your valor. Who can contemplate without a thank-

ful heart, the rich heritage of civil and religious liberty which a kind Providence has vouchsafed us? Who, too, who loves his country, and loves the race can, without emotion, cast his eye down the future of this vast ocean-bound republic; hereafter, to be in fact, what it has heretofore only been in name, the land of liberty, with no crouching slave in all our broad domain? Who, too, can calculate the salutary effects of our example, the magnetic influence of which was felt in every quarter of the globe, the moment the flag of treason went down, and again, as of old—

“These thirty and odd States, confederate in one,
Held their starry stations around the western sun.”

I say it was felt everywhere. Napoleon, quailing before the bristling bayonets of our half million veterans, who had just quelled the greatest rebellion which the world ever saw, said, in reply to a little note from our premier, “Give me a little time and I will get out of Mexico”—and he did; and the result was, in a few months all that was left of the Mexican Empire was carefully embalmed and sent back to Europe, from whence it came—and Maxmilian, the Arch Duke and Emperor, sleeps with his fathers; his untimely and violent death furnishing ambitious princes a wholesome warning, that on this continent at least, there is no right divine in a crown.—Not only this but the masses throughout Europe read in the re-establishment of our Union their own deliverance; and breaking away from the traditions of centuries at once raised the standard of reform.

In England, through the necessary concessions of Crown and Parliament, the right of suffrage was extended, but this failed to check the liberal wave, which, in its flood, has since swept away two Tory administrations, and at last placed a Gladstone at the head of the British Ministry.

The Scandinavian north too, our ancestral land, felt the thrill of our victory. Germany, no longer willing to brook Austrian despotism, welcomed Prussian intervention; and when the famous quadrilateral yielded, it was a triumph, no less for German freedom than for the genius of Bismarck. But what is still more noteworthy, Austria herself in turn, seeing that the world really does move, is emulating, even outrunning her neighbors in liberal legislation, which always means liberty for the people. Italy, in the German-Italian war, won for herself all that Germany did, and again in 1867, rallying under her Garibaldi, dealt a blow at the supremacy of the

church, in temporal affairs, which at once awoke the feeble, incoherent mutterings of the Vatican, and started the Pope's Nuncios, post haste, for the Emperor of the French ; who, once a Republican, now wields an iron sceptre, and is a standing apologist for tyranny ; almost the only monarch in Europe whose government has not responded to the triumph of liberty in this. But in France the early dissolution of the Empire is looked for in the threatened dissolution of the Emperor ; after which, if the signs of the times may be trusted, the liberty-loving, enthusiastic Frenchman will make another attempt at the establishment of civil liberty ; and let us hope a successful one.

Spain, also, once the pioneer of all that was bold, aggressive and civilizing, but for these last hundred years and more, given over to ignorance, vice and bigotry, has at last awoke from her degradation and imbecility, and through the sword of Prim, and the trumpet tongue of Castellar, is inaugurating an era of social and political reform ; not an unimportant feature of which, is the sending away of the profligate and dissolute Isabella, and the saying to the world, we have done with the Bourbons. Cuba, too, sitting beneath the shadow of our institutions, too near to withstand their influence, stimulated by our example, and copying the lesson of the mother country, asks to be free.

These, comrades, are some of the effects of your late victory upon the struggling millions, throughout the world, who are panting for free institutions. But who shall compute, for the ages, the blessings of that victory, not only abroad but at home ; and who shall measure its effect upon the future of our own country ? It should be remembered that we are but in our infancy ; only ninety-three years old. Greece saw a thousand years, and Rome twelve hundred before the "Goth and Vandal thundered at her gates ;"

"And massacre sealed her eternal night."

Proportioned only to our youth is our present greatness. Who shall tell the future under our regenerated constitution ? As the shock of great battles usually arouses the natural elements, and the roar of artillery is, after a little, answered by the artillery of the clouds, which is followed by the cool refreshing shower, always so grateful to the wounded and weary combatants ; so great wars almost invariably arouse to new vigor the energies of man, and when peace finally comes, the civilization which succeeds is always higher and better,

than the one which went before. If war destroys, it also creates. If it exhausts, it likewise makes strong. All know how the crusades, which for two centuries agitated Europe and left her in utter prostration, were followed by the revival of letters which, four hundred years before, were buried beneath that barbarian avalanche from the north; were also closely followed by Wickliffe, "the morning star of the reformation," who arose out of the dark night of that middle period, asserting the freedom of conscience, and the emancipation of mankind from the Papal See was begun. And, if the reaction which followed the terribly depressing effects of the holy wars, lifted Europe out of mediæval barbarism; what triumphs in art and literature, in religion, in law and in liberty, may we not look for in this new era of the republic; with every impulse of our teeming millions quickened by the heroic energizing influences of the late war? Let us not, however, lose sight of the duties of the present in any dazzling vision of the future.

Let us, rather, remember that upon each succeeding generation, and now upon this generation, is devolved the high work of preserving and transmitting unimpaired our matchless institutions; and if our opportunities and privileges are great, in exact proportion also are our responsibilities. Let us, therefore, for the work still before us, gather wisdom from the past, and inspiration and courage from the present; and, like Varro, whose fidelity to Rome nothing could shake, and who, in Rome's greatest trial when the stoutest faltered, "did not despair of the commonwealth," let us, whether soldiers or citizens, never waver in devotion to our country and the flag; the proud old flag—no less proud to-night, as here it hangs in peaceful folds, than when flung to the breeze, amid the thunder and hail of battle it beckoned you on to victory. And though every conceivable disaster and peril overtake the republic, let us never lose faith in the union of these States; so lately assailed, but through your valor preserved, and cemented anew with your blood and sufferings, and the blood and sufferings of your comrades, both the living and the dead—not idly vaunting the glories of that Union, nor blindly asserting its perpetuity; but trusting to the republican doctrines of equality and self government, and to the intelligence and virtue of the people; let us, comrades, *under that union*, strive to make the moral and intellectual grandeur of the Republic equal to its material greatness. Then, without arrogance, and with no disregard of the laws

of national life and longevity, can we express the hope, that no poet, of this, or any future age, may stand amid the ruins of this country, and ask of us, as Byron did of Greece, when he drew his sword in defence of religion and liberty in that classic but degenerate land :

“ Shrine of the mighty, can it be,
That this is all that's left of thee ?”

Colonel Grout's oration held the audience intent and interested to the end, and was received at intervals and at its close with prolonged and hearty applause.

On motion of Lieutenant Benedict the thanks of the society were tendered to Colonel Grout, for his eloquent and interesting address.

At the close of the oration Governor Washburn was called upon for some remarks. The Governor protested good naturedly against being called on without a moment's notice, but spoke aptly and with spirit, of the relation of this Officers' Society to the people and to the General Assembly, and the service it is doing year by year in recalling and recording the events of the war, and in re-enforcing its lessons.

Judge Steele was next called on. He said he had heretofore refused to speak on these reunion occasions because he considered these moments sacred to the memories of the service.

Judge S. eloquently urged that the festival of the soldier is indeed the festival of the state. The results won by our soldiers are the treasure of the commonwealth. Whoever would rob the soldier of a single laurel leaf robs every Vermonter. We have heard to-night of the heroic history of early Vermont. Above both early fable and the proud history of the past, we may put the story of the deeds and sacrifices of these heroes of the last war. As our fathers out of the war debt of 1812, by the tariff developed the industry of the country, and secured our reasonable self reliance, so now, from the evils of civil strife we may pluck valuable re-

sults. The responsibility of the citizen, to vote, to labor, and to watch for the preservation of the liberties and the purity of our institutions was forcibly urged. How long is it since the country found that though it subdued rebellion, it could not find officers able, and honest and bold enough to collect the whiskey tax? With a tribute to the silent voices and absent forms of the brave men who went out with these officers to return no more, Judge Steele closed a very eloquent and beautiful speech.

Captain J. H. Platt, M. C. elect of Virginia, formerly of General Sedgwick's staff, was next called up. Captain Platt said he had come to listen, not to speak; and with thanks for the honor, and expression of pride in his native state, excused himself from a speech.

The officers then re-formed in procession and marched to Washington Hall, where an abundant and excellent supper had been provided by the ladies of Dr. Lord's church and society.

THE SUPPER.

The tables were well filled; the ladies, present in person, made the most attractive and best of attendants, and the repast received the tribute of absorbed attention and hearty praise.

After the officers and their guests had sufficiently satisfied themselves inwardly, there was a lull in the clatter of cutlery and crockery. The President then called the members of the society to less serious business, viz: the toasts. Lieutenant Geo. H. Bigelow of Burlington officiated as toast-master in a highly acceptable manner. The order of the sentiments was as follows:

I. *The Governor of Vermont*—Honest and faithful. His head was always active and his heart ever warm for the best interests of his State, in peace and in war. As one of the earliest soldiers to take the field in the Union's defense against treason and insurrection, and forgetting not his

later invaluable and laborious services as Adjutant General, the ballots of his grateful fellow citizens fitly made him the first soldier Governor of Vermont. His comrades to-night heartily rejoice in his promotion to a higher and wider field of labor—GENERAL PETER T. WASHBURN.

The Governor, on rising, was welcomed with hearty and prolonged cheers. He spoke briefly,—too briefly,—but, as usual, eloquently and forcibly. He said that he had often had to acknowledge the kindness of his brothers of the Society, and the kind words of the toast added to the obligation.

But in military language the Society had drawn his fire a short time ago at the State House. At that time he had spoken of the relation of the soldiers to the State. Yet more might be said. He regarded these annual meetings as something more than reunions for the purpose of telling over old army stories. The Society had a higher purpose than that. We all know how its appearance at the Capital each year, suspends for the time the schemes of politics, and carries the memory back to the days when we anxiously watched the telegraph for tidings from the battle field, for news of the deeds and fortunes of Vermont's soldiers. These reunions call up the principles for which the late war was fought. We are also reminded by these annual meetings how quickly the soldiers of Vermont were transformed into peaceful citizens. We are taught thereby that the war did not have a demoralizing effect on *all* the soldiers. The Governor also said that these reunions had a representative authority and mission; the officers present represent the rank and file, the bone and sinew of the army. He repeated his belief in the usefulness of the Vermont Officers' Reunion Society.

II. *The General Assembly of Vermont*—The soldiers look to you for the perpetuation of that liberty and universal freedom for which they fought, and confide to you the keeping of her untarnished honor, maintained by them upon the bloody fields of the late rebellion. May you ever prove faithful to the sacred trust.

Lieutenant-Governor Hendee responded. He had known

something of the affection of the Vermont Legislature for the soldiers. It had made generous provision for them while they were in the field, and it had exercised a watchful care over their families. When the war was over and the soldiers many of them came into the Legislature he could say they made the very best of legislators. He alluded to General Thomas as one who had shown as much patriotism and ability in the Legislature as in the field. He hoped the Legislature would always have a fair proportion of soldiers.

General Thomas was called out. General Thomas said, that as long as Vermont has a Legislature, the soldiers will be well cared for. He noticed a large number of ladies present, and was reminded that a woman suffrage amendment is now before our people. If this should be adopted, the soldiers might be even more sure of being remembered. The General alluded to his recollections of the extra session of '61, and the opinions of the people at that time. He had believed that the rebels had been long meditating war.

III. *The Judiciary*—An independent and fearless judiciary is the strongest bulwark against the oppressions and corruptions of power. In the purity and learning of the Supreme Court of Vermont, we cheerfully recognize jurists full of the best spirit of loyalty, charity and fraternity; soldierly virtues which Justice in her highest exemplars should always possess and respect.

Judge Steele was called upon for a response. He said that he would prefer to have somebody else selected for the duty. It was well known that the familiar maxim, "amidst arms the laws are silent," had its foundation in the well known modesty of the legal profession. Hence he should exercise a little of that modesty and yield the floor.

IV. *Our Congressional Delegation*—Tried servants of the people, may they ever have honest pride in doing justice to the American soldier and the flag and honor of the country for which he has fought. In their ability and patriotism the soldiers of Vermont have the largest confidence and cordially welcome them to their camp fires and festive board.

Hon. C. W. Willard responded. He protested that

some of the delegation who should have been here had dodged the question. Members of Congress were not in the habit of shrinking from speech-making. Without assuming any credit for himself, he could truly say that the delegation deserved all the praise given it in the toast. And he knew of no higher inspiration to duty than the encouragement of the soldiers. They certainly had a right above all other + classes to direct the legislation. He would come to the soldiers to learn his duty for two reasons: first, because they represent the finest culture and the finest patriotism of the State; secondly, because they have had an experience that has given them a keen consciousness of the value of Republican institutions. Mr. Willard closed by speaking of the importance of annual reunions of this kind.

The toast master at this point read the following letter from Senator Edmunds in answer to the Society's invitation.

LETTER FROM SENATOR EDMUNDS.

MONTPELIER, NOV. 4, 1869.

My Dear Major—Your kind note in behalf of the Executive Committee of the Vermont Officers' Reunion Society, inviting me to your festival supper this evening, was duly received. I had hoped until just now to enjoy the honor and pleasure thus opened to me, of witnessing the social celebration by the surviving officers of the late war, of deeds of arms, the memory of which will descend to the remotest time, and the lustre of whose renown culminates as the years recede.

The page which you and your brother officers have written for Vermont in the great record of those terrible years, is among the brightest and noblest, untarnished by a single spot, the pride of your fellow citizens; though alas! it recalls to us, as to you, many sad and tender recollections of our sons and brothers who sleep the warrior's sleep of death.

The monument, fairest and most lasting, to them and to you, the living, is the triumph of constitutional liberty, and the serene supremacy of equal law. These, let us hope, now and hereafter, maintained by you, citizens, as they were by you, soldiers, will still endure, when the commemorative bronze and marble shall have crumbled into dust.

Wishing you all long lives and eminent prosperity,

I remain, sincerely your friend,

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

Major J. Grout, for Executive Committee of Vermont Officers' Society.

V. *Our Orator.*

Colonel Grout declined to make a speech, and instead offered the following sentiment :

Vermont to Virginia—The Green Mountain State sends greeting and congratulations to the Old Dominion, that she too, at last, stands upon a constitution grounded in liberty and equality. Vermont wished her well, when with the sword, Vermonters taught her those doctrines—Vermont now wishes her well, as Vermonters in civil life still teach her these doctrines.

To respond to this toast the President called for Captain James H. Platt, of Virginia. Captain Platt returned the thanks of himself and his constituents for the toast. He said he had a divided love as a citizen. He loved Vermont as a mother; Virginia as a wife. He told a capital story in reference to his choice of his mother's love over his wife's. He had been living among the historical scenes of the war. In Virginia the contest did not end at Appomattox Court House. She had since been waging a war of ideas; and he gladly said that the right had again triumphed. The South, at least Virginia, had renounced its old doctrines. The Old Dominion needs immigration, and no immigrants would be more warmly welcomed than those from Vermont.

VI. *The Rank and File*—Yours was the bravery of true patriotism, the courage that fought to conquer; though you received not the reward of position and rank, yet you have the reward of a record indelibly written in the hearts of the people.

Responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Benton, of the Eleventh, who spoke feelingly of the patriotism and courage of the common soldiers. He also alluded to the ladies of Philadelphia for their attentions to Vermont soldiers, and proposed a sentiment in their favor, which was enthusiastically adopted.

VII. *The Soldiers of Vermont*—With hearts unflinching, purposes unfaltering and a courage unyielding; what State furnished your equals?

Major J. L. Barstow, of the Eighth, was called upon for a response, but asked to be excused.

VIII. *The Members of the Bar*—First in peace, and first and foremost among Vermont Volunteers—you have honored your State in the camp and in the field as well as in the councils of the State and Nation.

Appropriately responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel R. Farnham, of the Twelfth, who said that no other profession, but that of the law, in this state, sent half its members to the war; and who claimed for them a full share of the credit of brave and faithful service.

IX. *The Grand Army of the Republic*—A social and charitable brotherhood of soldiers, free from partisanship or politics save loyalty; knowing no difference in rank or position, and believing, with Robert Burns, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The widows and orphans of our fallen braves find in them protectors and friends. To their organization belongs the honor of keeping fresh in the hearts and memories of the people the lives and actions of our dead comrades; which can have no more enduring commemoration than in the annual decoration of their honorable graves with fairest flowers of spring. May the Grand Army continue then to prosper in its noble and sacred work.

General George P. Foster and Lieutenant A. Clarke were called upon. General Foster gave some statistics of the organization. It numbers between five and six hundred thousand members. The Grand Commander is General John A. Logan, of Illinois. The Vermont posts contain in all about two thousand members. The Grand Army was first organized about four years ago. Its objects are the perpetuation of the memories of fallen comrades, and the extension of aid to their widows and orphans.

Lieutenant Clark said the fundamental principles of the order were charity, fraternity and loyalty. He alluded to these three features in order; and closed by urging upon the soldiers of Vermont to join the organization more generally.

X. *Military Education*—Indispensable to the soldier and valuable to the citizen. Combined with the classical and scientific it is the best education. Those who know its value should encourage its promotion.

Captain J. B. Brooks, of the Fourth, responded, urging at considerable length the pertinency of the toast.

The President, in behalf of Adjutant General Wells, made an earnest appeal to those officers who have not yet furnished their photographs for the State House, to do so at once. Many are still missing, and it is hoped that they will be forwarded immediately.

XI. *The Press*—From proprietor to devil, every journal in Vermont has had its representative in the army; in field, staff and line they acquired honorable renown, and one of their honored members fell a martyr in the cause, fighting gallantly at the head of his regiment. Many a strong leader and telling paragraph has made the history of one of the most gallant brigades in the service, the "Old Vermont Brigade;" and the true story of their prowess at arms, Vermont soldiery must find largely in the columns of the daily and weekly press. To the fourth estate, therefore, we religiously owe a debt of gratitude.

Responded to by Lieutenant G. G. Benedict and Lieutenant George H. Bigelow.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Stowell was called out and spoke briefly of his love for the Reunion Society.

General Stannard excused himself from making a speech, though he was vigorously called for.

Resolutions were introduced and unanimously passed, tendering the thanks of the Society to the citizens of Montpelier for their hospitalities, and to the ladies of the Congregational Society of Montpelier for the sumptuous table, and graceful manner in which they supplied and distributed its delicacies.

The meeting broke up about half past one, after singing "Auld Lang Syne." The whole occasion was one of high interest. Some faces familiar in former meetings of the Society were absent; but there was a numerous attendance of worthy soldiers and good fellows. The oration was good, the speeches good, the supper the best ever furnished on a similar occasion in Montpelier, and the gathering an exceedingly pleasant one throughout.

THE SEVENTH REUNION.

The seventh reunion was held in Rutland, on Wednesday, January 11, 1871. Over a hundred members were in attendance. The meetings, with the exception of the forenoon session, were held at the Rutland Opera House, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion with the battle flags of the different Vermont regiments. The *Rutland Herald* said of these :

THE BATTLE FLAGS.

No more appropriate decorations for the place of assemblage of these veteran officers of Vermont regiments could have been devised than the tattered and smoke-stained colors they bore with such heroic bravery through all the bloody war of the rebellion. Over the stage and from the front of the balconies of the Opera House, these mute but eloquent witnesses of the noble devotion and intrepid valor of the Green Mountain soldiers were arranged, their rent and tattered folds testifying to the terrible baptism of fire through which they had passed. The regiments represented by these colors are the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Infantry, the First Cavalry, and the First and Second Vermont Batteries. The "post of honor," over the stage, had been assigned to the colors of the Seventh Infantry, which had been reduced by the ordeal through which they had passed to a mere blackened shred. To the right of the stage were suspended the flags of the Second Infantry, and to the left those of the Third Infantry regiments. Each of these was literally riddled by the leaden hail through which it had been carried by the gallant standard-bearers. Grouped around the front of the balcony, and pendant from the ceiling, the flags of the other regiments represented were arranged, the whole forming a scene at once grand and inspiring and yet full of sad and tender reflections. No patriot eye can look upon these battle-stained mementoes of many an ensanguined field, where Patriotism met and vanquished Treason,

without a feeling of admiration and pride. They are the precious legacy of those who went forth, fired with a lofty patriotism, to battle for their country and if need be to lay their lives upon her altar. They are the fitting remembrancers of the loyal hearts and brave hands that bore them proudly on many a field of carnage, in that struggle which was marked by deeds of noble devotion and soldierly daring which will illumine the nation's history with a lustre brighter than that which lingers around the days of Spartan chivalry. But with the feeling of pride and exultation is blended the sad thought of those who went forth never to return. Alas! how many of those brave, true hearts that beat high with courage and hope as they followed these starry banners, are now hushed by the stillness of death. Many a gallant bearer of these battle-stained ensigns went down to rise no more while pressing forward in the deadly conflict. But there were never wanting those to take the places of their fallen comrades and keep the colors floating. The soldiers who marshalled under these standards were such as those—

“ Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
And win their way with falchion's force,
Or pave the way with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone—the last that dies.”

These proud mementoes cannot be too highly prized, or too carefully treasured by the State, not only as a record of the past but as an inspiration for the future. The fire of patriotism cannot entirely die out while those testimonials of the bravery and devotion of our patriot soldiers are preserved. They will be the talisman that shall shield us from future cowardice or disloyalty.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The Society convened for business at the Bardwell House at 10 o'clock A. M. General William Wells, President, in the chair.

The usual committee for the nomination of officers was appointed as follows :

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regiment—W. Y. W. Ripley.	3d Regiment—S. E. Pingree.
2d Regiment—A. S. Tracy.	4th Regiment—S. M. Pingree.

5th Regiment—S. E. Burnham.	13th Regiment—E. L. Hubbard.
6th Regiment—C. J. S. Randall.	14th Regiment—W. C. Dunton.
7th Regiment—E. A. Morse.	15th Regiment—Redfield Proctor.
8th Regiment—W. W. Lynde.	16th Regiment—W. G. Veazey.
9th Regiment—L. H. Bisbee.	17th Regiment—James S. Peck.
10th Regiment—A. B. Valentine.	Cavalry—Josiah Grout.
11th Regiment—W. V. Meeker.	1st Battery—E. E. Greenleaf.
12th Regiment—L. G. Kingsley.	2d Battery—W. R. Rowell.

On motion of Colonel W. G. Veazey, a committee of three was appointed to report a resolution of respect to the memory of General W. T. H. Brooks, consisting of Colonel W. G. Veazey, General George J. Stannard, Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Pingree.

On motion of Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions relative to the death of General Peter T. Washburn, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel William W. Grout, General W. W. Henry, Colonel Redfield Proctor.

The meeting then adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON.

At 2 o'clock the members of the Society assembled at the Opera House. The committee on nominations by Lieutenant-Colonel Ripley, chairman, reported the following list of officers:

OFFICERS FOR 1871.

President—Gen. George P. Foster.
Vice-Presidents—Col. J. H. Walbridge and Maj. J. Grout, Jr.
Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. John C. Stearns of Bradford.
Recording Secretary—Maj. J. S. Peck.
Treasurer—Gen. P. P. Pitkin.
Executive Committee—Gen. W. W. Henry, Maj. A. B. Valentine, Capt. L. A. Bisbee.

The report was accepted, and the officers unanimously elected for the ensuing year.

It was moved that when the Society adjourn it be to meet on the second Wednesday in January, 1872, at Burlington. After some discussion, an amendment was offered that the time and place of holding the next meeting be left to the decision of the Executive Committee. This was opposed by General Henry of that committee and others, when the amendment was withdrawn. An amendment was then offered that the time be changed to the first Wednesday in January, which was adopted and the motion unanimously passed.

The Secretary reported that there was due from members of the Society, as annual assessments, the sum of \$400. But there was difficulty in obtaining these dues, which left the treasury in a depleted condition.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Pingree stated that the Governor of the State, in pursuance of the action taken by the Legislature at the last session by which an appropriation was made for an historical painting of some battle scene of the late war, had suggested that the Society express some opinion as to what particular battle should form the subject of such a painting to be placed in the State capitol. Colonel Pingree remarked that the battle of Gettysburg had been named as an appropriate subject for the painting, but as so many delineations of this scene had been made, he would suggest a departure from the beaten path. He would recommend as a proper subject for the painting, the battle of Cedar Creek and the surrounding scenery. On this battlefield were gathered more Vermont troops, as distinctive organizations, than on any other field during the war, and they were all conspicuously engaged in the action. Colonel Pingree gave a graphic description of the magnificent natural scenery surrounding this battlefield, which would add much to the attractiveness of the painting. On motion, it was unanimously voted that the battle of Cedar Creek be recommended to the Governor

as the preference of the Society to form the subject of the painting. Major Peck was appointed a committee to convey to the Governor the action of the Society upon the question.

Colonel Veazey, from the committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of General W. T. H. Brooks, the former commander of the Old Vermont Brigade, who lately died in Alabama, reported the following resolutions :

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The members of the Reunion Society of Vermont officers, now assembled at their Annual Reunion at Rutland, Vermont, have learned with deep sorrow and regret of the recent decease of General W. T. H. Brooks, under whose severe training and brave leadership the Old Vermont Brigade served through the first fifteen months of its brilliant career, therefore be it

Resolved, That we recognize in General Brooks a true soldier and patriotic citizen, who patiently endured every hardship of the rank and file of his command, who energetically instructed, disciplined and "fought" the citizen soldiery under his charge into trained veterans unsurpassed in the army, who never ordered his men to a place where he was not willing to lead them, who promptly obeyed the orders of his superiors irrespective of his judgment of their fitness and propriety, and who regarded his country's service as the highest duty, as well as the most honorable occupation of a citizen.

Resolved, That whatever of excellence and fame, a loyal people rightfully accord to the First Vermont Brigade, was largely the fruit of the rigorous instruction, the impartial discipline, the soldierly example and the inspiring patriotism which ever characterized the service of General Brooks as the commander of that distinguished corps.

Resolved, That the citizens, as well as the soldiers of Vermont, ought to keep fresh the memory of the deeds of the "Man of Iron," so long as a Vermont soldier shall live, and our State remain entitled to a star, and more especially on account of the high estimate which so gallant and efficient a commander placed upon the First Vermont Brigade and its services.

Resolved, That we hereby express our sympathy with the family of General Brooks in their bereavement in the loss of a devoted and affectionate husband and father.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary of this Society be instructed to transmit to the family of General Brooks, at Huntsville, Ala., a copy of the preamble and resolutions above, and also a like copy to the father of General Brooks, at Beloit, Wisconsin, and cause the same to be enrolled in the records of the Society.

Colonel Veazey gave a brief sketch of the connection of General Brooks with the Vermont troops, and paid a high tribute to his character. At the conclusion of his remarks, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The subject of giving encouragement to the proposed plan of erecting a Memorial Hall at Norwich Military University having been presented, it was voted that the Society recommend the construction of such a hall, and a committee consisting of Colonel Tracy, Colonel Pitkin and Colonel Farnham, was appointed in furtherance of the object.

PUBLIC EXERCISES.

After a short recess the members of the Society met at the Bardwell House about four o'clock, and under escort of the Wales Cornet Band marched to the Opera House to listen to the oration by Rev. E. M. Haynes, late Chaplain of the Tenth Regiment.

The floor of the house was reserved for the members of the organization and invited guests, the general public being admitted to the side seats and the balconies. The number in attendance was large, almost every available seat being occupied. General Wells introduced the orator of the occasion, who spoke as follows:

ORATION BY CHAPLAIN HAYNES.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I had thought that there would be some disadvantages attending the Reunion of Vermont Officers here, not experienced by similar gatherings heretofore at the Capital of the State—at least that there would be wanting some sources of inspiration easily accessible there. But I had forgotten that

Vermont soldiers would superintend the preparation and that the people of Rutland would furnish the additional features of the occasion. So far it is complete. The comrades are here; the dear old flags, stained with smoke and riven in staff and seam, that you bore so steadily through almost every contest of the rebellion, and though coveted so much by the enemy, you at last brought home in triumph, are here. When these two meet—the flags and the men who followed them—there is, and ever will be, a commingling of sentiments, impossible to describe, but such as exalt nations.

Perhaps you think that these fragments of silk clinging to these soiled and broken sticks are sorry types of the great banner that nations honor as the flag of the Republic, but *we* recognize in them the long heroic story of liberty's consecration, and *you* must remember that the *less* you see, the *more* there is of them. I greet the flags and you, and wish the greeting could be measured, by the devotion given by living and dead, to these glorified symbols of the nation's greatness.

I speak to you to-night of names and deeds, which though familiar—with which you have been identified, and which you all remember with a vividness which time and age will not dim—yet are among the most fondly cherished in our history. They are classical not by reason of the fable and romance that clothe them in impossibility, the mythical heroism of Greek and Roman story, nor by remote periods which deprive them of all continuity, but by the fresh glory which surrounds them, the patriotism and devotion that inspired and sustained them, the associations that exalt every estimate of true manhood, of noble sacrifice—the worth and enduring grandeur of their achievement.

We come again to listen to the alarm of war, to experience once again the patriot's humiliation at the insult offered to his country's flag, the defiance of her laws, once more we feel the struggle that forced hope and resolve up to duty and activity before our imperiled institutions. We shall contemplate with pride the developments wrought by the necessities of the hour, and so pass on to the scenes of victory.

Already the memory stirred by this occasion re-awakes the first martial strains that broke into every home in the land, converted all the popular music of the day into peans of war, that taught boys to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and

churches to supplant their morning invocation by singing,

"My country, 'tis of thee."

They recall the solemn councils that kept good bed-fellows awake through dreary nights and crowded darker days with remorseless importunities, that finally yielded all in cheerful sacrifices for the healing of the nation. We shall involuntarily recall the scenes of enlistment, the first encampment, the transformation of citizens into soldiers, and the solemn oaths we took, with uplifted hands, to defend the country which had given us birth, or shelter, else die in the deadly breach which would lead to the dismemberment of States and the overthrow of our constitution.

We shall go over the parting ceremony, the hurried transportation, the joyful ovation along the route, to the camps beyond the Potomac, on the Mississippi and along the smaller streams that flow down into the Gulf and the sea; the trepidation and fear that rose on the first intelligence of an approaching conflict with the foe, and the manly determination, courage and thought of duty that swept you on, through flaming walls of fire, to break triple lines of steel, or held you firm, unmoved by fiendish yell, in contempt of death, as these your own mountains, that rear their gloomy summits in defiance of heaven's storms! This was the crucial test. All these scenes and experiences, without our bidding, will pass before you in fact and shadow, as we meet in this annual reunion of comrades in arms.

But in all this, with a thousand added and unuttered thoughts and emotions that traverse the whole system of ethical science, we have only reached, in statement, the first line of battle, or the hated skirmish line, where victory and defeat, death and glory, yet wait to divide the spoils of the unmeasured contest.

And venturesome must be the pen that undertakes to describe, and bold the thought that endeavors to picture, the scenes that followed.

You fought battles, suffered defeats and won victories, but who can delineate either? You have seen, scented, heard, felt and *tasted* all—the whole five senses have grappled the awful problem at once—and yet its solution is a profound mystery, a mystery that deepened with each successive engagement—untold by the added forms of speech, assisted by experience which elsewhere holds its own. The simple reason is, you cannot feel, away from the scene, as you do when actively in it, and the needed auxiliaries for a

perfect description are wanting. We are acquainted with words enough, but their meanings, as interpreted by great deeds, are inexpressible in prose or verse.

"Who," as it has been said of the old Potomac army, that looks upon you now, "may read through your calm countenances the strength, the daring, the fortitude, the agony that wrought" the character of that army?

I too behold you, "when worn and famished, nights and days together, you crowded to fields of death as to a festival; when, amid the fiery tempest, you swelled rank upon rank, and rolled your heart's blood billowing upon the foe; when, shattered and mangled, you lay upon lines which told where the tide of battle turned, un murmuring at the cost; when, in mid-winter night, on the lonely picket watch, where no eye but God's beheld, rather than give place to unmanly weakness, our comrades were frozen stark dead upon their posts; when, hurled with desperate repetitions to fruitless assault, without the hesitation of a thought, with the all conquering spirit of discipline and devotion, claiming only for yourselves the last sad office of man's humility, you pinned to your breast your simple names with hands as resolute as if you were writing them on the proudest scroll of fame." And, "having done all, meek in triumph, you folded your banners ensanguined with a nation's glory."

So the endless story goes on, for one thousand and ninety days and more. The pen, dipped in freedom's light, would falter and hesitate to write of all you did—wrought on a hundred crimsoned fields, wrestling and struggling with a foe often outnumbering you, more desperate, and as eager for victory. Was such valor ever known? such tireless devotion ever deemed the heritage and birthright of a people bred to peace?

What at the bottom—what did most surely inspire such endurance, such faultless courage? Oh! costly sacrifice, offered at a nation's shrine, imperiled and enthralled by her own sons, and accepted at last as the ransom of a race!

Did any people ever do more? "No, never," say the shadowy legions of Alexander—"never," say the vanquished cohorts of Cæsar—"never," say the soldiers of Britain and the Nile; and so with a blush of shame the descendants of the unconquered Gaul, when one hundred thousand men with a proud Emperor lay down their arms at Sedan, must respond "never!" Can words measure the nobleness of the sacrifice? Can the honors of a Republic and a Nation's love

ever repay it? Ah, no! A redeemed land with every foot of soil between two oceans forever devoted to the arts of Peace and to Freedom, in whose government you have a part, in whose emoluments you share, and by whose laws you are protected in every right,—these are partial rewards for your devotion. But my purpose now is not all encomium. I would rather seek in the brief form of statement which follows, some phases of your experience and developments wrought, heretofore, perhaps, too little noted. In the war for the Union there were two million, eight hundred and thirty-five thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one men. Eighty-three thousand, two hundred and fifty-one died in battle or of wounds received in action. Two hundred and ninety-four thousand, four hundred and sixteen gave up their lives in the cause. How many of these returned are forever disabled with wounds, how many with shattered constitutions, broken in health and spirit, who walk our streets skeletons and shadows, the sorrowful remainders of robust lives, no one can exactly tell. But the number is fearful, and their sufferings unknown. Of this vast army, twenty-eight thousand, nine hundred and eighty-seven went from this State. Five thousand, one hundred and twenty-eight perished in, or by, the conflict. Many of them died prisoners in the hands of the enemy—were butchered, starved or hunted down by bloodhounds, trained and doubly embruted by their masters for the savage work. Nearly all of them went at the summons, went without hesitation and fought through gloomy years, suffered uncomplainingly, and, as their eyes closed upon the old flag, they slept the sleep of the brave, assured that the banner of blue, with crest of stars and stripes of white and red, torn by battle and breeze, was the flag of the Union still. With strength gone, the light fading from their death-dimmed eyes, home and loved ones passing from memory, and their whispered prayers unheard save by Him who hears all, *this* hope—

“ Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when all drank up
The bitterness should pass away.”

Verily, our land was fertile in heroes.

This large army, fighting for the integrity of the government, *developed the nation's heroism*. It had been charged that we at the North were destitute of the heroic element, that we were a money-getting people, given to commerce

and traffic, and a race of peddlers—the rest a set of book-makers, printers and puny scholars, who were ruled by white-cravatted priests. We had forgotten the Revolutionary Fathers, and the traditions of a chivalric age. All of our boasted progress was a mere pretence, the jugglery of a Yankee trick. The courage, true valor and native heroism, the real type of the *national man*, resided in the southern gentleman. To these masters of the plantation we must come to learn how to be generous—there we might partake of princely hospitality. And I thought so on one occasion, when, benighted and hungry, I begged of a planter to keep me till morning. His house was ample enough, and he had a small family, if you except the dogs, of which he had a dozen or more full grown hounds—at first I thought the dogs were the proprietors. But he kept me over night and gave me corn cake and milk for breakfast. That finished, I asked him how much was to pay. “Waal,” he said, “bein’s you’s loil, and didn’t have a right smart chance, ’bout two dollars and a harf.” I was satisfied, but went away meditating upon *princely hospitality*.

Of course all these assumptions were gratuitous; the charges mostly false—some of them had too much plausibility. Political affiliations and party hopes had too often overreached the bounds of self-respect. The love of peace and a desire for harmony in the national councils, virtues in themselves, had led to dishonorable compromises. Later, a great political party, just taking the power of the government, was not honest in its manifestoes, or if honest, preferred the logic and half-concealed significance of their resolutions and platform should reveal their ultimate objects, rather than pronounce their fiat. To use a term unknown to our politics, our elections were not real *plebiscitums*—decrees of the people. The leaders made up the issue, and the people, knowing better, came to the ballot box with votes that did not register their own will.

The Peace Congress of 1861, was simply to turn a furrow before the spreading flames that the Southern leaders had drawn from the half-hidden furnace of entire abolitionism. It was deference to this spirit that compelled Fremont to sheath his sword in Missouri, and well nigh disgraced the nation in Halleck’s order No. 3. It was a bitter pill for Mr. Lincoln to approve all this; but such had been the policy. It was not until January, 1863, when the edict of universal freedom responded to the brazen, joyful voice of ’76, after

eighty-seven years of silence, that the nation rose to the sublime majesty of an earnest, awakened Christian people, shouldered arms, and faced the awful problem in whose depths of gloom and hell of anguish slumbered the spirit that hails to-day the subjects of all climes, and affords work, homes, protection, equality and asylum for the oppressed of all the earth, and behind which were millions waiting for liberty, as for the coming of the dawn. On that line—not a black or a white one, but a *right* one—you fought it out.

Now, to turn back a moment, there were other than political reasons that induced the supposition that we lacked courage,—the unwillingness of our people to destroy commercial relations with the South. There was also much genuine love arising from various social compacts. For the most part, we had a common ancestry; great names and statesmanship, heroic struggles in the past, were our joint inheritance. But when Sumpter's flag first saw the smoke of a hostile battery, ranged by a foeman's hand, all these ties began to snap asunder. The first cannon shot hurled against the ramparts cut a million cords of sympathy that bound North and South in one, and smote the knell of legions who, in that hour, resolved to die, or place the fallen banner where, yet a prouder symbol of the nation's greatness, it would proclaim peace and union forever. You were no longer merchants, lawyers, physicians, ministers and gentlemen at ease—no longer school-boys, noviciates in the professions, and agriculturists; but a nation of soldiers.

You loved the arts of peace—were wedded to industrial pursuits; you were charmed by the sciences you practiced; there were growths of heart, and fame, and purse in the callings you had chosen; but no love so profound as that of the patriot for his native and adopted land—no wedlock so dear as the pledge at Freedom's altar; no charm so enticing as the summons to duty, and no growth so noble as that which expands to all good offices of men, and uses its strength to resist evil. You heard no other voice—listened to no other entreaty—the country's summons was omnipotent. She surely needed you. Without an army, or munitions of war—the Capital in the midst of foes, with its rich archives of two hundred years, circumvallated by a line of fire, with no ships in our waters, and three thousand five hundred miles of coast to defend, and that most exposed to offence, indented by more than two hundred openings and double-fronted, with nearly the whole world in active or sup-

pressed sympathy with the enemy, surely nothing but the most exalted type of patriotism, the almost blind intrepidity, nay, the heroism of the volunteers, could have looked these difficulties in the face.

Patriotism, with a surprising fertility of genius, without experience in the art of war, would arouse into action, and develop inexhaustible expedients, but this heroic element was the slumbering force that infused life into the awakened energies, and became the motive of all exertion. These barriers were like nature's fortresses, that strangle and loop the rivers of Virginia and Tennessee, as they bend their course to the ocean; and as their waters at last defy the mountains, and find outlet through gulch and glen, and freedom in the broad release of valleys, until the lips of the ocean kiss the mountain streams; so this patriotic blood, filtering down through the generations that have succeeded the heroes of Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga and Yorktown, was the hot tide that melted the new corner-stone of States, and crumbled it off into the Gulf.

We know not, of course, for what emergency modern science and the spirit of our civilization had trained us; but we *do* know that the mere mechanical appliances of all that culture and inventive genius had brought forth, were vain without the *motive* to construct the implements of war; and it were vain then, but for the hands to use them, and the sacrificing hearts *behind* them. We do not turn to the Roman Curtius, nor the Spartan Leonidas, or to Grecian warriors for types of this heroism. No, no! Your ranks furnish them better to our purpose. - At Spottsylvania, when Hancock burst from the curtain of fog and fell upon Lee's lines with his own and the Sixth Corps, 1500 dead men were piled into a five-acre lot, and we found the wounded in that engagement, in the morning, lapping the dew-moistened leaves to allay their thirst.

A young officer who used to be down here, and on the street in a drug store, had a limb shattered at Winchester. It was amputated, and after the effects of chloroform had somewhat passed away, he placed his hand upon the bleeding stump and asked, "Where is my leg?" When he was told: "Ah!" said he, "Good-by, leg; you and I have trudged on together a good while for Uncle Sam. Good-by."

As Farragut, that old wave-beaten sailor, who passed from life the other day, at Portsmouth, into a niche of fame,

vacant till then—as he swept up the Mississippi, past the batteries at Vicksburg, Lieutenant Cummings had a limb shot away, and his men hesitating to go further, he shouted: “Pull past the batteries, boys, and they may have my other leg.”

When Commodore Smith, a retired veteran, was telegraphed that the Congress, in Hampton Roads, had struck her flag: “Then,” said the old man, “Joe is dead.” He was dead; it was the father’s eulogy over his dead son. So it was everywhere. A little boy in Vermont, whose father had gone to the war, was compelled to do a great deal of farm work. A gentleman, seeing him at his unequal task, asked him how it was. “Ah!” said the little fellow, “Father is fighting, I am digging, and mother is praying.” That was the stuff to win battles.

Ah, heroes! this whole blood-washed land is thy shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

This struggle also developed the true American type of manhood.

War, it has always been thought, is destructive to moral character, and that any people thus engaged must, of necessity, abate somewhat of their moral force. While historians, essayists and orators, have embellished their works with the courage and sacrifice of the soldier, they have, at the same time, tainted his morals in gilding their speech. Or rather, they have taken the prediction on this score for granted, without inspecting an army, or its materials, after service, for accurate results. As a general proposition, I believe this is more a theory, than a well-authenticated record. In support of this conviction, we know that armies have saved whole nations from the most demoralizing tendencies, and made it impossible for such nations to resume the practices that invoked the arbitrament of the sword. Macauley says in his essay on Hampden, “that during thirty years of war, the morals of the people were improved.” In our own martial history this charge is supposititious; and it is a question yet to be decided, which were most corrupted—the soldiers, or an equal number of citizens. There were many instances of the ruin of moral characters by the maturity of fundamental wrongs, in the army. But they were not results of *army habits*. They would have brought forth this legitimate fruit in other society. Many, who were worthless before, put on Uncle Sam’s uniform, and came out of the fiery or-

deal with moral characters that equalled the brightness of their honor. Blood had redeemed them; sacrifice had ennobled them. There are scores and hundreds of men to whom men point and say: "The war made them!" There are many to whom, I think, the discipline of battle, hospitable and hospital ministry, with a grateful sense of Providential preservation in the hour of humiliation and extremity of mortal endurance, opened the gates of glory. Not all thus—all did not return Sunday school teachers; but they returned like honored warriors, many other times in history having opened paths for the advancement of a better civilization.

Look at the records of crime since the war; the number of good soldiers who have been brought before the civil tribunals to answer to the charge of felony, or who have passed under the executioner's hand, is marvelously small.

The court calendars have borne the names of unworthy substitutes and bounty-jumpers for criminal offences, but the returned volunteers seek no such unenviable distinction. They saw enough of blood in five years of fighting, and learned the value of honorable conduct. Admit that the too frequent sight of human slaughter neither preserves nor inspires moral character, there is sometimes a working of the soul in struggles for the right that confers invisible epaulets upon him who dares confront the wrong. There is a measure of trial in good causes that develops traits of character before unsuspected. Your nobility consisted in acts of power, not of time, in noble purpose, courage, self-sacrifice, and not in acts of *good and evil*, as the philosophers fondly write, as the usual course of promotion. Without these cherished distinctions in old societies here, we find men who were noble types of American manhood. The old martyrs did not do more for the Church of our Redeemer, as they scaled the burning walls of persecution and with blistered feet trod Immanuel's courts, than these did for the salvation of the Republic—the difference was in the objects gained.

A German Lieutenant, in one of our Infantry regiments, once approached President Lincoln, and gained the promise of higher rank in the cavalry service. He was so delighted with his prospect that he began to tell the President that he belonged to one of the oldest and noblest houses in Germany. "Ah! never mind," said he, "you will not find that an obstacle to your advancement." Ah, it was this nobility that always won success, though not always victorious as to

commissions. *Did it demoralize the people?* Some of the choicest spirits of all the elect came to the rude cot of the dying soldier, or bent over his mangled and wasted form on the fields he had "given to fame," with the ministry of woman's nursing. What they did, and what they brought, by themselves, and by the aid of commission, were embodied Christian ideas. But these great drafts of time, with all the endurance, manly and womanly developments, are not the heaviest burdens that the people bore; nor even the treasures so freely exhausted. It was the earnest sympathy that did not tire, nor convert this benevolence into mere form of giving. Oh, the hearts that kept on aching and would not forget in their prayerful solicitude, when friend after friend was gone, and hope after hope was withered in the shock, this higher office of charity. Husbandless, sonless and loverless—when their own were torn away they kept on loving the army, so that this blessed humanity adopted every boy in blue.

Recent events on the continent of Europe have called attention to these features of our struggle, and wrung the following charge and confession from a German periodical: "The Americans, far from being a very practical and energetic people and fertile of new ideas, developed their resources to the utmost. Their military service produced no strategist at all comparable to Moltke, but in all sanitary arrangements, in hospital construction, and in liberality and attention to their wounded, the Americans were in advance of continental nations." This confession we accept, not, however, as a willing tribute to a national sympathy and humanity that could *create* magnificent expedients for the relief of its sufferers, but rather an extortion of self-humiliation at the thought of a hundred thousand Prussians wounded, whom the skill of their surgery ought to save and cannot. The charge that the American people are impracticable, wanting in energy and fertility of ideas, does not justify the high reputation of the German race for great intelligence. I speak of these beneficent and charitable offices, in the extent and thoroughness of their exercise, as *American*. European nations, before and since, have not approached us in surgical, sanitary and humane treatment of sick and wounded men. We owe it to a *religion* of humanity that beats highest in the American heart.

This struggle also gave us *reassured strength of national character*. The great Kentucky statesman once said: "A

nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute our common patrimony, the nation's inheritance; they awe foreign powers, they arouse and animate our own people." I do not say that all the splendid deeds of the nation are found in her martial history. As old John Milton said, writing to Cromwell,

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

And no nation of the earth has given to the world such trophies of her conquests of peace. But all these, great as they are and incomparable, could be wasted by a single successful campaign over the theatre of their most brilliant achievements, if there were not courage and sinew enough to maintain and defend the principles, and perpetuate the system to which these triumphs had succeeded.

Lord Bacon compares a successful State to that which "hath in it a property and spirit to get up hastily and spread. Walled towns, stored arsenals and armies, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery and the like,—all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike." Neither is the strength or character of nations, or armies, determined by numbers. Cortez subjugated millions in Mexico with hundreds. Lord Clive conquered thousands with scores in India. Frederick the Great held his own in a seven years' war, and beat back five great monarchies with a few Prussian battalions. So it has often been in armed contests.

A self-styled Armenian king with an army of half a million behind him jeered at fourteen thousand Romans who were bravely confronting him. "Yonder," he said, "are too many for an embassy, and too few for a fight." But the fight came on and the sun went down upon the royal jester a fugitive, with his great army flying before him. Many instances in familiar history show that victory depends more upon intelligence than numbers. Nor do the greatness and strength of a State lie in its treasures of wealth. When Croesus exhibited to Solon his immense sums of gold, the philosopher replied, "It is well, but if any other comes with better *iron* than you, he will be master of all this gold."

Now we had no "walled towns," nor "stored arsenals," with "drilled armies;" our gold and silver, what had been in possession of the Government, was exhausted in paying off the first three months' troops and the extra session of Con-

gress But we had a generation of ununiformed soldiers and a plenty of iron, with skilled hands to mould it into shot and shell. The real strength of our National character consisted in a race of men with courage, intelligence and patriotism. As Curtis said at General Sedgwick's grave: "Your muskets were loaded not with buck and ball, but brains."

We may not here record the full result and cost of these developments. They are your gifts to the Nation for which you may justly claim reward.

In passing to this phase of the subject let us lift the pall, for one glance at the sea of agony that rolled over the land from North to Southern boundary, from East to Western oceans—that beat oh! so lonely around homes of affluence and left the marks of its crimson tide on the steps of the cottage door. Behold the sufferings that measured the depths of human endurance. Estimate the material loss that must be returned in the four years' account, the personal sacrifice of which it is almost vain to utter a syllable, for the appalling numbers only begin, as the imagination becomes exhausted by the fearful picture.

Think of the achievements—the majesty of the Constitution and the laws defended, the great Union saved, the wisdom of the Fathers vindicated and Republicanism triumphant! The Nation purged of its plague, and finally lifted to that proud eminence towards which all of her liberal culture, her diversified industries and best statesmanship, had been steadily tending—the perfect model of a Free Government. And now a great people, with independence secured, at peace with all the world, startled thrones ask for friendly alliance and new States beg for the hand of fellowship.

We would pay slight tribute to your own valor, and to the memory of your comrades whose brave spirits we are wont to invoke, while their story is told with endless repetition. But the classic would be too long. There are some who *will* glide swiftly out of the past and greet us to-night.

Many from the Old Brigade, that "great heir and prophecy of fame," that sometime sustained all the honors of a combat—the names of Stone and Tyler of the Second; Bartlett and Merrill of the Third; Farr, Lillie and Tracy of the Fourth; Dudley, Hurlburt and Davenport of the Fifth; Varney, Crandall and Dwinell of the Sixth; Chamberlain and Buxton of the Eleventh; and a host of others from all these regiments, officers and men. Five hundred and more from the Second Brigade; many from the unattached regi-

ments, batteries and companies—Roberts of the Seventh; Hall and Cheney of the Eighth; Jarvis, Bartlett and Green of the Ninth; Dillingham, Frost, Thompson, Darrah, Newton and Hill of the Tenth; Cummings, Reynolds and Henry of the Seventeenth; a long list from the First Vermont cavalry with seventy-three engagements inscribed upon its shot-riven battle flag. But we turn sickening from the awful gaps in these ever charging lines—all of them, each command and detachment, with its own proud history, every man, fallen and surviving, his record known or unknown to fame, yet famous each, to all ages.

We will not go to the other side to stir the ashes of ruined towns, nor breathe one cold breath upon the blighted hopes of the mistaken adversary. History will be faithful and we can wait for its verdict.

These things, the army—you, its most northern plank,—gave to the country. Patriotism called forth its Humanity and exhibited a strength of national character, able to endure upon the basis of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

Of course there was abundant and hearty co-operation from all quarters, from your own succession of loyal Governors and from the people, but you had a share such as the citizens had not: *through you*, these proud attributes were stamped upon the nation's life, remaining hence unchallenged—guarding the State against foreign usurpation, and raising it above the presumption of domestic peril, they are the royal patrimony of the succeeding race.

Though much belong to others, every way, yet on the imperishable record of the nation's fame, I would burn these into the unending scroll of the soldier's achievements.

What should be his reward?

There have been a great many benefactions bestowed—some of which we have no means of estimating. The ceaseless measure of gratitude which has been awarded when there was nothing else to give, will find ample place in your choicest recollections. By way of general and special statutes all that could be asked, and more than could be claimed, has been done, with assurance that this distinction will assume larger proportions in years to come. To the eighty-one thousand, five hundred and seventy-nine maimed soldiers, broken in spirit and decrepit, from your ranks and rolls, the Government has paid the past year in pensions \$7,262,804. To the 103,546 dependent widows and orphans of soldiers, \$13,567,-

677 in annuities. The sailors who were half shot away in the iron storm that rolled over the sea, and those left dependent, when their husbands and sons went down with their hulks in Hampton Roads and the waters of the Atlantic, or were roasted in their iron-clads, have received \$430,019, making an aggregate of about \$25,000,000 paid by the Government to this class of sufferers. By order of Congress 315,555 deceased Union soldiers have been carefully gathered and tenderly interred in seventy-three National cemeteries at an expense of \$3,226,370. These cemeteries have been laid out and decorated with great beauty, and secured against the feet of hostile intrusion. They are the property of the Nation. Each man's name is known, his state and rank are raised in characters of iron—fit emblems of enduring fame—upon the metallic slabs that mark two hundred thousand graves. The rest, a ghastly number unknown, who have left known deeds, are recorded in the same archives as noble martyrs in the same cause.

This seems like a fabulous sum to so expend. But when it is boasted that it is all a gratuity, we cannot fail to reflect—not to revert to what has been said, not to speak of lost limbs and broken constitutions—that the brave sailors of the North Atlantic squadron alone gleaned from the sea and blockade-runners fitted out by Englishmen to break the laws of a friendly power, and put into the United States Treasury, more than twenty-five millions of dollars; the case does not seem so appalling. All the pensions paid into this State were more than balanced by the overhauling of a single cruiser loaded with Confederate buttons.

If members of Congress would pay their own postage for a little while, the Government would be re-imbursed for the three millions it has consecrated to cemeteries and tombstones for its saviors. Should the donation for wooden legs and arms distributed by commissions, be put into the account, we offset it by the value of the difference between them and those you left on the field of battle, all around from Bull Run to Appomattox. Besides there are two millions and a-half who were soldiers and not now receiving pensions, who by their various resources add to the nation's strength and prosperity and *help pay* this enormous tax. And all those who are thus wards of the Government are continually and rapidly decreasing. Widows will relinquish their war-claims for sound men, and orphans will grow to independent estates, empty sleeves will soon become empty uniforms, the crippled

pensioner will ere long fill a shroud. Surely the Government is reasonable as well as generous in its giving; but *you owe the Government no apology.*

Vastly less has been done for the soldier by way of political preferment. They do not ask that all be made governors and members of Congress, only for a fair recognition in public affairs. The crippled soldiers should have places in the State subject to executive appointment. They do not scorn the little granted here and there for the sake of duty and policy. But it seems too little. Col. T. W. Higginson declares "that more men are employed in public office, who were rebels at heart during the war, than there are men who wore the United States uniform, and that there are men drawing salaries for service in our custom houses, who openly rejoiced at rebel victories." Why this preference? There is reason perhaps why you should not bring forward all those who are otherwise worthy for those places with the same celerity that you sent them to the front in a time of the nation's peril; but there is no reason why there should be combinations against deserving men of this class, as has been done in many notable instances.

When Gen. Thomas was sent with his own 8th regiment and the 1st Louisiana colored troops to open railroad communication between Algiers and Lafouche, he reported to the Adjutant General of Vermont, that, "for much of the way, he could not proceed only as the men pulled the grass, which had overgrown the track in front of the engine." That is what some of the politicians have been willing you should do ever since—pull the grass in front of their trains. Comrades, the time is coming when your scars will give you rank among the honored of the land; when your patriotism, tested on so many fields of fame, tried when the best blood of the nation curdled and the bravest heart recoiled from the impending crisis, will be recognized by all the tokens of affection and trust within the gift of a proud posterity. If not now, then, a race enriched by what you abated from the earnings of careful years, and ennobled by the richer patrimony of brave deeds, their incorruptible inheritance from ancestors who dared to die, not for a name or adventure, but for country, humanity and God-reared institutions, will not forget your sacrifices.

Cold to-night are the waters of the Potomac and the Mississippi fringed with ice, the banks of all the streams whose waters were tinged with the patriot's blood, but colder

is the heart that withholds from you the just recompense of its gratitude. Fierce are the winds that sweep the blue ridges of Virginia that overshadow so many comrades' graves, and that stir the leaves upon the cloudy shrine in Tennessee, where men climbing upward with the flag reached death nearer heaven, but fiercer is the breath that taints your honor. This will pass away. God speed the going. Let us be merry to-night. No reveille will disturb the morning—no battle the morrow. We will have neither "mirth at funeral," nor "dirge in marriage." The phalanx of brave spirits here and gone are one. If manly tears must furrow the senses, and reawakened memories bring the burden of sad thoughts, let us rejoice at last that in the graves of our slain is a savor of life to the nation, and that there is loyalty left to guard the altars of freedom to the end.

THE DINNER.

At six o'clock the company sat down to dinner at the Bardwell House. This was an elegant affair, supplied with all the viands and rarities of the season, and received the commendation of all who partook of it.

After the cloth was removed, the company was called to order by the president, General William Wells, and the remaining exercises were introduced by the singing of the "Vermonters' Song of 1777," by Harry Brownson, Quarter-Master of the Twelfth Vermont.

Colonel William Y. W. Ripley read the following letters:

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GRANT.

Hon. J. A. Salisbury, Rutland, Vt :

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very cordial invitation to attend the annual reunion dinner of the Vermont officers, on the 11th of January next.

I regret that my public duties compel me to decline your invitation, and must beg you to accept my thanks for your kind remembrance, and my wishes for a pleasant reunion, at which it would afford me great pleasure to be present.

Yours respectfully,

U. S. GRANT.

Executive Mansion, Dec. 13, 1870,

FROM GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1870.

Mr. J. A. Salsbury, Chairman Ex. Committee Vt. Officers, &c.

SIR:—I am directed by General Sherman to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation for the 11th of January next, and to express to you his regret at not being able to accept. He wishes for you and your comrades much pleasure at the coming Reunion.

I have the honor to be very respectfully yours, etc.,

JOS. C. AUDENRIED.

Colonel and A. D. C.

FROM MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14, 1870.

J. A. Salsbury, Chairman:

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation to meet the Vermont Officers, at Rutland, Vt., Jan. 11th, 1871, and to state in reply that it would give me the greatest gratification to accept, were it in my power; but the distance to be traveled, together with my numerous engagements, public and private, I regret to say, will not permit me to do so. I feel very much flattered at being remembered by my comrades of Vermont. I have a vivid recollection of the gallantry and good conduct of the Vermont troops in the army of the Potomac—always ready to do their duty and always doing it in a distinguished manner, bringing credit on themselves, their State and the Army of the Potomac.

Please express to your associates my deep sense of their kindness—my regret that I cannot avail myself of it, and my earnest hope that your Reunion will be a source of pleasure to all.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE G. MEADE.

Major-General U. S. A.

FROM MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

ARMY BUILDING,)
NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1870. }

Major J. A. Salsbury, Chairman, &c.

MAJOR:—I had the honor to receive, on my return to the city, your letter of the 8th inst., inviting me, on the part of the Executive Committee, to the dinner to be given by the Vermont officers on the occasion of their annual re-union at the Bardwell House, Rutland, Vt., on the 11th January, 1871. I need hardly say that it would afford me sincere pleasure to be able to accept the invitation so courteously tendered, and to greet in person the officers of the Vermont troops, many of whom I know personally as

belonging to the famous Vermont Brigade of the 6th corps; but unfortunately I have to go South soon after the first of next month, to be absent probably beyond the day of your reunion.

As I cannot therefore be with you, may I ask you to express to the officers present, my kindest remembrances, and my best wishes for their happy reunion?

I am, Major, very truly yours,

H. G. WRIGHT,

Bvt. Major-General U. S. A.

Late Major-General Volunteers.

FROM MAJOR-GENERAL RICKETTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21, 1870.

J. A. Salsbury, Esq., Chairman Ex. Committee Vt. Officers' Reunion Society.

DEAR SIR:—We regret that circumstances compel us to decline your gratifying invitation to meet the old comrades who so kindly remember, not only their old Commander, but Mrs. Ricketts, who warmly appreciates the attention thus annually paid, and unites in kindest remembrances to all.

Very sincerely your friend,

JAMES B. RICKETTS,

Major-General U. S. A.

FROM MRS. GENERAL WILLIAM T. H. BROOKS.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., Dec. 13, 1870.

MR. SALSBUARY:—Your invitation to General Brooks has caused me much surprise, that his friends in Vermont should not have been aware of his death, which took place on the 19th of July last. I sent a paper with the notice to Montpelier, and supposed it would be copied in the papers of that city.

My husband spoke often, with pleasure, of the many kind attentions and remembrances of his comrades in Vermont, and looked forward with happy anticipations to a visit amongst you. Please accept my thanks for the invitation, and my wishes for a pleasant reunion.

MRS. A. D. BROOKS.

FROM GENERAL J. B. CARR.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1871.

Major J. A. Salsbury, Chairman Executive Committee, Rutland, Vt.:

DEAR MAJOR:—Your favor of the 1st ult., inviting me to participate with the veteran officers of the State of Vermont at their Seventh Annual Reunion, is received.

My apology for not answering before is, that I was in hopes to so arrange my business that I would be able to attend. But I regret exceedingly that I will be obliged to deprive myself of the very great pleasure it would afford me to meet with the true, brave and loyal men of our little Green Mountain State.

Thanking you for the very kind terms in which the invitation was conveyed,

I am, yours very truly,

J. B. CARR.

FROM SENATOR EDMUNDS.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1870. }

MY DEAR SIR:—I have yours of the 8th inviting me to attend the dinner of the Vermont officers at their annual reunion on the 11th prox.

I thank you sincerely for the honor, and regret that it will not be possible for me to attend.

I wish for yourself and your brother officers all the joy and felicity which must belong to the occasion, and that you and yours may long live to celebrate in peace the deeds of arms which you and your comrades have done, and which have rendered the name of our State glorious.

Very truly yours,

G. F. EDMUNDS.

Major J. A. Salsbury, Chairman Executive Committee,
Vermont Officers Reunion, Rutland, Vt.

FROM HON. L. P. POLAND, M. C.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9, 1871.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the annual reunion of the Vermont officers at Rutland, on the 11th inst., was duly received.

My official duties here will prevent my acceptance; otherwise I should take great pleasure in being present. I entirely approve every effort to keep in mind the unflinching patriotism, and the terrible trial and suffering it cost to preserve the National life.

These meetings of the survivors of those who participated in those great events, to commemorate the gallant deeds of the living and the dead, and to rejoice over the peace and prosperity of a nation restored to more than its former greatness, signify more than the mere pleasure of meeting old comrades, and with them fighting the old battles over again. They serve to keep alive and burning upon the altar of liberty those fires of patriotism, which may not be extinguished without peril to the future of our country.

In attending gatherings of this sort, I have had but one feeling that was personally unsatisfactory. As you may all know, I have been many

years in some capacity in the public service. I believe I have faithfully performed my duty therein. I have at least intended to, and I trust that my labors have not been wholly without benefit to my fellowmen. But when I remember how little of self-sacrifice there has been in all this, compared with the humblest soldier who voluntarily perilled his life for the safety of his country, I feel an uncomfortable sensation of humility.

Allow me to thank you for your invitation, and to express to you and your associates my hope that your meeting may be every way pleasant and successful.

I am most truly,

Your obedient servant,

LUKE P. POLAND.

Major J. A. Salsbury, Chairman Executive Committee,

Vermont Officers Reunion, Rutland, Vt.

FROM HON. C. W. WILLARD, M. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your note of the 8th inst., conveying to me the invitation of the committee of which you are chairman, to be present at the annual dinner of the Vermont Officers' Reunion Society, to occur at the Bardwell House, Rutland, on the 11th proximo.

I regret that my duties here forbid my accepting your invitation. It has been my good fortune on former occasions to know something of your annual dinners, and of the great attractions they have for one who can only, after all, enjoy them as a guest, and not as one of that fraternity who have become brothers by the inspiration of a common and lofty patriotism, by sharing common and great dangers, and by achieving a common and glorious success. You, who have followed the same flashing standard in the storm of battle, who have bivouacked under the same darkened heavens, who have been comrades in weary marches and through campaigns brilliant with victory yet sad and painful with disease and wounds and death, have a kinship which makes the memories of your annual gatherings something into which a stranger may not enter.

But while it is not given to strangers to your experiences to feel the glow with which you kindle your old camp-fires, you cannot quite keep to yourselves the lustre of your deeds—a lustre which glorifies the State, makes every Vermonter prouder of his native hills, and will shine on the pages of the history of our good Commonwealth, an inspiration to patriotism in her sons in all coming generations.

The country saved from treason is to be preserved; but no nation can have a worthy and lasting existence that is not, both in government and people, the continued growth of intelligence and virtue. These qualities,

I believe, gave us the victory over rebellion; and your reunions, I trust, will not only bring back to you the vanished days, their trials and their triumphs, but will reunite you in the resolute purpose to make our country great in the only greatness that endures, or is worthy to endure.

Sincerely yours,

C. W. WILLARD.

J. A. Salsbury, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee,
Vermont Officers' Reunion Society.

Lt. Col. William W. Grout then introduced the following resolutions relative to the death of Governor Washburn, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Since our last annual reunion, death, the conqueror of all, has taken captive one of our number who was eminent, not only in the councils of this Society, but in the councils of the State; therefore,

Resolved, That we will ever hold in tender remembrance the name and memory of General Peter T. Washburn; that in his death we mourn the loss of a sincere friend of the soldier; one whose arduous services in our behalf, as Adjutant and Inspector General, we can never too highly appreciate; one whose honorable record as a soldier, and blameless life as a citizen, we will ever strive to emulate.

Resolved, That this resolution be recorded in the proceedings of the Society, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the widow of the deceased.

After the singing of the "Bold Soldier Boy," by Harry Brownson, the company retired.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

At 8 o'clock the party proceeded to the Opera House, for the further festivities of the evening. Here a brilliant scene was presented of fashion and beauty. Brave men and fair women were there assembled for social hours, which were highly enjoyed, and no more agreeable and pleasant festival has taken place than that of the reunion of Vermont officers in 1871, which will long linger in the memory of the participants.

EIGHTH REUNION.

JANUARY 11, 1872.

The Reunion Society met in Burlington, Jan. 11th, 1872, at 11 o'clock, at the Hall of the Grand Army of the Republic, with an uncommonly good attendance of officers. The President, Gen. Geo. P. Foster, called the Society to order, and the records of the last meeting were read by the Recording Secretary, Major J. S. Peck.

A nominating committee was appointed as follows:—

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Maj. L. G. Kingsley.	12th Regt., Lieut. G. G. Benedict.
2nd Regt., Capt. D. T. Sharpley.	13th Regt., Maj. J. S. Peck.
3rd Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey.	15th Regt., Adj. J. M. Poland.
4th Regt., Lieut. L. P. Kimpton.	16th Regt., Lieut. K. Haskins.
5th Regt., Capt. S. E. Burnham.	17th Regt., Capt. C. D. Brainerd.
6th Regt., Capt. F. E. Butterfield.	1st Cavalry, Capt. A. G. Watson.
7th Regt., Capt. J. L. Mosely.	1st Battery, Lieut. W. L. Greenleaf.
8th Regt., Maj. J. L. Barstow.	2nd Battery, Capt. John W. Chase.
9th Regt., Adj. J. C. Stearns.	3rd Battery, Capt. R. H. Start.
10th Regt., Maj. J. A. Salsbury.	1st Sharpshooters, Lt. Col. W. Y. W.
11th Regt., Capt. H. R. Chase.	Ripley.

The Treasurer, Colonel P. P. Pitkin, presented his report, showing a balance of \$20.39 in the Treasury.

The subject of the place for the next meeting was taken up. Lieutenant Clarke, of St. Albans, extended an invitation to the Society to hold the meeting in that town. Adjutant Stearns, of Bradford, extended an invitation to meet at Bradford. Colonel S. E. Pingree urged that the best interests of the Society demanded a return to Montpelier for the next meeting. The primary object of the Society was to get the officers together; we always secured the largest attendance

at Montpelier, and the meetings held there during the session of the Legislature had an importance and dignity not secured elsewhere.

This view was sustained by Captain A. E. Leavenworth, and Colonel J. B. Mead, who urged holding the meetings at Montpelier on the years of the session, and elsewhere in the State on the alternate years. It was opposed by Colonel R. C. Benton, who advocated going to St. Albans, by Lieutenant Haskins, who invited the Society to go to Brattleboro, by Colonel A. S. Tracy, and by Major J. S. Peck.

The subject was laid on the table till afternoon, and the Society adjourned to 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON.

Some further discussion of the question of the location of the next meeting took place. The subject was finally disposed of, on motion of Major Peck, by ballot, the result of which was a majority in favor of Montpelier; and, on motion of Lieutenant Haskins, the decision was made unanimous.

The Committee on Nominations reported, by Lieutenant Colonel Ripley, the following list of officers for the year ensuing, who were duly elected.

OFFICERS FOR 1872-3.

President—General Stephen Thomas.

Vice Presidents—Major N. P. Bowman, Paymaster Albert S. Kenney, U. S. Navy.

Treasurer—Colonel P. P. Pitkin.

Recording Secretary—Major J. S. Peck.

Corresponding Secretary—Adj. J. C. Stearns.

Executive Committee—Capt. John W. Clark, Montpelier; Lieut. Kirtledge Haskins, Brattleboro; Captain John W. Newton, St. Albans.

General Stannard offered a resolution amending Art. 1 of the Constitution, so as to admit as members of the Society all non-commissioned officers above the rank of corporal.

Captain Robbins moved to admit all enlisted men.

On this an extended discussion took place, participated in by Lieutenant-Colonel Ripley, Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Brown, Colonel Mead, Lieutenant Poland, General Stannard, Colonel Proctor, Lieutenant-Colonel Butterfield, Lieutenant Bigelow, Captain Watson, Captain Geo. E. Davis, Lieutenant-Colonel Benton, Captain Woodbury and General Thomas.

General Stannard finally withdrew his resolution, to admit of the introduction of the following resolution, which was offered by Major Barstow, and was adopted :

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of enlarging this society so as to admit non-commissioned officers and enlisted men as members, and if deemed expedient to prepare amendments to the constitution and by-laws to that effect, to be acted on at the next annual meeting.

On motion of Lieutenant Bigelow, it was voted that the non-commissioned officers and privates in Burlington, be invited to attend the social gathering of the society in the evening.

General Thomas thanked the Society for the honor done him in electing him President, and asked to be excused from serving. But the Society with one accord declined to excuse him.

The President appointed Major N. P. Bowman as Marshal for the public exercises.

On motion of Colonel Veazey, the thanks of the Society were tendered to Post Stannard, G. A. R., for the use of their hall.

The Society then adjourned, to meet at 6.30 o'clock for the public exercises.

EVENING.

The Society met at the hour, at the Van Ness House, and marched thence to the City Hall, to listen to the address by Senator Geo. F. Edmunds.

The Hall was filled with a numerous and intelligent audience. The stage was elegantly decorated with large U. S. flags, festooned overhead and descending on either hand to the wings. Governor Stewart; the past Presidents of the Society, General Stannard, Colonel Pingree and General Wells; the president, General Foster; the president elect, General Thomas; Mayor Dodge and Judge Shaw of Burlington, General Henry and Captain Valentine of the Executive Committee, and Marshal Bowman, occupied seats on the stage.

General Foster introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. Geo. F. Edmunds, who was greeted with hearty applause.

ADDRESS BY HONORABLE GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

MARATHON AND GETTYSBURG.

Gentlemen of the Society, Ladies and Gentlemen :

To one born and reared among northern hills, the winter journey from the vacillating temperature and foggy atmosphere of the Potomac, to the region of Mansfield and Camel's Hump, is a delight in itself. From the land of yellow water, to that of the blue; from the oozy stream, half cove, that swells and subsides in weak imitation of the great ocean, to the cold true river of a mountain land; and from the forests of the south, whose chief characteristic, if it may be so called, is want of character, to the steadfast glory of our northern woods, green forever, and clad in winter time with the panoply of the snow—the transition is sublime.

I must thank you, then, at first, that I am here at all, in the old Green Mountain State, where nature herself in visible forms bears perpetual witness that her people must be brave and true. But I must thank you more, my friends; that your honorable invitation has given me excuse to leave for a few days even, the embarrassing toils and large solitudes which surround, as with a constant cloud, the life of every public man who strives without fear and without art to do his duty, and to come home to you, my own home friends, and to speak to you touching subjects which are not only interesting to all thoughtful men, but peculiarly so to an associa-

tion of the survivors of, perhaps, the greatest warlike struggle the world has ever seen. I shall, then, ask your attention to-night, chiefly to two great events of war—far apart in respect to time and space, but very similar in their principal characteristics; each illustrating the opposing principles represented in the contest, and each furnishing a pre-eminent instance of the mighty consequences sometimes depending upon one battle.

Did time allow, many of the "decisive battles of the world," yielding the definite product of, sometimes, years of warfare, would be subjects of most interesting consideration, as furnishing both comparisons and, in some respects, parallels with our own, and showing the progress from age to age, and from country to country, of that march by the human race towards its ultimate goal, which can only terminate, however much it may seem to retrace its steps, when "Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." Two, however, must suffice. I will take first, that one among the earliest of which we have any account, which is, perhaps, most familiar to us through the story of the heroism of its actors, as well as that some of its essential incidents much resemble those of one of our decisive battles, in which many of you, gentlemen, were also chiefs.

Two thousand three hundred and sixty years ago, the flower of the army of the Persian Monarch, Darius, probably a descendant of the Darius under whose mild sway the sacred city of Jerusalem had been re-built centuries before, lay encamped on the small semi-circular plain of Marathon, upon the eastern shore of Attica. It numbered 100,000 men, infantry and cavalry—artillery was then unknown. It had crossed from Asia into Europe, in its ships of war and transports, which were drawn up on the yellow beach, over the tepid and quiet waters of the *Ægean* Sea. It represented the power and the polity of the greatest monarch of the world, whose despotic sway extended over the whole of Central and Western Asia, and who described himself as "Darius the great King, the King of Kings,—the King of many peopled countries, the supporter also of this great world." His rule was absolute. It embodied the principle, and fed the progress of inequality of rights among men. It upheld caste. It made education too sacred for the people and kept it for the priests. It degraded woman. It was organized and aggressive barbarism. It was to set up, if successful, its hideous dominion upon the ruins

of the Athenian and other Greek Republics, and carry its backward triumph (if one may so speak) over all Europe, to destroy forever the germ of that measure of liberty and progress which the world has since attained. Seated on a throne of ivory inlaid with gold and sapphires, the "supporter of the world," clad in purple, wearing the emblems of supreme authority, and surrounded by slaves who on their knees ministered to his wishes, held in his hands the practical issues of the life or death, of liberty and rights, of every thing that belonged to man. This vast array of his forces was to complete his supremacy, so that he should, indeed, be the ruler of the world. The constitution of this army illustrated the character and extent of his rule. The almost naked Indians of the farthest north, with their rude weapons of wood and stone, mingled with the soldiers of Phœnicia clothed in silks, bearing hand weapons of fine steel. The citizens of Babylon, with their short swords and battle axes, stood side by side with the forest born Parthians, armed with great bows and arrows whose sharpness has become a proverb; while the horses of the central steppes, the camels of Bactria, and the elephants of the Indus combined to make up the cavalry of the great army. And among the chief leaders of this army was the traitor tyrant of Athens, whom the people had expelled, when, unable longer to bear his rule, they had formed the Republic.

Against this wondrous host, backed by the power of this mighty empire, was arrayed the little handful of Greeks, numbering less than 11,000 men, who composed the whole military force of the Athenian Republic. The idea and value of nationality had not then become manifest to the little groups of states lying in southeastern Europe, which were just beginning to try the first experiments in republican government; and although a common danger, threatening to extinguish forever the lamp of liberty, animated all, the means of concerted and concentrated action were wanting. Upon this little Athenian army, therefore, lying among the rocky hills that rose above the plain of Marathon, fell the whole burden of the momentous contest. On the afternoon of a September day the Athenian commanders—eleven in number—held high council. Should they await in the hills the attack of the Persians, when the slow attrition of want and disease, and possible treachery in the city, 25 miles away, might make them an easier prey; or should they, doubly armed in the glory of a cause sublime, sweep down

like the thunder-bolts of Jove upon the Persian army, and trust to the gods who loved the valiant for victory? Doubt hung over the deliberations of this earliest council of war, until the great spirit and brave words of Miltiades prevailed. He appealed to the love of country, the love of liberty, and the love of glory, of his companions, as well as to certain military considerations, and concluded by expressing the feeling that "provided the gods will give fair play and no favor," success would crown their cause. This speech would serve as a model for many a modern occasion; and it illustrates how, in the far off dim twilight of the historic morning of the world, the motives and modes of thought of men were specifically identical with those of our own time. The stars, indeed, as they run their steady courses through the heavens, are not more constant to their appointed spheres, than is the high spirit, longing everywhere for freedom, that at once typifies and demonstrates the unity and brotherhood of men. In the words of one of the oldest of the Greek writers, to whom the battle of which I speak gave the right to be a historian of the Greeks: "Liberty and equality of civic rights are brave and spirit-stirring things; and they who, while under the yoke of a despot, had been no better men of war than their neighbors, as soon as they were free became the foremost men of all; for each felt that in fighting for a commonwealth he fought for himself."

Towards the close of a day, soon after the council—perhaps on the 11th of September—a day on which our fathers fought both on land and water, almost within sight of the spot where now stands this free hall of one of the cities of our own free commonwealth—the Athenian army dashed from its encampment in the olive and chestnut groves of the hills, and in an extended line, weak in the centre but strong in its flanks, swept at a run across the curved plain, upon the hastily forming line of the 100,000 Persians. There were neither cannon nor musketry, to make with their horrid roar and lurid smoke new terrors for the front of war, or to dull and soften with their shielding cloud the dreadful majesty of the battle field.

But in the still and open light of the descending sun the uncertain contest held on. The Gods indeed, as the Grecian leader had desired, gave "fair play and no favor." At last as the flanks of the Persian line were pressed nearly to the sea, the centre of the tired Greeks gave way and retreated to the hills, and after them in the fatal excitement of a fancied

victory, never to be real, poured the great masses of the Persian centre, when instantly and under an inspiration like that of a leader of our Vermont troops at Gettysburg, there turned upon them the battalions of the Grecian wings, and striking them upon both sides at once, changed their seeming triumph into a rout. The invaders fled to their ships.

“ The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow,
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear,
Mountains above, earth's ocean's plains below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear,
Such was the scene.”

The low surf of the tranquil middle sea drank of the blood of the wounded and dying Persians, and its waters bore the defeated invaders in their half burned vessels, away from the land. The spirit of despotism turned again its baffled wings backward to the shelter of its barbaric home

Think of the sad yet radiant glory of that autumn evening! The setting sun shone alike upon the living and the dead, and gave its soft and purple light equally to the victor and vanquished. Many of the brave defenders of the liberties of a hundred generations had fallen on the field, but “ liberty and equal civic rights ” were secured from that total destruction which must have followed a Persian victory. The Grecian Republics lived long enough to nourish into a perpetual life the principles of the right of men to govern themselves, and to equal privileges. The right, as it may well be summarized, freely to labor and to pray, and to give in some sense, and to some degree, the form of those free institutions which now, wherever they are best developed and conducted, bless our own fair land.

The next day there arrived at the Athenian encampment 3,000 Lacedemonian allies, who had waited to begin their movement for the full moon, and who had marched 150 miles in three days; but who, like many others whose heroic intentions are made to wait for moons or tides, came a day too late. They asked and received permission to view the field of this miraculous achievement, covered with the dreadful relics of the battle, and having seen the place of deeds so great, returned to their homes. Contrary to Athenian custom, the bodies of their illustrious dead were, as a mark of highest honor, buried on the field of their great exploit; and the mound which contains their bones is, after a lapse of twenty-five centuries, still visible to the traveler on the plain of Marathon. The Republic for which they specially

fought has with its sisters long since passed away. But the same sea still sends its free and gentle music over their sepulcher, and the same sun, morning and evening, marks by their monument, as with a dial, the rolling years upon the plain, making, as it were, a perpetual record of their patriotism and their glory.

The significance of the decisive contest which I have thus imperfectly described, can scarcely be over-estimated. The power of the Persian despotism—itsself the culminating product of many centuries spent by many tyrants in the business of repressing and blotting out the aspirations of the human soul for knowledge, and for that nobility of self-respect which can arise only from a consciousness of rights secure and inalienable, was turned back upon itself. Its decadence began; and although in after years it again contended for universal dominion, at Salamis and Plataea, it never arrested the downward progress it had begun. In a few centuries its provinces no longer bore its yoke; its armies were no more; the rude activity of its people had given place to that indolence and inertia, with which the Oriental is to this day accustomed, by his social and religious condition, to meet the stroke of the hand of fate. Its cities, which once witnessed the barbaric splendor of military and royal displays, grotesque in the motley variety of races, costumes, and arms of the soldiers, and in their squadrons of camels and elephants, bearing spearmen and bowmen upon their backs, have disappeared; and upon their sites the hyena and the jackal disturb the solitude with their cries.

On the other hand, the Greek Republics were saved to show to the world the principle and the practicability of self-government by a people, to promote education, to found philosophy, to recognize the rights of individual belief and opinion in matters both secular and religious, and to form that history without which we should have now little or no knowledge of those great events, or of their effect upon the progress of mankind.

But the story of those little States, the morning stars of liberty gleaming in the far-off east of time and space, need not be told at length. It is familiar to us all. The lofty spirit and tenacious courage which had enabled a free people to defend their independence against the tremendous assaults of a great Empire attacking them from without, turned against each other, destroyed them all. The steady and regulating power of our adequate national government, to

adjust difficulties and repress disorders among the States, was wanting ; and people who had covered themselves with immortal renown in defending their liberties by united action, became at last the self-made victims of internal jealousy and collision.

Let us turn now to the war in our own republic, in which you, gentlemen, all bore leading parts, and to that one event in it, which, I think, was its supreme crisis. The vital principle of the Grecian republics, as well as the story of their growth and fall, had travelled with the ever constant morning and the evening shades, over continent and ocean to our fathers in this Western land. It needs not now to trace their meandering streams. Out of that principle and that story and their consequent European examples, was built the framework of our own government, improved by the accumulating experience of twenty centuries, and by supplying that unity and strength of national power, consistent still with local separation and independence of rule, the want of which was the fatal weakness of its ancient types. But yielding to the difficulties of the anomalous and inconsistent state of things produced by the existence of slavery in some of the States, the Constitution did not assert the national duty of upholding individual liberty and the universality of equal rights. It was only by its letter to guaranty the "*form*" of Republican government—not the *substance*, to each State. The continued existence of the institution of slavery in those States which supposed themselves unable, or which were unwilling to get rid of it as others did, necessarily made labor a species of degradation, and the general diffusion of education an impossibility. The two greatest pillars, therefore, of a true Republic, the dignity of labor, and the spread of knowledge, were cast away, and in their places grew up in the slave-holding States, an aristocracy as dangerous and arbitrary as any tyranny. It held almost all the landed property in these States. It composed almost exclusively the educated class. It set up for itself an exclusive social superiority, and tabooed every man who did not believe in the principle of its foundation, or yield ready obedience to its bidding. Having all the landed property, the wealth, the education, and the social power, it was enabled to control in its own selfish interests the elections and appointments, so that although small in numbers, it was absolutely the ruler of the destinies of the whole people. Like other forms of tyranny, it could not by the law of existence be other than it

was. Were labor respectable for all, the slave and the poor white would both have at least one dangerous title to honor. Were education given to them, they would demonstrate that "knowledge is power," and that liberty and equality of rights must be its fruits. Its growth therefore, could not but be an "irrepressible conflict" with the real Republicanism of the other States where universal freedom, general education, and the nobility of honest work, made all men equals in the homogeneous dignity of all pursuits. In such a state of things, a crisis fatal to one or the other of these modes of progress was inevitable. Whether in 1832, or 1856, or 1860—whether in ten years, or one hundred, it must come.

It came, and the eyes of the world turned to gaze with awe upon the magnitude of the strife, and with anxious solicitude upon the mightier magnitude of the interests involved.

The enemies of liberty and the friends of kings and aristocracies fed the rebellion with sympathy and supplies, while those who believed in the equality of manhood, and looked to the development of republican principles among the nations, and hoped for the amelioration of all races and peoples, gave their prayers for the success of the national government.

I need not detail to you who were actors in the great tragedy, the opening scenes of the contest, nor point out how the great body of the people of the free States, without regard to previous associations or politics, gave crowning evidence that they fully understood the meaning of the issue, and comprehended that no sacrifice was too great to secure from destruction that government which, imperfect as it was in the one respect I have mentioned, had yet secured to them under the law, freedom of education, freedom of religious worship, and the honors and rewards of honest toil; and which was now to test the possibility, so constituted, of being able to hold together its separate parts, and compel obedience to its laws. Nor will I now recall the vicissitudes, the glories or the sorrows—shared by you all—of the slowly moving years, until we reach the critical field of Gettysburg, on the first of July, 1863.

After two years and a half of rebellion, its greatest military leader, who had himself been the nation's ward, who had been taught the art of war in the nation's school, who had been supported from its treasury, and who had held high and honored place in its armies, which he had deserted in order to raise his hand against his country, marched from

the seat of the confederacy in Virginia, across the half sympathizing State of Maryland, into Pennsylvania, and took up his position on the hills and among the pleasant farms of Gettysburg. His army, composed of the veterans of his service, equipped with all the implements and means of war, numbered upwards of 100,000 men. In this position he threatened the great cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, on the capture of either of which, must in all probability, fall the national capitol, Washington, and with it the cause of the Union. The momentous gravity of the situation was felt by all. The Union army, of about 90,000 men, hastily gathered (sometimes in fragments) from other fields of service, and from the militia, and composed in a considerable degree of soldiers who had not much experienced the storm and stress of actual battle, was posted on the low hills above the little valley, whence the Monocacy takes its southerly course towards the distant sea. The question decided so long ago at Marathon was again revived, upon a larger scale; and the prize of victory, with its accumulated value of other thousand years, was again the same. The invader, as upon the Attic coast, stood up before the world as the champion of slavery, and caste, and aristocracy. The defenders of the Union spread to the winds the flag that had been the emblem of a national republican government, which had been forced for the time to compromise something of its high principle, to the circumstances which produced the very rebellion seeking its overthrow, but which was now, happily, the pure and unstained symbol of universal liberty and equality under the law, within all the borders of the republic.

Reversing in one particular the scene at Marathon, the rebel general threw his forces upon a part of the Union army before its whole strength could, by forced marches, be brought into unity and co-operation. But the stubborn courage of the fragment thus attacked, clung, with more than Grecian valor, to the key of the situation, until all the available troops could reach the field.

For three days the tremendous conflict raged. For three days the fresh young soldiers of Vermont, with the aid and under the loving eyes of their veteran brothers, stood bravely in the "horrid front of battle" against the rebel powers, and at last, under a leader who, with his brothers in arms, on many fields, has crowned our State with imperishable laurels, repeated the movement at Marathon, and swung their lines upon the charging columns of the foe, and gained the final day.

The rebellion has culminated, and will hence recede into everlasting death. Vicksburg falls, and the chief soldier of the republic, transferred to the Rapidan, begins again the steadfast and unyielding pressure, which is to crush, in due process of time, the remaining power of the rebellion, in the Wilderness, and at Petersburg, at Richmond, and at Appomattox. May I not say, then, that out of Gettysburg, as out of Marathon, the cause of free government, and of institutions of the people and for the people, has triumphed?

And what a triumph! Though it rises in its glory out of sacrifices innumerable, attended with many tears; though it is overspread by the embarrassments of disordered business and heavy public burdens, as well as by the greater one of the sudden infusion into the governing element of the country, of more than half a million of voters of a race to whom a century of slavery had denied the best qualifications of citizenship, it is still the grandest event of this or, it may be, any age. A continent devoted ever hereafter to equal liberties and equal rights, under the sway of equal laws; an asylum for all who seek for rights, and are willing to concede them,—a great group of local governments by the people at home, who make and administer their own regulations, consistent with the national power of the whole people, consecrated to the guaranty of justice and equal rights in every part of the land. Truly the one hundred millions of free and prosperous citizens, who within the lifetime of some now living, will occupy this first empire of real freedom, will bless, not only the soldiers of the Union who fought at Gettysburg, but all that two millions of men who entered the service of our country during the four years of war.

It is fitting and noble that you, the surviving defenders of so great a faith, should associate to celebrate the achievements and preserve the memories which belong to its history.

Many of your comrades in arms went from their sweet northern homes to return no more. They gave their lives a happy tribute to the public weal. The green sods of many battle fields cover their bones, or they are gathered into the "silent bivouac of the dead," hallowed by a nation's love and guarded by a nation's care. Let their monuments be as enduring as that of their elder brothers at Marathon; and may the nation's representative rulers, as they look from the lofty portico of the Capitol, across the city to the hill of Arlington, beyond the Potomac, and behold the spot where lies one great army of our dead, keep in perpetual remembrance

the true spirit of the conflict in which they and their fellow patriots died. Let no man or party disturb their long repose. Let us inscribe upon enduring marble everywhere above our soldiers' sacred graves the grand and joyful words spoken many centuries ago, by a Roman orator, of a slain soldier of the Roman Republic: "He filled his space with deeds—not with lingering years." To them our country gives the memorial honors of the patriot dead.

From you and your brothers over the whole land, who have laid aside the insignia and weapons of war, and entered upon the pursuits of peace, she still asks the duties of the living. Soldiers, you knew the prize of human liberty and human rights protected by equal laws, for which you fought, and which you so gloriously won.

Citizens, you have seen that prize secured by the irreversible guaranties of the Constitution, and to be defended and made real forevermore, by you and your fellow citizens, through an administration of affairs which shall have always the same spirit, securing among the whole people, honor and just reward for labor of every kind, free education, and tolerance of opinion, which thus will make our great republic a pure and enduring example for the world.

Thanking you again, gentlemen, for the pleasant privilege you have given me of meeting you, I make way for your evening festivities.

The address was given in the Senator's easy and clear delivery, and was listened to by the large audience with the closest attention, broken only by occasional applause.

After the address, the Society marched back to the Van Ness House, where they soon sat down to dinner.

THE DINNER.

A large number of ladies graced the tables, to which some 150 persons sat down, including, among the invited guests, Governor Stewart, Senator Edmunds, Lieutenant Governor Underwood, Judge Shaw and others. The dinner was served in the best style of the Van Ness House. After full justice had been done to the game, poultry, and numerous delicacies on the bill of fare, the following letters from

invited guests, were read by General Ripley, for the corresponding Secretary :

FROM LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR DALE.

ISLAND POND, Jan. 9, 1872.

Major James S. Peck, Secretary of the Vt. Officers Reunion Society :

DEAR SIR:—I have received your invitation to be present at your annual reunion on the 11th inst. My engagements are such that I cannot escape them. I regret it very much, because I believe that yours is no idle or unmeaning ceremony. It keeps us near the heroic age. It keeps fresh in the minds of the country that fortitude and courage which contains no animosity or revenge towards any men or section of the country, but which constantly teach that as in the past so in the future, the traitorous hand that attempts to prevail against them shall be turned into ashes. Regretting that I cannot for a moment sit down among the teachers of those sublime lessons which the country will forever study,

I am, very respectfully yours,

GEO. N. DALE.

FROM GEN. J. B. CARR.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIVISION, N. G. S. N. Y., }
TROY, N. Y., Jan. 8th, 1872.

Gen. Wm. W. Henry, Burlington, Vt. :

DEAR GENERAL:—Your very kind invitation to participate with the gallant veterans of Vermont at their eighth annual reunion is received. In consequence of my departure from home on that day for an extended trip West, it will be impossible for me to join you on that occasion. Please present my kind regards to the officers. Wishing you a joyous time,

I am, your friend,

J. B. CARR.

FROM EX-GOVERNOR HOLBROOK.

BRATTLEBORO, Jan. 3, 1872.

Major James S. Peck :

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your polite invitation to attend the eighth annual reunion of the Society of Vermont Officers, at Burlington, on the 11th inst.

I should be most happy to be present on that interesting occasion, but regret to say that by previous engagement I shall be out of the State during that week.

I have the pleasure of remembering those officers most kindly and affectionately, and shall cherish their memory as long as I live; indeed, I have a peculiar interest in, and attachment to, the men of our State who so nobly served our country in the late war. Their services have an enduring record in our annals, ever reflecting honor upon the persons who rendered them, and they will ever be a passport and favorable introduction anywhere to the descendants of those persons. Please present my compliments and kind regards to the officers present at the meeting.

With much regard, your friend,

F. HOLBROOK.

FROM GENERAL N. M. CURTIS.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1872.

General W. W. Henry:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have your favor, with complimentary ticket, to your reunion of the 11th inst.

Please accept my thanks for your kind attention, and regrets that business engagements will prevent my attending.

Wishing you the best of a time, I am sincerely yours,

N. M. CURTIS.

FROM GENERAL RICHARD ARNOLD.

PLATTSBURGH BARRACKS, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1872.

James S. Peck, Secretary:

DEAR SIR:—Your note of the 2nd inst., extending to me an invitation to the Eighth Annual Reunion of Vermont officers, at Burlington, on the 11th, in the name of the Executive Committee, is at hand.

Please express to the Society my thanks for their polite invitation, which, I regret, it will not be in my power to accept.

The Green Mountain Boys, so famous in the Revolution, did not perform more gallant and conspicuous service in their time, than the Brigade of Vermonters of the 6th Army Corps, during the Rebellion, and with whom it was my pleasure to be associated in the first Peninsular campaign.

Convinced that these annual gatherings of gallant men, who have done their country such a noble service in the hour of peril, is of the greatest importance in fostering and keeping alive the true spirit of patriotism, I close this brief note, with the wish that the reunion of the 11th may prove as interesting as those on former occasions, and that the custom may be perpetuated.

I am, very truly yours,

RICHARD ARNOLD,

Brevet Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

The following song was then sung by the Glee Club of Post Stannard, G. A. R., the singers present joining in the chorus with very fine effect :

THE SOLDIER'S REUNION.

Hurrah, yes, hurrah! we are gathered again;
We come from the hill-side, the valley and plain;
We come the rough scenes of the past to review—
The friendship and love of the past to renew.

CHORUS :

Then give us your hearts, brothers, give us your hands,
Three cheers for the flag that we carried!
Oh! give us your hearts, brothers, give us your hands,
And a tear for the comrades we buried.

All hail these reunions! the whole soul expands
With this greeting of hearts and this clasping of hands;
The heroes who stood 'midst the carnage and roar,
And the red stream of battle, in council once more.

Chorus.

But not for the conflict—the swords are laid by.
And the bright orbs of peace shine serene in the sky;
No clashing of sabres our forests awake—
No screeching of shells on our slumber can break.

Chorus.

But many are missing! we glance round the hall—
Our hearts call the rolls, but they answer not all;
Yet they fell not in vain, for the eagles they bore
From ocean to ocean triumphantly soar.

Chorus.

Then raise the loud shout, the sweet hymn of the free,
Let it swell on the breeze o'er the mountain and sea;
For our old battle banner, tho' riddled and worn,
Not a single bright star from its glory is torn.

Chorus.

"Old John Brown" followed, sung by all, standing, and the occasion closed with the Doxology in long metre, sung to Old Hundred, all joining.

A "hop" followed, lasting into the hours of early morning, and bringing the reunion to a successful close.

NINTH REUNION.

NOVEMBER 7TH, 1872.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the Society took place at Montpelier, on Thursday, Nov. 7th, 1872.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the Agricultural Committee Room, in the State House, at 10 o'clock, A. M. About sixty members were present. The meeting was called to order by General Stephen Thomas, President, and the records of the last meeting were read by Major James S. Peck, Recording Secretary.

The Nominating Committee was constituted as follows :

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Lieut. John C. Stearns.	12th Regt., Lieut.-Col. Roswell Farnham.
2nd Regt., Capt. Richard Smith.	
3d Regt., Lieut.-Col. S. E. Pingree.	13th Regt., Surgeon Geo. Nichols.
4th Regt., Lieut. H. E. Kinsman.	14th Regt., Capt. W. C. Dunton.
5th Regt., Capt. S. E. Burnham.	15th Regt., Capt. George H. Blake.
6th Regt., Capt. Jno. W. Clark.	16th Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey.
7th Regt., Capt. J. L. Moseley.	17th Regt., Lieut.-Col. L. E. Knapp.
8th Regt., Maj. J. L. Barstow.	1st Cavalry, Lieut. E. Holder.
9th Regt., Capt. A. E. Leavenworth.	3d Battery, Capt. R. H. Start.
10th Regt., Major A. B. Valentine.	Sharp Shooters, Lieut.-Col. W. Y. W.
11th Regt., Lieut.-Col. R. C. Benton.	Ripley.

Capt. John W. Clark, from the Executive Committee, reported the following resolution, which after full discussion, was unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That non-commissioned officers be and hereby are invited to join this Society under the same conditions as commissioned officers.

The Secretary was directed to procure a register for

entering the name of each person attending the annual reunion.

The Society then proceeded to ballot for the place for holding the reunion for the ensuing year. Colonel R. C. Benton invited the society to St. Albans; Lieutenant K. Haskins to Brattleboro; Colonel Grout and Major Bowman, to St. Johnsbury. The ballot resulted as follows: Brattleboro, 15; Montpelier, 10; St. Johnsbury, 9; St. Albans, 7; and Brattleboro was declared to be the place selected, and the Executive Committee were directed to call the next meeting at Brattleboro, in October, 1873.

AFTERNOON.

The Committee on Nominations reported, and the Society elected the following officers for the year ensuing:

OFFICERS FOR 1872-3.

President—Col. Redfield Proctor, Rutland.

Vice Presidents—Gen. Wm. W. Henry, Burlington; Col. Thos. O. Seaver, Proctorsville.

Treasurer—Col. P. P. Pitkin, Montpelier.

Recording Secretary—Maj. James S. Peck, Montpelier.

Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. John C. Stearns, Bradford.

Executive Committee—Lieut. Kittredge Haskins, Brattleboro; Capt. Richard Smith, Tunbridge; Capt. Samuel E. Burnham, Rutland.

The report of the Treasurer, showing a deficit of \$11.39, was presented and ordered on file.

After the appointment of General Wm. W. Henry as Marshal, the Society adjourned till evening.

EVENING.

The procession was formed at the Court House, at 7.30 o'clock, and marched, to the music of the Northfield Cornet Band, to the Representatives Hall in the State House, which was filled. The Society was called to order by General Thomas, who, after an impressive prayer by Rev. N. Newton Glazier, of Montpelier, introduced Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel E. Pingree, of Hartford, the orator of the evening.

ORATION BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL S. E. PINGREE.

Mr. President, Comrades and Fellow Citizens :

To be summoned by your Executive Committee to the duty of addressing my comrades and fellow citizens upon the occasion of this, our Ninth annual Reunion, after these occasions have been honored by the eloquence of divines and of statesmen, and of soldiers true and tried, bestirs in me, as it well might, a degree of embarrassment and solicitude, which, as on those occasions which we are here to commemorate, a candid sense and appreciation of duty alone must guide and sustain me through.

In the unrepudicated governments of the older world, the discharge of the soldier from his profession may be considered his discharge from duty, but in the United States of America it is not so ; with us the muster-out redevolves upon us those ennobling duties and responsibilities of the citizen, which our soldiery held only in a temporary abeyance.

One of these duties, and prominent among them for the fostering of those sacred virtues which guard with watchfulness and with wisdom the best interests of the State—and which, at least while any of this generation shall remain, will contribute to their security—is the duty of keeping green and sacred in our hearts the memories of those of our comrades who died in war that we might live in peace ; the duty of keeping green and sacred in our hearts, the memories and deeds of those who offered, as well as of those who made, upon the altar of their country the noblest and holiest sacrifice that ever falls to the part of the brave to offer or to make—the sacrifice of life, that their country might continue to have a name and a place among the commonwealths of the earth. This is one of the primary objects of our Association. In the fulfillment of this object, we impulsively recall with what measure of astonishment we listened to the early notes of the trumpet of war. The emotions which then thrilled our souls seem to come back to us again, though not with all their bewildering amazements, and the indefinite and undefinable forecasts from the starting point in the springtime of 1861, are now recollected as the school-day experiences of a people untaught in the science of arms.

To recall some of the incidents growing out of the deep labyrinth of mysteries, of fears, of hopes, and of that determined patriotism which moved the nation's heart on the threshold of that "impending conflict," and which called into

being that great barrier to treason and the nation's ruin, I have chosen for the subject of my address to you to night, "The Army of the Potomac," purposing to refer only to some of the circumstances in which it had its origin, and to the period of its organization.

It was with the infant history of this army that many of us were early identified. It was through its great subsequent history that most of us shared its discipline, its struggles, its achievements, and its devotion to the nation. It was through its "days of labor, and nights devoid of ease," that that great company, who now swell the vast bivouac of the nation's dead, were taken from our ranks, as offerings for the nation's purification.

We are now in the midst of a period of calm reflection, and can look back to the past from the stand-point of peaceful days. When the eventful scenes of 1861 burst upon us, we were living under the government established by Washington. Men were then among us whose memory and whose history were in part contemporary with his. Under the benign opportunities and influences of that government, our civilization had pressed across the continent to the shores of the peaceful sea. Peaceful enterprise had knitted together the remote States and cities with an almost interminable network of highways, and post-roads, and railways, and telegraph lines. Peaceful enterprise had penetrated the inland lakes and the rivers with almost countless lines of water craft. Peaceful enterprise had filled up the wilderness with a teeming population of thirty millions of people, going forward with all the customary pursuits of civilized life. Peaceful enterprise had developed the mechanical arts and the manufactures, and the fine arts had been adorned. Peaceful enterprise had developed that genius which gave life to our commerce and brought it into successful rivalry with the maritime nations of the older world. Peaceful enterprise had given life to that skill and cunning which published and fashioned to the use of mankind the recondite agencies of steam power. Peaceful virtues had disseminated education among the masses, adorned the pursuits of sacred science, and so enlarged the missionary operations and successes as to invite the plaudits of the Christian world. Peaceful philanthropy, under the fostering care of a government so gentle, had invited the oppressed of Europe to participate with us in these felicities. War seemed to be remembered no more, while peace had contributed to the full, rounded measure of

our greatness, attained within the memory of men who yet lived. Guided as if by an Unseen Hand, our people had gone forward on a mission of prosperity, philanthropy, and felicity, unexampled in the world's history. Our ships of commerce were floating upon the oceans and in every sea, and the kings, and princes, and merchants of all lands did reverence and homage to our flag. How naturally were all our energies, our hopes, and our expectations turned into the gentle channels of these arts of peace. How foreign to our sentiments, how estranged from our interests, how unnatural to our intelligence, became the rude calculations of humanest war. Separated from all the entangling combinations of the older nations by the broad ocean, harmony, policy, humanity, and interest limited us to only a liberal and peaceful intercourse with them.

With such a *status*, and with the open pages of our fathers' history before us, the tender accents of their counsels still lingering in our memories, and seeing all around us the teeming fruits of their deeds of wisdom and of statesmanship—the offspring of a half century of almost undisturbed repose—could we look forward to the possibility of the need of mighty armies to save our government from dismemberment and ruin?

That this republic, so singularly blest of heaven—this empire, so young, and yet so marvellous in its beneficence to the human race—so wonderful in the grandeur of its resources, and so exalted in its relations with fellow States—that this republic must purchase her perpetuity by the marshalling of her sons in war's dread array, was a lesson which her statesmen, her scholars, her people must be trained to learn amid experiment, peril, and confusion.

Without the sad, yet fruit-bearing lessons in the school of disaster, her peace-trained people would have poorly estimated the magnitude of the approaching storm. Without the sad yet fruitful lessons in the school of disaster, no sublime forecasts of her sages could have organized results from combination. Oratory in her golden circles of expressive words yielded to the majesty of patriotism, but knew not how to direct it. Philosophy acknowledged its controlling might and was silent. Poetry only dared to twine her fairest laurels for its brow, while all human statesmanship and all human wisdom seemed inadequate to comprehend the magnitude of the task before us. Our President professed reliance on the better angels of peace. Our eminent State Secre-

tary prophetically assured us that three score days should bring us sunnier skies and a more cheerful atmosphere, while grave senators could hardly wait the ingathering of the first faint levy of undisciplined troops to see the rebellion ended. The press took up the key-note of offensive action, and the public mind was beguiled into the contemplation of sounding peans of exultation over a prostrated rebellion. Was there any difference between an unorganized body of troops moving on to attack an enemy of unknown force, intrenched in chosen position, and in standing on the defensive behind these intrenchments? Such calculations seemed to be held in contempt.

The venerable Scott, the great captain of his age, was consulted, and, rising in the majesty of his years, he shook his gray head in disapprobation of an advance, until the untrained legions were converted into soldiers. But the impulse of the popular heart must be appeased by the venture, and the nation doomed to disappointment, for the possibility of defeat had been entertained by none. The President was as illy prepared to comprehend the realities of the hour, and as powerless of that genius which was necessary to meet them, as his cabinet, the statesman, the press, or the people.

Our long devotion at the shrine of Peace had committed our judgments against all the needed plans and preparations for a rebellion so gigantic, and the severe discipline of disaster must initiate the nation's effort to save the State. The startling shock of unsuccessful battle is needed to enlighten, to exalt, and to direct the irrepressible patriotism of a people so thoughtless of the magnitude of the nation's salvation.

Scott, remonstrating with the warning voice of his familiar science, nevertheless yields to the demands of the popular impatience—and the army of General McDowell is moved from Arlington, on Manassas, with little of the circumstance and method of trained battalions, and returns with none.

Of the necessity of that brief, disastrous campaign for the disciplinary affliction of the nation's heart, I have spoken. Of the magnitude of the shock to the nation's sense, of the strangeness of the gloom which it overcast, of the disgrace to our arms, the demoralization, the route, the panic, it is sufficient, comrades, to say of them, we never had occasion to look upon the like again. Yet disaster, rout and panic though it was, and freighted with responsibilities to startle

and arouse, nevertheless, it left us with its rich heritage of instruction; it opened the public heart to a rectified sense of the powerlessness of misdirected patriotism; it warned the public mind that to set upon the task before us without the preparatory discipline which all history dictates for a starting point, would result in failure. "Who," asks the historian, "will venture to measure the consequences of actions, by the apparent humiliation in which they have their origin?"

The mysterious influences of that Power which enchains the destinies of nations, over-ruling the mandates of sovereigns and the forethought of statesmen, often eliminate the greatest events from the least commanding causes. That over-ruling Providence, who had led the fathers amid the storms and in the sunshine, and through persecution to success, testing their patience, and fortifying their virtues amid sorrow and reverse, fitting them for the sacred responsibilities of self-government—that Providence, through this dark disguise of our humility, was pointing out to us the grandeur of our duties, and directing us to the perfection of those great combinations essential to their performance. As we look back now with the light of experience to direct our view, as we contemplate the trifling proportions which the peace-trained president and statesman and people accorded to a rebellion so stupendous, can we claim that almost any price of disaster was too great to secure to us the boon of instruction which the event inculcated?

Thus the early and ill-conceived preparations for the conflict vanished in a single spasm, and the government turned to the contemplation of graver responsibilities, and to a system of preparation commensurate, in some degree, to the vast proportions of the work before them.

Fixed and defined opinions and plans upon all subjects connected with the raising, the organizing, and the patient disciplining of great armies, and clearer views upon the general conduct of vast military operations, were now revealed in the clear light of the nation's necessities. The veteran Lieutenant-General, with head crowned white with the frost of age, "bending under infirmities incurred in his country's service while carrying her flag over so many fields of victory," endows his comrades with the beacon lights of his experience and wisdom, and lays down his sword forever. To what hands now, tried or untried, shall the great trust be committed—the great trust of moulding the character and shaping the future of the grand military and naval combinations

and operations on which the national being now hung trembling in the balance against secession? But yesterday the united nation was wanting in none of the resources of the first order of military scholars—to-day she might see the alumni of her academy, "with an ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms," arrayed against their *Alma Mater*.

Next to Scott, and now first in what remained of loyalty on the army roster, stood the name of the youthful, though not inexperienced soldier, McClellan. Ripe in the perfection of the varied learning of the profession—though but just entered upon the threshold of middle life—he had added thereto the lessons of experience in the great campaign of victories under his predecessor from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec, and with the allied armies of France and Britain from the Alma to Sevastopol; and as if to endear himself to the American heart, with an almost inordinate confidence he had planned and executed that series of brilliant victories in the Kanawha valley, which secured to West Virginia her state sovereignty, and a new star to the constellation of states. "While a strange fatality seemed to attend upon the steps of all others," says a contemporary, "in his department we had never lost a battle." The President and the people called him with one voice from beyond the mountains, to set upon the hazardous task of saving and securing the capital, and of creating from the ingathering masses of citizen soldiers an army which should go forth to battle the enemy, without the possibility of a repeated disaster to our arms. Never in history did the common heart of a great people turn with a warmer impulse of affection or a more unbounded trust on any, than did the people of his country on General McClellan. And it was with the hand of a master that he entered upon his great undertaking. At no other period amid the manifold seasons of trial and perplexity, which continued to recur until our government had assumed the *status* of a war power—at no other period could the mantle of deeper trust, of weightier responsibility, or of more varied and embarrassing duty, have fallen upon the shoulders of any chief.

The resources of men—brave and devoted men—were gathering to the camps on the banks of the Potomac, but the vast *material* of an army was wanting, and its calculation was the work of genius and its procurement the work of time. The ordering of camps of discipline and instruction, the daily drill and preparation, and whatever pertained to the

evolution and regularity of great organizations, constituted the least considerable of the momentous responsibilities of the commander-in-chief.

The ultimate mission of this army was not merely the defense of the national capital, but for the great impinging force, looking forward to the ultimate defeat and destruction of its counterpart, the great confederate army of Virginia. That objective point once attained and the rebellion was sure to go down forever. In the plan for the sure fulfillment of this mission there were other considerations to engage the attention of the responsible head, besides, and far reaching beyond, the purpose of winning a single battle.

That this army, which was destined to be regarded by the nation as the wall of adamant for the shielding of the capital, and the military center of the combined operations for the restoration of the Union—that it should be prepared for all the vicissitudes and varied fortunes incident to the great campaigns of history, all the circumstances of the strength and preparation of the enemy most clearly impressed. With the vast advantages which their defensive attitude afforded, and which numbers were hardly adequate to overcome—with a people as thoroughly united in resistance to our arms as the loyal states of the North in behalf of the Union—with an army as brave, as fearless and as devoted as any in history—that army commanded by a general of the first order of the military genius of the time, supported by the consummate skill and valor of such lieutenants as Hill and Longstreet and Jackson—no single defeat could destroy, nor any single disaster appal them. For the repeated defeat and ultimate destruction of this grand confederate power, amid all the disadvantages incident to campaigns and invasions, all the skill, the valor, the discipline, the energies and the operations of the Army of the Potomac and its commanders must be directed. To win victories must be the aim—to turn repulse to the account of future battles must evidence its self confidence and its unyielding devotion.

While undergoing the long and laborious process of discipline and preparation for a responsibility so fraught with events and so big with the fate of free institutions, we calculated not, nor could we then conceive, their great importance to our success in the more trying realities of war.

That our army should grow into shape so slowly—that with a proud and defiant enemy in our front we should be kept upon the work of fortifying the capital in lieu of at-

tempting to raise the siege by battle, were circumstances as trying to the patience of the soldiery of that army as to the people of the country. That in the events developed as the scheme of war passed into history, this disciplinary period was sufficiently brief for the purposes in hand, the future historian will never question.

Thus under the national depression attendant upon the late disaster in the Manassas campaign, in the face of a victorious and exultant enemy, the citizens of the North, schooled only in the peaceful arts, many of them never having seen an implement of war nor listened to a martial strain, and with scarcely the nucleus of an organization around which to form, in the brief space of seven months are converted into one of the best ordered and disciplined armies of modern history. They found the capital of their government naked and defenseless, and the hearts of their chosen rulers failing them from fear. They walled that city round about with vast cordons of defenses, and with an intelligent forecast which providently surveyed the requirements of an expectant people, they did not forget that there was a power to destroy as well as a city to save. At length the army was in readiness to take the field. The enemy, snuffing the battle from afar, and foreseeing that the conflicts which should determine the fate of their confederate empire would be inaugurated before the confederate capital, had surrounded it and every avenue of its approach with a network of defenses, and had summoned thither their late *offensive* army for the purpose of *defensive* warfare; and the scene is changed from the camps of discipline on the Potomac to the battle fields of the Peninsula.

And here, on the threshold, as it were, of those Titanic struggles which were almost constantly testing the skill and valor of these confronting armies through the three years that followed, was manifest the inestimable value of discipline bestowed, the worth to the nation of the months devoted to preparation, the self-sustaining confidence infused into the various departments in this their baptismal experience in the realities of war.

To single out a specific field more illustrious for comment than any other, where, with scarcely an interval of repose, the deadly struggle culminated in the classical week of battles, would seem invidious. The enthusiasm and heroic devotion which the men of that army carried into the performance of every duty devolving upon them in that memorable campaign, surpasses all ordinary description.

Recall the willing toil, the nightly march and watch amid the storms violent beyond precedent in that vast morass, the bivouac before the long line of intrenchments, the ceaseless crashing of shot and shell through the arching forests which concealed our advancing parallels before Yorktown, the uncomplaining hands that turned so cheerfully from the rifle to the axe or the spade and back again to the deadly skirmish, the bold assaults through the entangled streams and upon positions of unknown resisting force, the sublime exhibitions of indifference to individual fate, while disease was making one vast graveyard of that peninsula—yet no heart falters and no tongue complains.

It was now less than a twelve-month since these citizen soldiers were in the undisturbed avocations of their varied peaceful duties, having no forecast of the great contribution they were to furnish to the historic material of the greatest insurrection of this or any age. It was less than a twelve-month since all were sharing the felicities of their pastoral and metropolitan homes, mingled in the scenes of all the arts and pursuits which adorn and ennoble an enlightened people. Go back through the long catalogue of the chronicles of war, to the first syllable of recorded time, and we look for but do not find a parallel to this. The cause which had sped them on to this fitting stage of preparation was the cause of free government, and its success the world's last hope of freedom's permanence. Those men were not unfamiliar with the glorious historic record of their ancestry, nor of the correct interpretation of the constitution and government which had been entrusted to their guardianship. Obedience to that constitution and the preservation of the unity of the multiplied states was the burden of their patriotism and their devotion. Dissimilar to any of the great armies of the world which had come and gone before them, they "waited not on the smiles of princes nor basked in the noon-tide of royal favor." Their faith was drawn from the inspiration of the oracles of the sagacious Washington, the eloquent Adams, the philosophical Franklin, and the peerless Hamilton, the pole star of whose ambition was to establish, to preserve and to perpetuate, undimmed and undiminished, the rising constellation of states.

As those sages of the revolutionary period had devoted their lives and honor to the foundation and framework of this building, so did these men, their children, devote their lives and honor against the fatal heresy, the mad passion, which

now sought to tear the structure down. Ever mindful of the conflicts amid which the Union was born, they stopped not to calculate the cost of its preservation, but earnestly and solemnly devoted themselves to this war's last resort to save their heritage of freedom from dissolution.

Too little has been understood and appreciated by those who were not of them, of this ruling spirit which animated that noble body of American soldiers,—their steadfastness for the sovereignty of their cardinal principle, the indissoluble unity of the States, their fealty to that principle through adversity and suffering and in the shadow of death, attested by a faith in its ultimate vindication, as sublime amid reverse as in the hour of triumph—a faith by which they sometimes fought, as in the tangled copse of the Wilderness, more than by sight, and which guided and sustained them throughout the varying fortunes of their four years of military life, and until the great object of their devotion was crowned with success and the Union vindicated.

It was that ruling spirit, that intelligent faith in the ultimate vindication of the government for which they fought, that inspired them to the performance of those deeds of soldierly grandeur which have allotted to them their peculiar place, high on the roll of the great historic armies of the world.

At the conclusion of the address the thanks of the Society were tendered to Colonel Pingree for his able and interesting address, and a copy of the same was requested for publication.

Lieutenant G. G. Benedict introduced the following resolutions :

Resolved, That the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers has learned with sorrow of the sudden death of Major General George Gordon Meade, the former brave and able commander of the Army of the Potomac, who, having earned the confidence of the Army on many a previous well-fought field, accepted its chief command without previous notice, on the eve of the greatest battle of the war, and led it at Gettysburg to a glorious victory, largely due to his firmness, constancy, and careful generalship. His life was an example of devotion to soldierly duty; his fame is part of his country's inheritance; and his memory will ever be held in honor by every soldier who served under him, as well as by a grateful people.

Resolved, That we tender our respectful sympathy to the family of

Gen. Meade in their sudden loss, and that the Secretary be directed to transmit to them a copy of these resolutions.

The resolutions were seconded by Colonel Veazey in an eloquent tribute to the character and services of General Meade, and were unanimously adopted.

On motion, the thanks of the Society were tendered to Colonel Veazey for his eloquent remarks, and he was requested to furnish a copy of them for publication.

The procession was then re-formed and marched to the Pavilion, where, at half past nine, the Society sat down to an excellent supper. The dining hall was filled, the company including a number of ladies. In due time the toast-master, Lieutenant Albert Clarke, read the regular sentiments :

I. *The President of the United States.*

Responded to by three rousing cheers for the office, and for the man that *now* fills it.

II. *Vermont,*

Green as her hills
Be the memories we ken,
Pure as her rills
Be her laws and public men.

Responded to by Captain E. J. Ormsbee, of Brandon, who said we had a right to love our own native State best of all; for it is our commonwealth, and she has held an honorable position in both war and peace.

III. *Vermont's Delegation in Congress*—They are our pickets on the Potomac, not yet to be relieved—a wall of our defence, never, we trust, to be reduced.

Hon. L. P. Poland was first called on to respond to this sentiment. He claimed for the Vermont delegation that they had all faithfully endeavored to maintain the principles for which the soldiers fought. It was the soldier's privilege to sit down with his old comrades and fight their battles o'er, and it was a privilege which he envied. He had himself been long in the public service; but he was conscious that

there was a poverty in his service, compared with that of the men around him. The soldier's is a higher service than that of any civilian, for it involved the peril of life,—and all that a man hath will he give for his life. He considered that these reunions were of great value in keeping alive the fire of patriotism. Our recent war was the first ever waged by men who were all volunteers drawn from peaceful pursuits. Yet no army of professional soldiers ever fought more bravely, skillfully and successfully.

Hon. C. W. Willard was also called on. He said, among other things, that the achievements of the soldiers had made them in a sense partners with all who are in the public service, and all have a higher responsibility in consequence of their efforts. The war gave a new life to our republic. It is now far richer in its history and in its hopes than before. It is a duty to keep in mind the great principle we have established. The life is more than meat, and by regarding principles alone, can we still make our country worth loving and honoring.

IV. *The Legislature of Vermont*—May it always keep its balance.

Colonel Franklin Fairbanks, Ex-Speaker of the House, was called on to respond. He congratulated himself on the privilege of meeting with this assemblage of the veterans of the war. He had never been a soldier, though he wanted to be and tried to be, and he had kept a man to represent him in the army, who rendered better service than he could have himself. Alluding to the proposition to return their commutation money to the drafted men, he said that for one he should feel insulted if the State offered to repay him what he had paid to his substitute, and he did not believe anything of the sort would be done by this legislature. This assurance was received with applause, which indicated a hearty concurrence of sentiment among the officers on the subject of the demand of the drafted men.

Colonel Veazey was also called on, and expressed his entire concurrence with Mr. Fairbanks in his ideas on repaying commutation money. He spoke in high terms of the Legislators, the Congressmen, the Judiciary, and the soldiers of Vermont, and thought if anything ought to be preserved it was this Society.

V. *The State Militia*—When properly organized it is the germ of our defense in time of war.

Responded to by Colonel T. S. Peck, of the First Regiment of the State Militia. Colonel Peck said that we found when the war broke out the value of an efficient militia. But it is impossible to maintain such a militia without support—better support than the State has been willing to render. Speaking in behalf of the officers of the militia, he expressed the hope that the moderate assistance asked by them of the Legislature would be granted at this session.

VI. *The Executives of Vermont during the War.*

Lieutenant-Governor Underwood said that he had seen some Governors in town to-day, and thought some of them might have been here to respond and not make it necessary to call upon him, who was not a Governor, and never expected to be, or ought to be. The War Governors simply organized the force supplied by the soldiers. The latter settled the great question whether we had a government or simply a compact between the States.

Governor Stewart came in while Mr. Underwood was speaking, and was next called on. He described his recent visits to the battlefields in the Shenandoah Valley. He noticed the graves of 138 Vermont soldiers in the National Cemetery at Winchester, and he thought the State should place a monument in their honor, in the cemetery, as most of the other States had already done. We could well afford, in these times of prosperity and peace, to honor by an enduring memorial, our fallen patriots.

VII. *The Artillery of Vermont during the War.*

Responded to by Lieutenant J. S. Dorman and Lieutenant E. J. McWain.

VIII. *The Vermont Cavalry.*

They scorned alike the sting of bullet and of bee,
They were too soon for Early, and gave fits to Fitz-Hugh Lee.

Responded to by Major Josiah Grout, Jr., and Chaplain Beaudry, of the 5th New York Cavalry.

IX. *The Infantry of Vermont during the War.*

Responded to by General W. W. Henry, who urged the regiments to perfect their regimental societies and complete their regimental histories. And when each regiment had its organization, he hoped to have a general reunion of all, officers and privates, in some pleasant time in August, when all could go into camp together for two days and have a good time.

Captain "Dick" Smith, of Tunbridge, was next called up and gave a most humorous account of his military career and experiences. This one speech of Major Smith was, as the showmen say, "well worth the entire price of admission."

X. *The Rank and File.*

Was appropriately and eloquently responded to by Sergeant Mason B. Carpenter, of St. Albans; and by Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Pingree, of Hartford.

Captain L. L. Coburn, of Chicago, being present, was called out, and responded briefly.

XI. *The Orator of the Evening.*

Colonel S. E. Pingree was called on, but he had left the hall.

XII. *Our Regular Army.*

Briefly responded to by Lieutenant L. A. Abbott. U. S. A.

XIII. *The Retiring President.*

In response, General Stephen Thomas expressed his love for his comrades, and urged them to perpetuate the Society after he and the other elder members should be gone.

The meeting, at one o'clock in the morning, broke up by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The number present at the reunion this year was about one hundred, and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

TENTH REUNION.

OCTOBER 29, 1873.

The Tenth Annual Meeting was held at Brattleboro, on Wednesday, October 29th, 1873.

About seventy-five veterans were present, comprising many of the tried and true officers of the war, and there was no lack of enthusiasm. A goodly number arrived on the early train, and spent the forenoon under the courteous guidance of Lieutenants Haskins, Sawyer, Selleck, Sergeant Taylor and other well-known officers resident there, in visiting the Insane Asylum, Estey & Co.'s Organ Factory and other places of interest.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the Town Hall at 4 p. m., and was called to order by Colonel Redfield Proctor, President of the Society.

The records of the last annual meeting were read by the Secretary, Major James S. Peck, and approved.

The Secretary also announced that he had received a letter from Captain George Meade, son of the late Major-General George G. Meade, acknowledging in fitting terms the resolutions of respect and sympathy passed at the last annual reunion.

The report of the Treasurer, Colonel P. P. Pitkin, of Montpelier, was read and ordered on file.

On motion of Adjutant J. M. Poland, a tax of one dollar was assessed on members of the Society resident in Vermont.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Lieut. John C. Stearns.	10th Regt., Capt. J. S. Thompson.
2d Regt., Sergt. George N. Colt.	11th Regt., Sergt. E. L. Tubbs.
3d Regt., Lieut-Col. Sam'l E. Pingree.	12th Regt., Capt. E. J. Ormsbee.
4th Regt., Surgeon S. J. Allen.	13th Regt., Adjutant James S. Peck.
5th Regt., Capt. Samuel E. Burnham.	15th Regt., Adjutant J. M. Poland.
6th Regt., Lieut. Frank G. Butterfield.	16th Regt., Colonel W. G. Veazey.
7th Regt., Capt. E. A. Morse.	17th Regt., Lieut-Col. L. E. Knapp.
8th Regt., Maj. J. L. Barstow.	1st Cavalry Regt., Capt. M. A. Stone.
9th Regt., Capt. Joel C. Baker.	

The Committee reported the following list of officers, who were unanimously elected :

President—General William W. Henry, Burlington.

Vice-Presidents—Col. Thomas O. Seaver, Woodstock ; Capt. John W. Newton, St. Albans.

Secretary—Major James S. Peck, Montpelier.

Treasurer—Colonel Perley P. Pitkin, Montpelier.

Executive Committee—Captain Fred. E. Smith, Montpelier ; Surgeon George Nichols, Northfield ; Captain E. J. Ormsbee, Brandon.

Montpelier was fixed on as the next place of meeting.

The President appointed Major-General William Wells as marshal.

THE PUBLIC EXERCISES.

At seven o'clock, the Society formed in procession at the Brooks House, under the direction of Marshal Wells, in the order of the regiments represented, and marched, headed by the Brattleboro Band, to the Town Hall. The hall, which is a large and excellent one, accommodating an audience of a thousand persons, was filled with the inhabitants of Brattleboro of both sexes. The Society occupied seats reserved for them in front of the stage. President Proctor presided, assisted by Vice-President Henry. Hon. L. P. Poland, Hon. C. W. Willard and Ex-Governor Frederick Holbrook, who commissioned the officers of every regiment from the Sixth to the Sixteenth inclusive, occupied seats on the stage.

Prayer was offered by Chaplain Mack, of the Third, as chaplain of the occasion, after which, and music by the Band, President Proctor introduced the orator, Major John C. Tyler of Brattleboro.

MAJOR TYLER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Vermonters :

We have come up here as soldiers, to-night, fraternally, to commune. We have left loved homes, leaving care to care for itself; leaving ambition behind us; putting aside even our own pet thoughts and purposes, in the fond desire each to warm his brother's heart with a coal from off our common country's altar.

It is not just before the battle, when, after weary marching, we awaited the contest "with stern, yet impatient joy:" it is not in the midst of the thickly wooded fight, where we "struck for God and our native land:" it is not just after the battle, when, exultant, we grasp the hand of "Bill," and dropped a manly tear over fallen "Joe": no, the camp fires are all out; "all is quiet on the Potomac," and here, where water-beds and dead-lines no more provoke to arms, it is *here*, long after these scenes, and in our own beloved State, that we have come up together, to commune.

It is not any part of my plan to open up to view the various causes which involved us in war. Those who threatened the repose of their country have nothing left but "to erect a fortress and a refuge for disappointed ambition." Suffice it to say, there were plotters within and supporters without—some of the latter have died, and others of them have recently liquidated, as far as money goes, their debt. These two classes were in sufficient numbers, and of sufficient importance, to bring about that mighty contest, to which, to-night, it is proposed to give a passing glance.

But first, a word as to Vermont and the character of her men and women. I rejoice that you can unroll a country's scroll, can touch upon the hallowed past, and reveal the peerless glory of old Vermont. So shall your memories be refreshed with duty done, and your nerves steadied for duty in coming days.

Geographically, Vermont is unique. Her mountains so extensive; her plains and valleys so limited; her twenty and six rivers, nearly all her own from source to outlet; her lakes

so beautiful—these in the words of an early writer, “complete the enchantment of the scene.” Here the works of man seem like a speck in the solitude of the ocean. The loftiest edifice is lost in the blueness of space, and villages, humbly catching the shadows of the mountains, look like the “dwellings of pigmies perched upon the bulwarks of creation.”

Such is Vermont: and here, in such a country, nearly every nation on the globe has reaped a benefit, or incurred a loss. Champlain has had her waters plowed by many a blood-stained fleet; her bays have sheltered many a shattered craft; her shores—the hard fought battle-ground of French and Indian, English and American—have echoed with the voices of “the last of the Mohicans,” of a Carleton and a Schuyler; of a Gates and a Montgomery; of a Warner and an Allen. Nay more! here in such a country, Swiss in its nature, lived your sires. From the capture of Ticonderoga, all through the Revolution, all through the New York State troubles, all through the war of 1812, those spirits far too noble, those wills far too firm, those arms far too strong, to brook oppression, constantly appeared.

Hardy, self-reliant men, struggling with a struggling soil, but full of health, catching its glow from the air of no luxurious clime, but from pure mountain air and honest toil; weak in numbers, yet strong in conviction that true progress and social happiness could never be obtained under a code that monarchy had instituted and bigotry sustained; stronger yet in deep moral persuasion, so that, even in success, they rose above the excitement and vanity of the hour to a high degree, and experienced with our grandmamas—and grand, too, were they—the sublimity of that “golden mean” in life, which, devoid of ostentation, is ever pre-eminent in modest dignity and unassuming worth.

From such stock you came, and as Vermont grew and prospered; as her sons, year by year, scattered, until nearly every State and Territory felt the influence of their labored thought and enterprise, who slept more sweetly than her daughters, who thought so little as her sons, of that leaden cloud, which, at first a mere speck in the political horizon, gradually spread and blackened, until in treacherous fury it burst over Sumter—who, I ask, could have been less prepared to meet such a dire calamity, than the sons and daughters of old Vermont?

And there were others, born in other climes, acquired

sons, who did their duty well in the struggle that came. It came.

“ Four years !

Four waves of that wide sea which rings the world,
Broken upon the shore, Eternity,
Upon whose crests, like waves tossed by the tide,
We neared, touched, and floated side by side.

Four years !

Fled like the phantoms of a morning dream.”

As early as January, 1861, Governor Fairbanks, filled with anxious apprehension of impending trouble, caused in part by changes in the cabinet, by the withdrawal of Anderson from Fort Moultrie, and by the generally disturbed and threatening attitude of the South, ascertained, through the commandants of the then existing militia companies in the State, how many men were in each company, and how many of these were willing to volunteer their services, if the United States Government should issue a call. This was the first move in Vermont. “ Now gather thyself in troops,” was virtually then ordered. Then followed the extra session of the Legislature, the Governor’s address, the, at that time, well-digested bills, the First Regiment, and, in time, its duty, well performed, near Old Point Comfort. The details of this, and all other subsequent organization; the taxation of the State, so cheerfully met, we omit, for an abler pen has given to the State dates and figures, time and place, which will be more and more valuable in each succeeding generation—the pen of that hard-working and lamented man, Peter T. Washburn.

Let us rather devote a few moments in calling to mind a *few* of the incidents in actions of the war in which you were especially interested and engaged.

You remember “ Camp Griffin ” picket duty and drill ; and the Department of the Gulf with its work and destructive disease, where three brigades of Johnnies were filled with deceitful hope. You remember Lee’s Mills, where private Scott died for his country and prayed for Lincoln ; you remember the mud and rain and Sumner’s “ advance at three taps of the drum ” at Williamsburg ; you remember crossing the Chickahominy ; you remember Golding’s Farm, Savage Station and those tough fights at Gaines’ Hill, and in White Oak Swamp, where Brooks was wounded : that stern man’s lip long afterwards quivered, unusual for him, when, with moistened eye, he bade the Old Brigade good-bye. You remember Malvern Hill regretted, but no fault of yours ; South Mountain and Antietam, Harper’s Ferry and Fredericksburg.

You remember Banks's Ford. You remember Gettysburg, where, with the lion-hearted Stannard at your head, you dealt on the flank and in the front, "destruction's devastating doom." You have seen the oak on your native hill-side. So stood Vermont there, and when those others opposite, charged gallantly, dashingly, in line, they lay in a moment like autumnal leaves at the very foot of that oak; and the saddest part of all was, you were of one nation, one kindred, one tongue. You remember the Wilderness, where you lost so terribly, yet fought so grandly, losing nearly one-half of those engaged. I had a namesake there who "fighting fell." None more noble, none more brave than he. You remember Cold Harbor, that hole-y place, and Petersburg, with its mine; the Shenandoah, where that tired horse with "flying feet," bore to the field his master, and the master of his men—and when he spoke a word of cheer along the line how did the Old Brigade, *again* begin, as begins that ancient hymn: "Early, my God, without delay, we haste to seek thy face." Cedar Creek was won. You remember with reason Chapin's Farm, the rest, the hospitals, prisons, Appomattox, and home again. The war was ended, and "Old Virginia," and "the low lands low" had heard from Vermont. No matter how few the hills of corn between the rocks in those years; no matter whether the boys kept step or not; they fought, and they fought for a high and mighty purpose. They returned, alas! how few,—some with one leg, some with one arm, some with one eye, and they have ever since been "entitled to the respect of mankind." Blest men! especially the rank and file, who, for country, endured the march, the heat, the cold, the knapsack, and the conflict. The spirit of Great Ethan, and the fiery zeal of Stark fed their hearts, and led them on. Did not time forbid, I should like to speak of each individual one. I should like to speak of "Baldy," of "Chub," and of "Elijah,"—but these and all the rest, living and dead, who left home with that "patriot sigh which made them wish to live, and dare to die," will forever embellish the historic page.

I have often thought that there was fully as little of jealousy among the Vermont officers and men as among any in the service. True there was some; but I think most of them felt as did Wm. Pitt in his contest with Fox, regarding England and French arbitration, when he so beautifully construed that passage in Horace, which refers to fortune, viz:

*Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involoo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero."*

The widows, the orphans, the fathers, the mothers of those who fell, will also be cherished with an ever-growing love. This is the first natural result of the war. Another result is emancipation. As Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, once said of the Ohio State grants, so it can be said of the South: "All that fair land was doomed to freedom." The greatness of that act no race can fully comprehend. For generations were needed to make "Afric's sons" equal to us under the law, and who can estimate its effects on generations yet unborn. This act will ever show to the world the depth, and width, and might of Lincoln's illustrious patriotism. Let us remember his "mystic chords of memory."

Of finance, no one can with safety venture to speak. With our tremendous debt, and money monopolies, it is a fearful look, but let us hope that this last shudder of a panic in which so many have tumbled, will yet teach us true values. No olden castle can, with its drawbridge and feudal rights, always challenge a nation. "Hard pan must again be hard pan," and this last token of a self-developing greatness will forever distinguish itself among the masses in its simple, child-like efforts to maintain a politico-economic structure in any government.

May such a government be ours. On designing men in Congress, too, we must "mount guard!" They labor mostly for their eager selves, but there is something wonderful in how much can be accomplished when we wrestle with evil for a great and certain good.

"It is of infinite moment," said Washington, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety. Remembering, now, that we have laid down our arms and again become citizens that the children of to-day can but tremble, when they see your acts and intrepid deeds, and many years of sacrifice, in danger, from the influence of National sins among the people."

Then let us emulate high endeavor, ever guarding our old and tattered flag with the "harmlessness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent." So shall our institutions be preserved intact; so shall no Grecian fate be ours; so shall no northern wind, or southern cloud disturb, but we shall have a

country of which it can truly be said : She stands first under the whole Heavens.

Comrades, my task is done. Vermont will yet have her Macaulay—and when he puts pen to paper, how will each page glow like a molten flame, with the strength of the individual character of her sons, and in turn, of their influence on the nation. Far away in a distant mountain cavern, the water has trickled down for ages, and formed a crystal and yet ever increasing spar. So these patriot heart-beats have formed a manhood, which, in its outgrowth, shall, with God's aid, help to purify governmental wrong, and vouchsafe peace throughout the world.

“ God of peace, whose Spirit fills
All the echo of our hills;
All the murmur of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er, .
Oh! let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise to lead their valiant ones.
’Till War’s no more.”

The address was listened to with close attention, and the allusions to General Washburn, Lieutenant-Colonel Tyler of the Second, the fields on which Vermont troops distinguished themselves, and other passages, were received with hearty applause.

At its close the Society marched back to the hotel, and at half past eight the officers were once more marshalled for supper.

THE SUPPER.

The supper was an elegant affair, equalling any thing in the record of gastronomic contests of the Society. The large dining hall was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The National Colors draped the main doorway, over which was an admirable likeness of General Stannard, the first president of the Society. Stands of regimental State Colors filled each corner. The gallery occupied by the band, opposite the entrance, was draped with National flags hanging in festoons from a painting of Sheridan's Ride, and decorated with a large pyramid of hot-house plants and flowers. The long

tables were adorned with flowers and fruit and looked very handsomely. A number of the officers had brought their wives, who occupied seats with them. Besides the notables already mentioned, Charles K. Field, Esq., Geo. Howe, Esq., C. N. Davenport, Esq., and other citizens of Brattleboro, were among the guests. The bill of fare was a handsome specimen of typography from the press of Comrade Selleck.

BILL OF FARE.

Oysters Stewed.

BOILED.—Chicken, Currant Jelly; Tongue, Champagne Sauce; Corned Beef; Sugar-cured Ham.

ROAST.—Beef; Turkey, Cranberry Sauce; Lamb; Pork, Apple Sauce; Chicken, Giblet Sauce.

ENTREES.—Chicken Pie, Escaloped Oysters, Broiled Partridge, Baked Ham, Champagne Sauce; Boiled Chicken, Chicken Liver Stewed.

SALADS.—Lobster Salad, Chicken Salad, Lobster plain.

PASTRY.—Mince Pie, Apple Pie, Squash Pie, Cocoanut Pie, Chocolate Custard Pie, Orange Pie, Lemon Pie, Washington Cream Pie, Tartlets.

CAKE.—Fruit Cake, Sponge Cake, Currant Cake, Fifth Avenue Cake, Orange Cake, Chocolate Cake, Cocoanut Cake, Corn Starch Cake, Jelly Rolls, White Mountain Cake, Kisses.

JELLIES —Port Wine, Strawberry, Lemon Jelly with Fruit, Jelly (four colors) in pyramids

DESSERT—Charlotte Russe, Neapolitan Blanc Mange, Brandy Custard, Italian Cream, Jelly Cream, Apples, Pears, Grapes, English Walnuts, Layer Rasins, Almonds, Castana Nuts, Filberts, Pecan Nuts, Chocolate Cream, Velvet Cream, Ice Cream.

Tea, Coffee and Chocolate.

The supper was admirably cooked and handsomely served, and with all the arrangements, did the utmost credit to Mr. Lawrence, host of the Brooks House.

At the close of the feast, Lieutenant-Colonel Benton introduced Toast-master Haskins, who read the sentiments of the evening.

I. *Our Tenth Annual Reunion.*

The decade has not decreased our fealty to the organization, or lessened our enjoyment of its recurring anniversary.

Calls for Colonel Proctor, the father of the Society,

brought him to his feet. He said the sentiment was full of meaning to him. It was a matter of pride and great gratification that an organization like this, the sole purpose of which was to keep alive the memories and ties of the war, should be sustained for ten years with no diminution of interest. He thought it would be kept up till at last but a few grey-haired men shall meet around its table—nay, he trusted that when but a single survivor of our number is left, he will still observe the anniversary of our Society, and raise his glass in silence to the memory of his departed comrades.

II. *Our Country and its Flag.*

Hon. C. W. Willard was called on as one of the staunchest defenders of the good name of our country, in the halls of Congress. Mr. Willard returned thanks gracefully for the honor of an invitation to this reunion. Not a soldier himself, he was still proud to be their guest. Our country now needs no apologists. If there was ever a grain of truth in the motto which called the constitution "a covenant with Death and agreement with Hell," that covenant and agreement have now gone. The constitution is now written all over with liberty. This the work of our soldiers made possible and necessary. The speaker was not quite ready to say "our country, right or wrong." The integrity of our country must be preserved; but the patriot will also give his devotion to that which makes it worth preserving. The possibilities of the future, in the growth and development of our country are amazing. We are to-day, one people from the Lakes to the Gulf, with one flag and one destiny, and we should stand together in defence of the flag, with full remembrance of what the new United States is, and with no desire to return to the old.

III. *The President and Congress of the United States.*

Hon. Luke P. Poland said that he came expecting, if he said anything, to recount his own services in the war, and

fully prepared to tell all he did, and perhaps what he did not do. But another subject had been assigned to him. But for the soldiers, we should have had no country, and, of course, no President or Congress. This sentiment to the President includes, doubtless, both the office and man. Do we realize that it is the highest office in the world? Emperors and kings hold their places, not by reason of personal fitness, but by right of birth. Our chief magistrate is made such by the choice of the people, and no throne compares in dignity and importance with his office. As to the *man*, we elected General Grant to carry out the laws. He was chosen, without experience in civil office, for his eminent services. It would seem to have been a rash experiment; but I said at the time, and have had no reason to change my opinion, that a man with judgment and ability enough to command great armies, will be found to have the ability for a civil ruler. This history has shown, and I think General Grant has fully verified it. That he has faithfully and conscientiously administered the laws; I verily believe. As to Congress, I may be excused for feeling it to be a delicate subject for me to discuss. Yet I will say that the two houses of Congress are but the mouth-pieces and representatives of the people. A great responsibility rests on them and it has been on the whole, faithfully sustained. But all our representatives have to be selected from poor humanity, and, so far as my observation goes, very few are absolutely perfect. When, at the close of the war, we found ourselves with a President who would have reconstructed the South on the very theory which caused the rebellion, viz: that we are a mere confederation of independent State sovereignties, Congress stood in the gap, and insisted on guarantees for loyalty. The last was an exceedingly well abused Congress. Yet so far as general legislation was concerned, there has never been a Congress that performed its work more faithfully than the

Forty-second. They wound up, it is true, by doing a very foolish thing, which I trust they will take the first opportunity to undo. The great mass of our representatives are upright and faithful men—not all, but most of them.

IV. *The Grand Army of the Republic.*—It perpetuates the memories of the camp and the battle-field, and inculcates the soldierly virtues of charity, fraternity and loyalty.

Colonel W. G. Veazey said there was no organization, save the church, which possesses greater virtues and less faults than the Grand Army of the Republic. The only secrets of the order were the countersign and the muster in service; all else was published to the world, and he hoped the day was not far distant when even the countersign should be abolished. It was not a political and partizan organization, for the severest penalties were imposed on members using it for political purposes. The single condition of admission to membership, was that the applicant should have an honorable discharge and be an honorable man. The Grand Army did not ask concerning a soldier's color or nationality, but simply did he possess a loyal heart? The only religion they knew was that of patriotism. They knew no rank, the drummer boy and he who wore the double stars were equally welcome. The very foundation upon which the order stands prevents it having any political or caste tendency. If there was any object in preserving the stories of the camp fire, in keeping up soldierly fraternity, in bestowing charity in such practical form, in protecting from the blasts of a cold and neglectful world the widows and orphans of those who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of their country, then this organization was a proper and noble one, and for these reasons it appeals to the soldiers of Vermont for sustenance and support. It can do more than any other body of soldiers can in the way of charity. He begged the officers to better acquaint themselves with the Grand Army and assist in ex-

tending it. The remarks of the gallant Colonel excited much enthusiasm and were received with applause.

General Wm. W. Henry, the President elect of the Society, and a past department commander of the Grand Army, also briefly responded and dwelt upon the great regard of the organization for the old flag. They had sworn to defend it to the last, and he urged all who had seen brave men go down defending it, to remember what it costs and what it is worth.

V. *The State of Vermont.*—True as the needle to the pole, she holds her course in the path of freedom, stained as it is with the blood of her noblest sons.

General Stephen Thomas responded. After some facetious remarks and words of compliment to the growth and prosperity of Brattleboro, saying: "Would there were an Estey and a Brooks in every county in Vermont," he went on to speak with his usual earnestness of the State, her proud history, and the noble part she bore in the War for the Union, and closed by saying that he would always be ready to defend the honor, flag and fame of Vermont.

VI. *The Rank and File.*—A common sympathy and interest binds us. Their chivalric deeds are honored by none more than ourselves.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roswell Farnham, of the Twelfth Regiment, bore testimony to the good character of the rank and file. History tells us of the deeds of leaders, of Hector and Achilles, but little of their people; it tells us of great generals, but little of their soldiers who did the work, the hard fighting. Previous to 1861, Vermont was an ideal republic, enough to satisfy the wish of any philosopher. Her hill-sides were covered with independent men, for her history was such as to make her sons act and think for themselves. But when Sumter fell, there went through the State such a feeling of patriotism as her people had never felt before. Officers remember that when they recruited men in the earlier days of

the war, they enlisted through a sense of duty to the nation and the State. They were not driven into the ranks, they had no hope of bounty or even pay, but took their lives in their hands and went forth to do or die. For these men he asked a moment of consideration. Our Vermont soldiers at first held town meetings over the orders of their superior officers, but as fast as they learned their duties they understood how to obey. He quoted from General McMahon's famous letter concerning the first Vermont Brigade, in which he said "there were two things they could do: out-march and out-fight any brigade in the army." Without these men our freedom would not exist to-day.

VII. *Our Dead Comrades.*

Chaplain D. A. Mack said, in the army, he belonged to the rear guard whose duty was to prevent a sudden attack, and to pick up stragglers. Now his duty was in the rear guard of civilization, to protect society in its most vulnerable point, by looking after the little ones, in whom was wrapped up the destinies of the State. He liked to come among the old boys again. He touchingly alluded to the soldier dead and paid a tribute to their virtues, and to the services which they rendered their State and Country. The Chaplain's speech was full of incident and was listened to with most respectful attention.

"Pleyel's Hymn" followed, played by the Brattleboro Band, which gave appropriate army and other airs after each sentiment of the evening.

IX. *The Army of the Potomac*—Faithful in defeat as in victory,—its achievements will never be effaced.

Lieut-Col. R. C. Benton, of the Eleventh Regiment, spoke of the fidelity of the Army of the Potomac in the hour of disaster. In the first part of the war that army was doomed to disappointment. It had severe labor, it attacked fortifications, it did not work around the outside as did our sol-

diers in the far South, and often did they more than realize the ancient fable of Sisyphus. They showed the rare quality of fortitude in adversity, for anybody can be brave in success. Such was the fortune of the Old Army of the Potomac, and whatever may be the fate of this government, the great culminating victory of this army showed that it never could be overthrown by force. In concluding, Colonel Benton paid a high compliment to ex-Governor Holbrook, who conducted the affairs of the State during the two most discouraging years of the war. He knew that in one of the darkest hours of the struggle, when the great heart of President Lincoln was faint, no voice encouraged him so much to make the calls for the men who closed out the war, as that of Frederick Holbrook. He therefore proposed his health.

Enthusiastic and prolonged applause greeted this sentiment, and the honored ex-Governor arose and said, evidently with much feeling, that he wished he had the gift of speech with which to acknowledge the eloquent compliment just paid him. Since the war whenever a good soldier had come to him in trouble he had always taken pleasure in assisting him, no matter what the cause might be [great applause.] He remembered with what mingled emotions of admiration and sadness he had seen the departure of regiments from the State—admiration at the patriotism of the men, sadness at the thought of the hardship and toils they must endure, and of how many of them might sacrifice their lives. The ex-Governor closed by saying in a fatherly way that it gave him great pleasure to see so many of “the boys” back at Brattleboro again. The speech was a gem in its way.

X. *The Ladies.*—First to alleviate the horrors of war: first to embellish peace, and always *first* in the hearts of their countrymen.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. W. Grout felicitously responded. He said this was a great joke and the joke consisted in calling upon one who had so little knowledge of the subject. It

could appropriately be discussed only by one of delicate taste and gentle instincts. To do justice to the subject, one's grandfather should have been a woman. He knew the ladies were always willing to hear poetry about themselves and he would give the following :

" Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

It is known that I am a single man, and if not trifling with the delicate sentiment of the poet, nor with the feelings of the fair, I will confess that while sitting here this evening, in presence of the ladies who grace this occasion, I have felt my brow very sensibly wrung; but I have resolutely endured it thus far, not doubting that patient waiting will bring a glimpse of the "ministering angel."

The strains of "The girl I left behind me" followed, by the band.

XI. *The Press*.—More potent for good or evil than the mightiest armies.

Captain Joel C. Baker, of the Ninth Regiment, one of the editors of the *Rutland Herald*, pleasantly responded.

Lieutenant George H. Bigelow was also called out and spoke briefly. This closed the speaking of the evening.

The following letter was read :

FROM SENATOR EDMUNDS.

BURLINGTON, Oct. 25, 1873.

DEAR SIR:—I have your kind note of the 20th, inviting me to be present at the tenth annual meeting of the Vermont Officers Reunion Society, to be held in your beautiful town on the 29th inst.

I regret that I am unable to avail myself of the pleasant privilege which the courtesy of your executive committee has offered me. The sadness of a recent bereavement would make me but a gloomy guest at a celebration, the chief sentiment of which is properly that of joy and glory. And what a noble joy, and just glory! Although with reverent tenderness you drink in silence to the memories of your departed comrades in

arms, and although the eyes fill and the voice falters as you speak of them, yet when, as the years increase, you behold in a clearer radiance that more and more illuminates your and their achievements, the patient toil, the calm endurance of hardship; worse than danger; the self-denying obedience to discipline; the wild uproar of the heat of conflict of that time of warfare; and more than all these even, the thrice glorious fruits of your victories, daily becoming more firmly fixed in the liberty and improvement of your fellow-citizens, and evermore to broaden and deepen into the universality of equal rights and true progress among men,—you may right well celebrate your anniversary as a high festival of great joy.

In this reunion, dedicated to such memories, I wish the members of your Society every pleasure; and I hope that in this and every other State, notwithstanding the mawkish false sentiment of persons who talk of blotting the names of your battles from the flags of our country, the memory of the great struggle for the preservation of the republic, and of the principles involved in the contest, may be kept fresh to the latest generations.

With sincere thanks and good wishes to you all, I remain,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

Col. Kittredge Haskins, Chairman Executive Committee, Brattleboro, Vt.

Brief letters of regret were also received from President Grant, General Sherman, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, Senator Morrill, Governor Converse, Lieutenant-Governor Taft and Speaker Fairbanks.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, after "America" by the band, this very enjoyable reunion dissolved, though most of the officers gave themselves up until far into the night, to general hilarity and stories of the camp-fire.

For an hour or so after the festivities, Governor Holbrook remained in the spacious office of the Brooks House, conversing with the officers and entertaining them with many incidents bearing upon the inside view of the military history of the State while he was Governor.

No less glad than Governor Holbrook to see the old soldiers, was that courteous and patriotic veteran, Major William Austine, who received the greetings of many field and line officers he had mustered in and out of service.

ELEVENTH REUNION.

NOVEMBER 5, 1874.

The Eleventh Reunion of Vermont Officers was held at Montpelier, Thursday, Nov. 5th, 1874. The business meeting was held at the State House, at 3 p. m. About seventy-five officers were present.

BUSINESS MEETING.

General W. W. Henry, President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and the record of the last meeting was read by Secretary J. S. Peck.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Adj. John C. Stearns.	12th Regt., Lt. Col. R. Farnham.
2d Regt., Gen. Geo. J. Stannard.	13th Regt., Adj. J. S. Peck.
3d Regt., Col. T. O. Seaver.	14th Regt., Capt. W. C. Dunton.
4th Regt., Gen. Geo. P. Foster.	15th Regt., Maj. C. F. Spaulding.
5th Regt., Capt. B. R. Jenne.	16th Regt., Lieut. K. Haskins.
6th Regt., Capt. F. G. Butterfield.	17th Regt., Lieut. W. F. Henry.
7th Regt., Capt. E. A. Morse.	1st Cav., Lieut. W. L. Greenleaf.
8th Regt., Gen. Stephen Thomas.	Batteries, Capt. S. B. Hebard.
9th Regt., Lt. Col. E. S. Stowell.	Sharp Shooters, Lt. Col. W. Y. W.
10th Regt., Capt. J. A. Sheldon.	Ripley.
11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury.	

Major N. P. Bowman invited the Society to hold its next reunion at Newport, and Colonel R. C. Benton suggested St. Albans. A ballot was had, which resulted, for St. Albans, 35; for Newport, 23. So it was decided to hold the next reunion at St. Albans.

The nominating committee reported the following list of officers :

OFFICERS FOR 1874-5.

President—Col. W. G. Veazey, Rutland.

Vice-Presidents—Maj. A. B. Valentine, Bennington ; Lieut. K. Haskins, Brattleboro.

Secretary—Major J. S. Peck, Montpelier.

Treasurer—Col. P. P. Pitkin, Montpelier.

Executive Committee—Lieut. Col. R. C. Benton, St. Albans ; Capt. John W. Newton, St. Albans ; Lieut. F. S. Stranahan, St. Albans.

The report was accepted, and the officers named duly elected for the year ensuing.

The Treasurer of the Society, Colonel P. P. Pitkin, made his report, from which it appeared that there was a deficiency in the treasury of \$38.65.

The President appointed as marshal for the evening, Captain T. S. Peck, and as committee on toasts, Colonel W. G. Veazey, Colonel R. Proctor, Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout, and Lieutenant K. Haskins.

The Society then adjourned till evening.

EVENING.

At 7 o'clock P. M., the procession was formed in front of Bishop's Hotel, and preceded by the Montpelier Cornet Band, marched to the hall of the House of Representatives, which was crowded with the officers, members of the Legislature and citizens of Montpelier. After music from the band, an appropriate prayer was offered by Chaplain Edward P. Stone, of the Sixth regiment. General Henry then introduced the orator of the evening, Major Geo. T. Childs of St. Albans.

ADDRESS BY MAJOR GEO. T. CHILDS.

Mr. President, Comrades and Ladies and Gentlemen:

In accepting the invitation of the Executive Committee, to deliver the address at the Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Vermont Officers Reunion Society, I am not unmindful of the fact that gentlemen who have won deserved distinction in both civil and military life, have preceded me in the performance of this duty; nor do I forget that in the peculiar associations which have formed so strong a bond of union between you who belonged to the same companies or regiments or brigades, I have no part, as during my term of service I was not identified with the records of the Vermont soldiery. Yet as the victories of the war were the reward of the fidelity of the soldiers, not of any single regiment or brigade, nor from any particular town or city or even State, but of the entire army; as the blessings resulting from the war are the heritage of no locality; as the griefs and sorrows of the war are felt to-day in every community and at almost every fire-side throughout the land, so it cannot be out of place for any one who has worn the army blue to claim participation in the thousand memories of trial and danger, of victory and defeat, of heroism and devotion, which crowd upon the heart at a soldiers' reunion.

The signs and grips of free-masonry and kindred organizations are assurances of welcome and hospitality, though the language be strange; and surely among those who counted no sacrifice too great when the welfare of a people demanded it; who held their Country's honor above personal consideration, all who shared in the duties of a soldier's life may be assured of a soldier's hospitality. The fatigues of the march, the strife of battle, the trials of hospital, the horrors of prison, the midnight watch, the summer's heat and winter's blast, the scorching sun and drenching rain, the thunder of artillery and roll of musketry, the battle cry and bayonet charge, the memory of brave men who at our sides have fallen in the conflict, of the hours when shoulder to shoulder we carried the old flag to victory, or when, overcome in defeat, we bore it sadly back, still loving it, still ready to die for it,—have bound together the soldiers of the army in a common brotherhood.

And since I may not recall the achievements which are so justly the pride of your Society, and though I may not recount the deeds in which you bore so faithfully your part,

let me speak to you of duties yet to be performed, of services to those who stood faithfully with us in war, who need to-day a comrade's love and a soldier's encouragement.

Some years ago, when, before a legislative committee in a sister State, the soldiers were appealing for the recognition of the claims of those who had been made destitute by the war, a prominent writer to a prominent newspaper insisted that they had no right to impose these burdens upon the people.

With the memories of the tens of thousands of brave men who sealed their patriotism with their lives and who died strong in their faith in the honor of those for whose sake they gave them up; of the thousands of sorrowing hearts and desolate homes all through our land, we cannot if we would forget the duty we owe to those still left to our care and protection.

When in 1861 the first blow was dealt at the life of the Nation; when the voice of our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln—blessed be his memory among men forever—summoned the loyal people to the rescue; when, from homes on whose walls for years had hung the old flint lock musket, whose children had early listened to the recital of the deeds of their sires at Bunker Hill and Lexington, at Ticonderoga and Valley Forge, at Bennington and Yorktown, from counting house and workshops, from college and farm, came forth the men who united to preserve the heritage bequeathed them by their fathers, to defend the flag around which clustered so many hallowed associations, none of us can forget the earnest desire that animated every heart to do something to nerve the arms of the soldiers and to aid in preventing the threatened destruction of the Republic. Hardly a city, town or village in New England but had its war meetings. Farmer and artisan, orator and poet, statesman and writer, press and pulpit, united in one purpose, the preservation of the integrity of the government. To those who had enrolled themselves in the service it was solemnly promised that living they should be cared for and sustained; dying their memories should be tenderly cherished and those they were leaving behind should not be left to want. By private munificence, by legislative enactment, the fulfilment of those promises was guaranteed, and through all the years of the war the people of New England were true to themselves and their historic fame.

Out of those earnest desires and faithful efforts there

gradually came into existence those twin virtues of the war, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. I need enter upon no eulogy of them; their history is a part of the history of the nation; their deeds find no counterpart in the history of the world. No soldier but bears in grateful remembrance their tender care, and none but soldiers can tell of the comfort they carried to many a weary heart, the blessing they were to many a wounded, the consolation to many a dying hero.

In 1865, when the rebel flag was furled at Appomattox, these organizations, created by the war and continued because of the war, were dissolved. The strong will of our people, that had carried them triumphant through so many hours of defeat and disaster, was relaxed. The heavy burdens which the war necessarily imposed began to be felt, and there was danger that the promises made to the soldiers in '61 to '65, promises which can find their fulfilment only when the last veteran shall have answered the summons of the Divine Commander, were being forgotten. The war was over, the Union preserved, the nation redeemed; but tens of thousands of brave men were maimed and helpless, and the cry of the widow and the orphan resounded from an hundred thousand desolate hearth-stones.

Not all at once did the obligations imposed by the sacrifice of so many lives appear to be less binding. Aid societies continued for a time their charitable labors; municipalities and State Legislatures responded to the appeals for assistance; but gradually, as the hero of yesterday became the citizen of to-day, and the men on whose fidelity had rested the preservation of republican government, re-occupied their stations in the ordinary walks of life, the necessities, though none the less real, became less apparent.

Out of these necessities came the formation of the soldier and charitable organizations which in 1866 and 67 became so numerous throughout the Northern States. The men who had stood together through so much of trial, who had shared the last drop of water, the last morsel of food, who had staunched the blood of comrades dying, and closed the eyes of comrades dead, could not stand idly by while they were suffering, or while the widows and orphans of the heroic dead were calling for assistance.

Nearly all of these organizations, from lack of fixed principles or from entanglement in matters of a political nature, were deservedly abandoned. But one—the Grand Army of the Republic—has continued in the exercise of those

duties which during the war were the peculiar province of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Its permanence is largely due to the careful exclusion of all matters of a political and sectarian nature, and the faithful exercise of its principles comprises the obligations we owe to each other as soldiers and to those whom our dead comrades have left to our care and protection. The importance of the duties incumbent upon all to the State and Nation must not be undervalued, but the men who through four years of war, upheld the fair fame and honor of the Republic may safely be trusted to maintain its interests and guard its integrity.

It is incumbent upon us as soldiers to evince a feeling of fraternal love towards all those who defended the nation in her hour of need, and to keep ever fresh in remembrance the glorious record of those who "sleep for the flag" on a hundred battle fields. They know not the tie that binds us together, who know not the meaning of that simple word, *Comrade*.

It reminds of the brave boys whose life blood made forever sacred the plains of Shiloh, who thundered with Grant at the gates of Vicksburg or carried the Stars and Stripes above the clouds on Lookout Mountain with Hooker; of the veterans who wrested victory from defeat at Antietam and Cedar Creek; who swept down the valley with gallant Phil Sheridan, like an avalanche, or followed Sherman in his resistless march from Atlanta to the Sea; of the brave sailors with "hearts of iron in hulls of oak" who breasted the storm at New Orleans and Mobile, with grand old Farragut in the main top of the Hartford; carried dismay to the hearts of traitors when Winslow sank the Alabama in the harbor of Cherbourg, or fought the Cumberland to the water's edge when she went down in Hampton Roads with the old flags still flying from her mast-head; of the heroes who braved starvation with Burnside at Knoxville, drove back the famished legions of Lee at Gettysburg, or toiled with McClellan up the Peninsula; who, strong in defeat and magnanimous in victory, gave faithful answer to the bugle-calls of Thomas and Reynolds, of Sedgwick and Franklin, of Reno and Lyon and Hancock; who at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorville, on the mountains of Tennessee or in the lowlands of Louisiana, gave sturdy blows for freedom. It has a meaning, dear to the heart of every soldier, and it grows nearer and dearer as the years roll by.

It is sometimes urged that these reunions, the existence

of soldier organizations, the erection of soldier monuments, and the recital of the achievements of our comrades, have a tendency to encourage a feeling of hostility towards those who wore the "Gray" and to prevent that perfect reconciliation between the two sections of our country, so essential to its progress and security. While the soldiers of our army yield to none in their desire for a union of all the interests of our land, and none can more fully appreciate the need of harmony between those who were victors and those who were defeated; though to no class of the community can the blessings of peace seem half so precious as to those who have passed through the terrible realities of war, yet we cannot believe it to be our duty to the present, nor to those who are to come after us, that we should forget the heroic deeds, the priceless sacrifices of our comrades. We can abate nothing from the record of their devotion; but we realize that true charity not only guards the memory of those who defended the right but is forgiving and tender towards the erring. We may not, we cannot forget, but we can and do forgive, and we look hopefully forward to the day when they who wore the Blue and they who wore the Gray shall realize that the results of the war, in their just interpretation, mean not advancement of the interests of class or section, but of all; the guaranty of good government and equal rights as well in South Carolina as in Vermont, in Kentucky and Louisiana as in Massachusetts. The preservation of harmony does not necessitate the sacrifice of a just pride in the achievements of our comrades, nor of a steadfast, unwavering conviction that the cause for which they died was wholly and completely *right*, and that those who opposed them were as wholly and entirely wrong. The standards of rebellion, though battle-stained and torn, though borne by brave and earnest men, though carried with fidelity and upheld with devotion, have no place by the side of the flag our brothers bore in defence of country, for the cause of freedom and humanity.

It has been claimed that as a nation we had been taught to revere the patriot rather as a traditional sentiment than as a living reality to be tested in the crucible of war. Yet it was found that the sentiment of loyalty was deep-rooted in the hearts of the people, a principle that trials and disasters could not subdue. To foster and to encourage this spirit of loyalty, to inculcate a proper appreciation of the value of our republic, and the cost at which it has been preserved, is a sacred duty devolving upon all who love the country truly

and desire to see its future prosperous and its institutions perpetuated. This principle of loyalty is wholly distinct from *partisanship* and is akin to the impulse that carried us victorious through the war. The grand and glorious objects for which our comrades poured out their blood and sacrificed their lives on so many battlefields, deserve to be kept alive in every heart. Our land has been preserved at the cost of too many precious lives, of too much sorrow and suffering, for us to bequeath to our children any question of its value. Rather let us teach them a just appreciation of the blessings secured to them, that should danger ever again threaten this fair land of ours they may be inspired to emulate the patriotism of their fathers, even as the achievements of our fathers in '76 were our inspiration in '61.

In this connection I cannot forbear to urge the necessity for a generous encouragement of those organizations upon whom in times of public excitement and danger we must depend for the safety of our institutions. *The strength of the Republic is its citizen soldiery.* None of us can forget that from the ranks of the volunteer militia came the first sacrifices upon the altar of the country in the streets of Baltimore. The doubts and fears of the Nation were only allayed when across the wires came flashing the intelligence that its Capital was environed by the glistening bayonets of the volunteer militia of New England and New York. Much of prejudice existed and to some extent still exists in the minds of many against "holiday soldiery." Said a good old deacon to me years ago, when the militia organizations of my native city were parading: "My boy, I hope I shall never see you playing soldier." Yet when the flag went down at Sumter, this same man was among the first to bid God speed to those who had learned the rudiments of war in the ranks of that same company; and his only son, taught in his boyhood to despise the holiday soldiery, donned its uniform and is sleeping his last sleep to-night in the trenches at Andersonville. And since to the volunteer militia we are indebted for so much that contributed to the success of our arms, we may justly claim for it the fostering care and protection of the State.

But beyond the renewal of the friendships of the war, and above even the preservation of the results of the war, there are higher and grander duties devolving upon us. Day by day the calls are coming up from those who but for the war would still be protected by the strong arms, still sustained by

the brave hearts of husband and father. The oath we took on entering the service implied fidelity not alone until the contest was over, but fidelity while life shall last. The promises with which you sent us forth, were not alone that we should be sustained in camp and field, but that you would care for and assist those whose protectors should give their lives for you. If it was a duty to uphold the arms of those who were battling for the perpetuity of a republican government, none the less is it a duty to lighten the suffering, to soften the grief and minister to the wants of those who have no earthly helper. The obligations assumed by soldier and citizen in 1861, are as binding to-day as on that Sabbath morning in December, when the people of all the loyal States vied with each other in sending comfort and encouragement to the wounded and the dying at Fredericksburg. Monuments and memorial halls may evince appreciation of the valor of our braves; tongue of orator and pen of poet may recount their constancy and devotion; the flowers we strew upon the graves of our fallen may tell of our unchanging love; but so long as there shall live one who by reason of service of father or son, of husband or brother, is needy and in suffering, so long are our promises unredeemed, our duties unfulfilled.

Some years ago the people of New England gathered by thousands to pay the tribute of their respect to one who in his day and generation had done his duty manfully and well. Old age had impaired his memory and dimmed his intellect and he little heeded the homage he received. In him the people revered not the veteran bowed with the weight of years, looking only to the end, but the young man who at the first great battle of our elder revolution struggled faithfully for the establishment of the government. Are they who battled no less faithfully to preserve that government less worthy of our gratitude?

We would not be unmindful to-night of those who, though not enrolled in the ranks of the army or navy, were still enlisted in the same great cause and are entitled to the same meed of gratitude—the brave, true hearted women of our land, whose busy fingers worked faithfully to sustain the soldiers, and whose unwavering faith in the justice of our cause did so much to secure its triumph. The sufferings and privations of camp found their counterpart in the anxieties of the brave at home, and the bullet that crushed out the life of one of our gallant defenders sent a thrill of anguish to

the hearts of those who were waiting and watching for the light to come.

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her heart her boy she presses
And speaks a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds precious blood as e'er the sod
Received on freed man's field of honor."

Neither would we forget those who in the vanguard of the conflict fell where none may mark their resting places. Veterans who fell along the shores of the Potomac, by the banks of the Mississippi, who were rocked to sleep beneath the wave in the "iron cradle of the Monitor," whose ashes lie scattered all through our Southland, no tomb or lettered monument may mark your resting places, but the record of your valor is enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people, and our children and our children's children shall rise up to call you blessed. Martyrs who sleep at Andersonville and Belle Isle, at Libby Prison and at Salisbury, in the years that are to come, men shall bend above the trenches where you are lying in reverent admiration for that patriotism that even starvation could not subdue.

One of the keenest sorrows of our soldiers, and one of the hardest trials of the brave at home, was the fear that they or their loved ones might sleep in unknown graves, where no loving mother's tears might water them; no children come to bend above a father's grave; and I think there are thousands of homes that would be less desolate, tens of thousands of hearts whose anguish would be less bitter, if only they might know where their heroes were lying. It fills no aching void in the heart that,

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung."

Fathers, mothers, wives and loved ones yearn for some one spot in all the world, sacred to the memory of their lost. The desire to rest amid the associations of home, for some recognition beyond the confines of the grave, is common to all humanity. "Bury me not in Egypt, but carry my bones to our family home, that is the cave at Machpelah," was the dying prayer of the Jewish patriarch. "Lay me to rest amid a people I have loved so fondly," said Napoleon in the last hours of his lonely exile at St. Helena. "Scatter

her ashes in the waters of the Seine," cried the enemies of Jeanne d'Arc; yet France to-day holds no memory more lovingly than hers. The chosen resting place of our martyr President is not in the capital city of the nation he did so much to save; but afar off near his prairie home in Illinois, and a loving people follow him with tearful eyes and anguished hearts across a continent.

Against the names of how many of our boys in blue is written that terrible record, *missing*. Missing around the family circle and at the family altar; missing when each returning anniversary brings new promise of the day when His blessed promise of "peace on earth, good will to men," shall bless all nations of the world; missing in the busy marts of trade; missing in the councils of the State and Nation; missing wherever true manhood is needed, true patriotism required. But in earnest faith that from the battle-field of right it is but one step to immortality, we thank God that at the roll-call of the redeemed on high they are answering to their names forever.

"Beyond the mystic portal
Where faith is lost in sight,
Where this frail mortal has become immortal,
And God has given light.
Where there shall be no sorrow and no fighting,
Where pain and tears shall cease,
Where never more shall any wrong need righting,
But God has given peace."

Are there gathered here to-night any who are mourning the loss of loved ones,—mothers who turn with tender love to the hour when their first born in the full pride of his young manhood, filled with the patriotic ardor instilled into him at his mother's knee and animated by the story of our early fathers, shouldered his musket and went forth to die,—fathers who in their declining years yearn for the strong arms of their noble sons,—wives whose lonely hours are filled with the memory of him who loved and cherished her, but who answered the summons to a grander duty,—sisters and brothers who look back with tearful eyes to the companionships of their childhood—little ones who miss the coming step of father? Alas that to you we have so little consolation to offer. We can only tell you how true were the lives of your dear ones, how glorious the cause for which they laid them down, and point you to Him who has promised to be the "widow's God and the Father of the fatherless." But so long as there shall live one of the race who by their efforts

was lifted from bondage to freedom; so long as the down-trodden and oppressed of any clime shall turn to this republic for the realization of the fullest measure of their manhood; so long as the government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall exist on earth, so long shall their deeds be recorded and their names be blessed. Generations yet unborn shall recount the story of their fidelity, and lift their hearts in reverent thanksgiving that the flag they died to defend waves triumphant over every grave where sleeps a faithful soldier of the Republic. Brighter its red by the blood of the thousands who have fallen to defend it; clearer its blue that wherever it floats, on land or sea, it symbolizes a race redeemed, a nation re-united; purer its white that the angel of peace has descended upon it; brighter its stars that not one is fallen or obscured; prouder with each advancing day, that it is indeed the emblem of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

COMRADES! Our army is marching on. Shot nor shell no more may decimate our ranks, but none the less surely are they diminishing. One by one the men who have stood together in the smoke and din of the conflict must re-unite in that eternal army, whose Commander was the first great sacrifice to humanity. On each succeeding anniversary of our Memorial Day new graves will be planted on our hill-sides and in our valleys for affectionate remembrance, until in the bye and bye a few feeble, tottering steps shall gather in our churchyards and lay with trembling hands upon some comrades' graves the tribute of their faithful love. And if in the Providence of Almighty God there is gathered here to-night the one who is to be the survivor of the war, may he remember to tell his children and his children's children how our brave boys died, and teach them the value of the Republic they redeemed.

The duties of our soldier life are over. God grant the bugle call or rolling drum may summon us no more to conflict; but to the duties of to-day we must not prove recreant. He only has filled the obligations of his service who holds steadfast to his duty to the comrade who stood faithfully with him, to the lonely and the desolate whose dear ones died that the Nation might live, to the country redeemed by their blood and ennobled by their heroism.

"New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth—
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

Major Childs was frequently and warmly applauded. At the close, on motion of Colonel Veazey, it was voted that the thanks of the Society be tendered to Major Childs for his able and eloquent discourse, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of it for publication.

The assemblage then filed out from the hall, the officers forming in procession again, in order by regiments, and marched (to the familiar tune of "Dixie") to Bishop's Hotel. The citizens of Montpelier, who appeared to take unusual interest in the occasion, enlivened the march by a national salute of cannon, and the boys lit the way with a bonfire, at the junction of State and Main streets.

THE SUPPER.

At nine o'clock the dining hall of Bishop's Hotel was thrown open and was speedily filled. The hall was draped with the National Colors, and decorated with evergreens, hanging baskets of flowers, battle-flags and guidons.

A large number of the wives and sisters of the officers graced the tables by their presence. About a hundred and fifty persons sat down to the supper. The only drawback was the insufficient size and height of the hall. With all possible crowding, there were not seats enough for all; but all were in good humor, and all seemed to enjoy the festivities to the full. The supper was ample and elegant, the luxuries nicely cooked and served, and the arrangements did credit to Mr. Bishop.

After an hour spent in discussing the good things which formed the material feast, President Henry called the guests to order, and in response to his invitation, the fine tenor voice of Dr. Sherar, of St. Albans, rang out in "Marching through Georgia," all joining in the chorus.

The regular toasts followed, read by Toast-master Lieutenant Kittredge Haskins.

I. *Vermont*—Her staple in men and women.

General Henry said they had expected the Governor to respond to this sentiment. In his absence, and that of the Lieutenant-Governor, he called on the Secretary of State, Hon. George Nichols.

Dr. Nichols responded briefly, expressing the pride all Vermonters feel in the Green Mountain State and alluding to her staple productions.

Hon. W. C. Dunton, of Rutland, said that Daniel Webster's remark about New Hampshire, that she built school-houses and raised men, was also true of Vermont. She had shown that she raised men at Ticonderoga and Bennington and Hubbardton, and none the less at Fredericksburg, at the Wilderness and Cedar Creek and Gettysburg, where three untried regiments, thrown on the flank of Pickett's rebel division, turned the tide of the battle to victory. He paid a tribute to the women of Vermont, alluding to their sacrifices and spirit during the war, and saying that they contributed their full share to make the record of Vermont what it was—one second to that of no State in the Union.

Lieutenant George M. Clark, provost-marshal of the Second Vermont Brigade on the march to and at Gettysburg, and whose songs were a frequent source of enjoyment at the regimental and brigade headquarters, was present for the first time at one of these reunions, and was called on by General Henry to give the old Vermonters' rallying song of '76: "Ho, all to the borders, Vermonters come down,"—and did so with fine effect.

II. *The Assembled Wisdom and Virtue of Vermont*—The industry, prosperity, liberty and long-time honor of the State, look to you for protection, suggestion and counsel.

Colonel Redfield Proctor, *President pro tem.* of the Senate, had been expected to respond to this toast, but he had made his escape, and the duty fell to Major Josiah Grout, of

the lower House, who spoke pleasantly, saying among other things that the Legislature sent good men to the army, and the soldiers had since returned the favor by furnishing good members to the Legislature.

III. *The Congress of the United States*—When not in session “all is quiet on the Potomac.”

Responded to by Hon. C. W. Willard, who was greeted with prolonged and hearty applause. Mr. Willard said it was next to being a soldier to be privileged to meet with them and to join them in keeping green the work they did, not for to-day alone, but, let us hope, for all time. It was a glorious work, and it is a magnificent memory. Alluding to the toast, Mr. Willard said while it was true that it was quiet enough at Washington in the recess of Congress, it was not true that the members were always quiet—though a good many had lately succeeded in getting into a state of quiet that was likely to last them for a while. There is a higher value to these reunions than the more obvious one. They keep alive patriotism. That country is strong which has men willing to fight for its institutions. When wealth and ease have a higher value than liberty, there is danger of decay. The country lives through our temporary political contests, because there is a love of country, independent of parties, which brings all into one party when the flag is in danger.

Mr. Willard spoke heartily and was heartily applauded.

IV. *The Soldiers of Vermont*—Always true to duty.

Major William Rounds said he had been contented to let history speak for the soldiers of Vermont. It was better so than to be always talking about what brave things we did. In one respect, our soldiers always did their duty—they never let anything good to eat go to waste. During the third year of the war, he was a member of the Legislature, and he could say at that time the legislators stood bravely by the soldier boys of the army.

V. *Our Fallen Comrades*—They died for country, died for duty; their lives were truth, their deaths were beauty.

Responded to by Chaplain N. N. Glazier. We are still bound by chains of friendship to our dead comrades. Their fame is the world's heritage, and we will keep their memories, and crown their graves with flowers and thoughts of love.

George M. Clark sang the song: "Mother, kiss me good bye."

VI. *The Grand Army of the Republic*—Its principles, fraternity, charity and loyalty, are the sentiments of all true soldiers.

General Thomas said no man could say anything better for the Grand Army than the words spoken to-night by Major Childs. What he said illustrated the true principles of the order. I believe it is the duty of every honorably discharged soldier to become a member of the order, and to perpetuate the ties of the service. Who shall gather and write the histories of our regiments if not we? Each man should write out his army experience.

Captain J. C. Baker, of Rutland, was also called on to respond to this toast, and paid an effective tribute to the principles of fraternity, charity and loyalty, which underlie the order.

VII. *The Women of Vermont*—Our inspiration, pride and solace in camp, in battle, and in our homes.

Captain E. J. Ormsbee, of Brandon, responded, recalling the true-hearted mothers, wives and sisters, who often displayed greater courage in urging us to go to the defence of our country, than we did in going. Let us encourage the presence of our wives on these occasions; they are entitled to know what we do here, and he hoped they would always be present.

Lieutenant Farrington, of St. Albans, was also invited to give a bachelor's response to this sentiment, and did so

gallantly, saying that as long as the women of our State are pure and the objects of refined and exalting love, the men will be true to country and to duty.

Lieutenant Clark was here called on again and sang "Among the Clover."

VIII. *The Press*—Like women, "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

Responded to by Lucius Bigelow, Esq., of the *St. Albans Advertiser*, who alluding to the fact that he was one of the youngest members of the press, said he was thankful that he came to maturity in a grand time, and during the late war. We saw three things which will rarely be seen again—a great nation in its patriotic rage at the firing on Sumter; a great nation in its joy at the surrender of Lee; a great nation in its grief at the death of a murdered President. The war was not an unmixed evil, and when I think of the heroism and unselfishness of those dark days of war, I begin to believe that we have degenerated since those times. I have heard a man who ought to know better, say, "that this soldier talk has played out." That a man of intellect should make such a remark, is a dangerous sign. A decay of martial ardor is a sign that a nation is going down to damnation, and I am not sure but that is where we are going. I think the returned soldiers represent the humanity, courage and safety of the country, both in the North and South. If we have another war, let us return from it with a different peace than we have now; not with a hollow peace with anarchy sleeping at the bottom.

IX. *The Orator of the Evening*—His words of ringing eloquence and his patriotic counsels are worthy of one born in the shadow of Bunker Hill. We will remember them and him.

Major Childs returned thanks for the honor done him and for the implied compliment to his native State of Massachusetts.

X. *The incoming President of our Society*—One of the bravest and best of Vermont soldiers, whose picket service on the flank of Pickett's column at Gettysburg forms one of the brightest pages in the military history of our State, and who worthily fills every place in which he is put.

This, of course, brought up Colonel Veazey, who said when he read the election returns, it seemed a barren honor to be a President; but when he considered that he was a president elected by old comrades, he felt that it meant more than the honor of a political election. There is an *idea* connected with such organizations as these. They are the expression of the brotherhood and the loyalty begotten by our service. Vermont was the first State to form an officers' reunion society, and the first to institute a general reunion of all the soldiers of the State. We have held these meetings for eleven years, and I have never seen one in which a greater interest and enthusiasm has been displayed than at this one to-night. I ask you to preserve this Society as long as one gray-headed veteran shall remain.

All joined here in the stirring song and chorus: "Hurrah for Old New England."

Captain Baker proposed the following volunteer sentiment:

"Our retiring President—Ever gallant as a soldier, honest as a farmer, and the able representative of the strength and dignity of the Vermont Senate."

Responded to by General Henry, who in referring to the one-armed hero of Chapin's Farm, General Stannard, and to the fact that he was without a home he could call his own, broke down completely.

Captain Livingston called for General Stannard, who was received with long and hearty applause. He said he remembered the hearty reception, ten years before, given to him at the first reunion at the Pavilion. He was conscious that it was different with him now; but God knew he was not

to blame. These reunions were very pleasant to him; they were like the old camp-fires. He referred to an incident of the battle of Cold Harbor, where, with a brigade of Massachusetts troops, he held the lines with a loss of forty per cent of the rank and file, and seventy per cent of the officers, and with every officer of his staff killed or wounded, and himself wounded. He thanked them for the heartiness of their reception. At the conclusion of his remark, three hearty cheers and a tiger were given for the General.

Lieutenant Clark gave "The Old Elm Tree," and Mr. Sherar then sang the familiar song, "Tenting on the old camp ground," all joining in the chorus.

General Henry called for the drummer boy of Lee's Mill, Julian Scott, the artist of the painting of Cedar Creek in the State House, who responded briefly.

At the demands of the assembly, General Foster, Surgeons Woodward and Bullard, and Representative B. B. Smalley, of Burlington, and Hon. F. E. Woodbridge, spoke briefly.

The festivities closed about one o'clock with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the words sung by Major Childs, all joining in the chorus.

TWELFTH REUNION.

OCTOBER 19, 1875.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting was held at St. Albans, October 19th, 1875. The 19th of October is a somewhat memorable date, being the anniversary both of the battle of Cedar Creek and of the St. Albans Raid.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the parlors of the Welden House at 3 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, Colonel W. G. Veazey, President of the Society, in the chair.

The records of the last meeting were read by Secretary J. S. Peck.

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.

1st Regt., Col. A. B. Jewett.	10th Regt., Col. W. W. Henry.
2d Regt., Capt. P. P. Pitkin.	11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury.
3d Regt., Lieut.-Col. S. E. Pingree.	12th Regt., Lieut. G. G. Benedict.
4th Regt., Maj. J. Halsey Cushman.	13th Regt., Lieut. Albert Clarke.
6th Regt., Capt. T. B. Kennedy.	15th Regt., Lieut.-Col. W. W. Grout.
7th Regt., Lieut.-Col. E. N. Bullard.	16th Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey.
8th Regt., Maj. J. L. Barstow.	17th Regt., Lieut. A. C. Fay.
9th Regt., Lieut. E. W. Jewett.	Cavalry, Lieut. O. F. Cheney.

The following were appointed by the chair as a Committee on toasts: Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow, Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, Sergeant W. Gibbs, Lieutenant Albert Clarke, Major J. H. Cushman.

On motion of Lieutenant Bigelow, it was voted that the next annual meeting and reunion be held at Montpelier, at the call of the executive committee.

The Treasurer, Colonel Pitkin, presented his report, which was accepted.

The committee on nominations reported the following nominations of officers for the year ensuing, and the report was accepted and adopted :

OFFICERS FOR 1875-6.

President—Colonel Perley P. Pitkin, of Montpelier.

Vice-Presidents—Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow, of Burlington ; Sergeant H. E. Taylor, of Brattleboro.

Secretary—Major James S. Peck, of Montpelier.

Treasurer—Major L. G. Kingsley, of Rutland.

Executive Committee—Captain F. E. Smith, Captain John Clark, and Adjutant J. M. Poland, all of Montpelier.

The following preamble and resolutions were offered by Captain J. W. Newton :

WHEREAS, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Chandler, formerly of the Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteers, and an honored member of this Society, has, since the last reunion, died of disease contracted in the service of his country ;

Resolved, That in the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler Vermont has lost one of her brave soldiers.

Resolved, That we extend to his widow and family our sympathy with them in their affliction.

Resolved, That in view of his brave life and honorable death, we appeal to the Congress of the United States to remove from his name the record of disgrace which we believe to have been brought about by the too precipitate action of the Court Martial.

On motion the resolutions were referred to a special committee, to consider and report upon at the evening meeting..

The President appointed as marshal for the evening, Lieutenant Albert Clarke.

THE PUBLIC EXERCISES.

At half-past seven, the procession was formed at the Welden House. The fine military companies of St. Albans—the Ransom Guard and the Barlow Grays—had tendered the officers the compliment of an escort, and, headed

by the St. Albans Cornet Band, escorted them to Academy Hall. The hall was filled to overflowing with the officers, and citizens of St. Albans of both sexes, and many went away from the door unable to gain entrance. The exercises commenced with music by the band, followed by a fine glee: "Comrades in Arms," which was capitally sung by the Ransom Guard Glee Club, composed of fifteen members of the Ransom Guard, under the leadership of E. P. Phillips. Their presence and fine singing added immensely to the life and enjoyment of the reunion.

Prayer was next offered by the chaplain of the occasion, Rev. E. J. Ranslow, of Swanton.

The oration followed, by Colonel Charles H. Joyce, of Rutland, Congressman-elect from the First District.

ABSTRACT OF COL. JOYCE'S ADDRESS.

Colonel Joyce commenced by saying that when he received the invitation to address the society on this occasion, the time, the place, the audience and all the surrounding associations and memories seemed at once to select the subject of his discourse. Although philosophers and theorists tell us that history cannot be impartially written until long years after the events have transpired, and that the biographer should delay his work until death has soothed the feelings, calmed the passions and tempered the prejudices of mankind; and while the truth and wisdom of these aphorisms may be generally conceded, yet there are national epochs so complete and finished that the public sentiment and judgment of mankind become at once crystalized into settled convictions; there are individual lives so perfected and rounded that prejudice, passion and feeling are disarmed, and the sombre shades of the tomb would add no softening lustre to the sparkling brilliancy of their unfinished careers. Such a life he proposed to present to the audience.

From the earliest ages to the present time, men have honored and revered courage, bravery, loyalty to principle, and sacred, patriotic devotion to country. This is not man-worship, but is exact justice to noble men, who with sublime devotion have, in the hour of direct peril, thrown themselves into the deadly breach to save liberty and their country.

Among all the gallant sons which Vermont sent forth to stay the waves of a mad and causeless rebellion none has made a more brilliant record, won a richer or loftier fame, or added more to the glory of our commonwealth than General William F. Smith, the heroic leader, the most accomplished engineer and most skilful strategist of the United States Army, the representative soldier of Vermont.

The speaker proceeded to sketch the life of General Smith. He was born in St. Albans, the son of Ashbel Smith, (who was brother of the late Hon. John Smith) was a brother of Edward A. Smith, Esq., of St. Albans, and a cousin of Hon. John Gregory and Hon. Worthington C. Smith. He distinguished himself at West Point, graduating 4th in a class of 120. It was at West Point he gained his sobriquet of "Baldy." On graduating he was appointed Lieutenant of Engineers; did important service on the Texas boundary line, and was eventually made secretary of the Light House Board. At the outbreak of the war, his first service was the saving to the government of an important lighthouse on the Gulf.

His appointment to the colonelcy of the Third Vermont, his successive promotions to brigadier and major-general of volunteers, to the command of a brigade, a division, and the Eighteenth corps, his record in the Peninsula, during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, in Tennessee, and in the Wilderness campaign, were portrayed in glowing terms.

In the opinion of the speaker, had General Smith in opening the peninsula campaign under McClellan, not been restrained from crossing the Warwick and his orders countermanded by that general, Lee's army would have been defeated, Richmond taken, and the war probably ended. His behavior at Lee's Mills, and in the seven days' fight of the famous "change of base," in which Smith and his division repeatedly saved the army, was graphically described. Perhaps the most spirited and interesting passage in the address, however, was the narration of the relief of Chattanooga. Grant had been called to the command, had made General Smith chief engineer of the consolidated army, and with Thomas and Smith he planned and carried through the movements which resulted in the driving of Bragg from Tennessee and the saving of Chattanooga. The masterly capture of Brown's Ferry by Smith, and the storming of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge by Hooker, gave Colonel Joyce opportunity for his highest descriptive powers. As an engineer he pronounced General Smith the equal of Vauban, and as a general the peer of Wolfe, Nelson, Napoleon and Wellington.

As a soldier, General Smith was a worthy representative of the strength, the courage, the intelligence and patriotism of Vermont; his gallant services reflect honor upon our beloved commonwealth, and his record, at the head of her sons in the field, is a rich legacy to his native State.

Colonel Joyce closed as follows:

Comrades—Year after year your living ranks are growing thinner and feebler; the strong arms are becoming paralyzed with age, the brown locks are whitening, and ere long the last surviving associate, leaning upon his staff and tottering upon the brink of the grave, will come up to this festival and find none but vacant chairs, and echo alone will answer back the loved and venerated names of his departed comrades. And may God grant that when that day shall come, that sainted patriot may look abroad upon a country united and great, a people intelligent, virtuous and united, and that there may be then, as in time past, legions of Vermonters who like the hero we honor to-night, shall be ever ready to assault the strongholds of treason, corruption and wickedness, and demand and compel their surrender in the name of the powers Allen invoked, and that Roberts, and Stone, and Johnson, and Tyler, and Barney, and Dudley, and Dillingham, and Jarvis, and Ormsbee, and Davenport, and thousands of others no less brave and devoted, died to honor and preserve.

The address was frequently interrupted, and was followed, by long applause. The Glee Club sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Hurrah for Old New England" and the humorous glee, "The Three Chafers," which was received with much gratification and voted to be "some."

The procession then re-formed and marched to the hotel.

THE REUNION SUPPER.

The reunion supper was held in the spacious dining-room of the Welden House. This had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. The walls and ceiling were profusely draped with the national colors. The end of the hall bore a special decoration—the motto "Cedar Creek" in gold crossing a shield with the stars and stripes, while a scroll below bore Sheridan's famous words: "We'll occupy the old ground

to-night." Martial decorations, composed of crossed muskets and sabres adorned the windows and walls. The two long tables were filled with the officers and their guests and other citizens, forming a company of over one hundred and fifty at the tables. Colonel Veazey presided, flanked on either hand by Governor Smith, Congressman L. P. Poland, Hon. C. W. Willard, Hon. James H. Platt, of Virginia, Colonel Joyce, the orator of the evening, toast-master G. H. Bigelow and others. One or two ladies graced the tables with their presence. The supper was excellent and handsomely served. After the material feast, Colonel Veazey invited the company to the customary feast of reason, introducing the toasts and calling up the speakers with apt and graceful remarks. The regular toasts were interspersed with music by the band and songs by the Glee Club.

I. *The State of Vermont*—Faithful to the best interests of that great Republic of which she forms so honorable a part, rich in historical associations, with a people of most devoted loyalty to "Freedom and Unity" from Ticonderoga to Appomattox, she will celebrate her centennial free from debt. Prosperous in her industrial relations, possessing a high standard of morals in her laws, she stands forth among the model commonwealths of the Union.

Mr. Willard thought the toast a sufficient discourse in itself. It is no trifling credit to a man, to say that he is a citizen of Vermont. Our State is not large in size, but rich in its productions of men. Through the qualities indicated on its coat of arms—its freedom and unity—Vermont has become a stable State, known and honored especially because she pays her debts, and fulfils her obligations. Mr. Willard alluded to the manner in which the citizen soldiers of Vermont had maintained her fame, not by superior training, but by native qualities of fidelity, patriotism and courage. Vermont contributed to the war a heavy outlay of men and of means; but the centennial year will find her free from debt, peaceful, contented, proud of her history and hopeful of her

future. Mr. Willard's remarks were received with hearty applause.

The Glee Club here gave "Marching through Georgia."

II. *The Centennial Era*—The historic glory of the heroic achievement of our ancestors added the enthusiastic prestige of the days that tried men's souls in founding a home for the brave in the land of the free, to the gallant deeds of their sons, who have preserved us a Union that none can sever; and it is a cheerful encouragement to all soldiers to know that the citizens of our State highly appreciate the duty well done by the citizen soldiers of Vermont. The "Old Hundreth," begun at Fort Ticonderoga, continued at Bunker Hill, and to be repeated in Philadelphia in '76, should receive a full chorus anthem of Centennial jubilation at Bennington in 1877.

Major J. Halsey Cushman was called on to respond as a Bennington man, and sketched briefly the times of a hundred years ago, when the Galushas and Chittendens and other pioneers of the State, came up from Hardwich and Ipswich, and he did not know which, towns of Connecticut, to found a new commonwealth, and be its governors and magistrates. He recalled the services of the first John Brown, who helped to form the first constitution of the State; alluded to Matthew Lyon, and to Ira Allen and his regiment; to the importance of the battle of Bennington in its time; and bespoke a rousing celebration of the coming Bennington centennial.

Hon. J. H. Platt was next called up. He said that words failed him to express his feelings, as he enjoyed the rare pleasure of meeting his brother officers at one of their reunions. With their permission he would forget the text of the toast and speak of the times of ten and fifteen years ago. He recalled his first entrance into the service, when Colonel Pingree and himself raised a company in Windsor county. He told some stories of camp life, including Quartermaster "Ni" Austin's joke of the bad effects of the Vermonters' change of diet—from square hard-tack to round. He alluded to the Vermonters in Virginia. Times had changed there

since 1860, when the only occupations open to a New England man, were those of teacher and overseer of slaves. In one thing the South now sets a good example to the North—viz, in regard for her soldiers. This is shown in the fact that the thirteen Confederate States will be represented in the next Congress by no less than seventy-seven men who were in the rebel army, while the twenty-four Northern States will have but twenty-two soldiers in Congress. Mr. Platt expressed himself in hearty favor of reconciliation between North and South; but he thought the reciprocation on the Southerners' side might be a little more cordial. As illustrating the feeling in Norfolk, Va., he mentioned the fact that a paper of that city, in the very number which contained the account of the hearty reception of the Norfolk Blues, at the Concord (Mass.) Centennial, printed a story, the point of which was an insulting allusion to the "damn Yankees;" and in the reception tendered to the Blues, on their return, not a single white republican was invited to participate, though there are men of high character and worth among them. He hoped the Centennial year would see a better state of things than this.

III. *The Judiciary of Vermont*—To the lasting honor of Vermont the ermine of her judges is without spot or blemish. True to the constitution and statutes of our State, and true to that matchless system of jurisprudence, the common law, they have remembered also that higher law which dared to give to man no title to his fellow man unless proved by a bill of sale from the Great Creator himself.

Judge Poland was asked to respond. He said it was so long since he left the bench, that he might be allowed to say that our judiciary have deserved the compliment paid them. He alluded to the fact that the Supreme Court of Vermont made the first decision in favor of the right of our soldiers to vote in the field, which he had the honor to announce. But the judiciary were not the highest power. There came a time when they could not execute the laws. Then the soldiers stepped in and maintained the laws and the life of the

nation. He hoped these reunions would last for a century to come.

IV. *The Vermont Congressional Delegation*—May their influence be inversely proportioned to their numerical strength, and may we rejoice in more denizens at home so as to keep our Joyce and Denison at Washington.

Colonel Joyce, in response, alluded to the senators and representatives during the war—Collamer and Foot, and Baxter and Morrill—and then to the immediate predecessors of those named in the toast, Messrs. Willard and Poland. They had given Vermont a reputation second only to that of her soldiers, and he felt unworthy to now assume a portion of the great trust. But he would do the best he could and would endeavor to cast upon the State we love so well, if no great credit, certainly no reproach.

V. *The War Governors of Vermont*—They were as faithful at home as the soldiers of our State were brave in the field.

Governor Smith, when introduced to respond to this, was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He spoke eloquently for ten minutes, alluding to his visits to the soldiers at Brandy Station, to the hospitals at Fredericksburg, to the final review after the war closed, and to the two events of the day, of which this was the eleventh anniversary, the St. Albans Raid and the battle of Cedar Creek. He had conferred with the great war secretary, Stanton, in relation to many matters pertaining to Vermont, and could say that Vermont soldiers had no greater admirer and truer friend than he. It was at one time decided, largely through Stanton's influence, he believed, to appoint General Baldy Smith to the chief command of the Army of the Potomac, and no doubt this would have been done had it not been thought best to bring General Grant from the West. The Governor paid a high tribute to the valor of Vermont troops, and closed as he began, amid the heartiest applause.

The Glee Club then sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe, to the tune of "John Brown."

VI. *Our Navy*—Her only misfortune was in the loss of her gallant Congress and Cumberland which both went down with colors still flying.

Rev. E. J. Ranslow, who served as a common sailor and was in some of the hardest naval battles, made a most eloquent response, speaking first of Admiral Foote who bored his way to the Gulf, and who was a christian as well as a soldier. He spoke of the immortal Farragut who lashed himself in the maintop at Mobile, and who practiced the same tactics as Nelson in keeping his vessel so near shore as to deal the enemy effective blows and pass the obstructions, though the one which bore the speaker was shot through twenty-two times, a larger number than any other that still kept afloat. He spoke of Porter at Fort Fisher, and of Cushing who summoned a crew to volunteer to meet certain death, and more than enough instantly sprang forward to do his bidding. But, even if time and space permitted, nothing short of a full report would do the speech any justice. It was short, spirited, eloquent, and the navy was honored in its single representative on the occasion, as the army was by its many.

VII. *Cedar Creek*—Eleven years ago to-day saw one of the grand battles of the Rebellion, where the infantry under Sheridan snatched victory from defeat, and our cavalry became rewarded with the greatest trophies of success that had fallen into the hands of a single regiment

Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Walker, author of the "Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah," was called on to respond. He spoke very briefly, owing to the lateness of the hour, but in his well known, clear, perspicuous and eloquent manner, hastily sketched the heroic stand of the Old Brigade which had held the enemy at bay and enabled Sheridan, when he came up, to say—not as it is painted on canvas—"We'll occupy our old ground," but "We'll have our old camp back to-night, boys—

give 'em hell." It was the old brigade which saved the day at Cedar Creek, and there, too, the Eighth and Tenth and the cavalry won undying renown. Colonel Walker had the tact to treat his subject—which was the honored one of the reunion—with singular appropriateness, brevity and force.

VIII. *The St. Albans Raid*—An event of which this is the anniversary, which has made St. Albans prominent for all time, it records the degradation to which the enemies of unarmed people descended to overthrow free government.

Lieutenant Farrington, who was called upon, in a few amusing remarks excused himself from speaking to the toast.

Colonel Redfield Proctor, of Rutland, was called up as the commander of the army organized at Montpelier in October, 1884, for the defense of the frontier. He said he felt himself in the condition of the captain they had heard of, who, wanting to get his men through a break in the fence, after several ineffectual efforts to get them up to it in the right form, at last ordered them to halt, break ranks for five minutes, and when they re-formed to form on the other side of the fence. For himself, he didn't even order his army of the frontier to form on the other side of the Canada line, although the dispatch which came from General Dix that night was to pursue the raiders, "and if very near them to follow them across the line and destroy them." He waited until he heard they were across, and then he followed them as far as Burlington, and intrenched himself in the American hotel. [Laughter.]

IX. *Hard Money*—As the soldiers of Vermont, in fighting to preserve the national government, destroyed one curse that was a blight upon its fair fame, so will they ever seek to remove that other national evil of the now piping times of peace, an irredeemable currency. The honest and intelligent soldiers of Vermont will never countenance the dishonor of repudiation, but ever frown upon any departure from the basis of hard money, the only surety for the permanency and prosperity of a country.

Responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout, who cordially endorsed the sentiment.

X. *The Rank and File*—Though not individually named in history, their deeds made the history.

Captain U. A. Woodbury was introduced as the first Vermont soldier who gave an arm to the country. He spoke in high terms of the Vermont soldiers, in every company of which there were plenty of privates well qualified for commissioned officers.

XI. *The Grand Army of the Republic*—The fit successor of the Cincinnati of the Revolution. Organized to perpetuate fraternity, charity and loyalty, it appeals to all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the Union army and navy for support.

This was responded to by Major George T. Childs, of St. Albans, who was applauded to the echo.

XII. *The Ladies*—The many valiant hearts of our comrades, subdued and conquered, and the regiments of young sons and daughters growing up to grace the homesteads and fill the ranks of Vermont's soldiery, attest the lovable assurance that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Lieutenant Albert Clarke excused himself from speaking to this, because he dared not grapple with the subject, but he did manage to say that he hoped that soldiers who had fought to make all *men* equal before the law would remember that "all men" should embrace all women, too.

XIII. *The memory of Charles G. Chandler*—A brave soldier has gone to his long rest

"Ah give his memory, who made the cheer
And gave so many smiles, a single tear."

General W. W. Henry responded and took that occasion, as chairman of the committee to whom the subject had been referred, to present the following report:

REPORT IN RELATION TO THE RECORD OF LIEUT-COL.
CHARLES G. CHANDLER.

To the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers:

Your committee to whom was referred the resolutions upon the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Chandler,

respectfully report that they have considered the same and herewith report the same back to the Society, with trifling amendments. Your committee have been favored with a copy of the charges and proceedings, including the testimony presented to the court martial which tried Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler and found him guilty of cowardice, and in recommending the passage of the last resolution, requesting the favorable action of Congress, do so upon the consideration of those papers.

It appears to be conceded by all, that up to the time of the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864, Colonel Chandler bore an excellent reputation for bravery, and had on several occasions distinguished himself, enlisting originally as a private in the first regiment, and being promoted step by step to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Tenth. In all of the actions in which the several regiments to which he was attached were engaged, he was prominent in courage and intelligence.

To the knowledge of the chairman of this committee, who commanded Colonel Chandler's regiment on the 19th day of October, '64, he was a brave and efficient officer, and assisted in the capture of the guns of M'Knight's battery during the earlier hours of the day; it was his conduct at a later period of that day for which the court martial saw fit to severely discipline him.

As to the judgment of the court martial, while they intended without doubt to perform their duties honestly and fairly, still your committee beg leave to say in reference thereto, that the trial was an important one, and one which should have been cautiously conducted, and it may not be out of place here to suggest the liability of tribunals conducted as this was, in the midst of active military operations, to honestly err in judgment.

From the papers referred to it appears that the first intimation that Colonel Chandler had of the charges was on the 30th day of November, A. D. 1864, and the trial proceeded on the following day, against the remonstrance of Colonel Chandler, and his request for a continuance for twenty days in which to prepare for trial; and his affidavit, which has been submitted to your committee, in which he states that an important witness, Lieutenant Wheeler, was absent temporarily from his command. The request was denied, and he was put on trial on the day following the promulgation of the order; for this reason we think that the language of the resolution

stating that his disgrace was brought about by too precipitate action on the part of the court martial, is fully warranted.

In conclusion, your committee refer the Society to its vote passed at the reunion of 1871, admitting Colonel Chandler to membership, and also to the following resolution passed by the Reunion Society of the Tenth Vermont Regiment at its annual meeting in 1868. That resolution was as follows :

“Resolved—That the regimental association do hereby request that said disability be removed, and he receive an honorable discharge from the service of the United States.”

The matter was brought to the notice of the Secretary of War by Colonel Chandler's friends during his life time, and was by him referred to the Judge Advocate General. That official decided, as his report says, “In the absence of any evidence of his general character for courage and fidelity, that the testimony would not warrant an acquittal,” intimating that his decision would have been reversed if the facts as we have found them to be, had been presented to his attention.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. W. HENRY, SAMUEL E. PINGREE, A. G. SAFFORD,	}	Committee.
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General Henry mentioned several battles in which he, as Colonel of the Tenth, had seen Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler under fire, and he testified to his bravery at all times, down to the latter part of the day at Cedar Creek, and though he was a witness at the court martial, and testified against Chandler, he could say with truth that, had the question been asked him, he would have answered that he had up to that time been a brave man. He believed that, had his previous record been made to appear, the Judge Advocate General would have disapproved the finding; and had not the trial been so precipitate, he believed the facts would have been drawn out. Furthermore, he said he had often been regarded as an enemy to Colonel Chandler, and the one who caused his disgrace. He wished to say that this was not true, and he was glad, last summer, just before the Colonel's death,

to have him grasp his hand and assure him that he had lately become satisfied from what others had told him, that he had been all this while laboring under a misapprehension, and was now convinced that he, General Henry, was his friend.

Colonel A. B. Jewett, the first commander of the Tenth, testified to Colonel Chandler's bravery as personally seen by him under severe fire, and hoped the resolutions would serve to secure tardy justice to his memory and right a great wrong which, so far as he is concerned, is now beyond repair.

Major Cushman and Lieutenant Bigelow each cordially seconded the resolutions, and they were unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Lieutenant G. G. Benedict offered the following volunteer sentiment:

Our Retiring President, Colonel W. G. Veazey—To him belongs the merit, not only of conspicuous gallantry in the field, but of deep and constant interest in those twin institutions for keeping alive the acquaintanceship and the memories of Vermont soldiers in the war--this Society and that larger organization, the Reunion of Veterans in the field.

Colonel Veazey was cordially greeted and in a brief speech reviewed the history of the Society, congratulated the officers on its success and the great amount of profit and pleasure that has been derived from it, and hoped it might be kept up until there shall be no more officers to meet.

On motion of A. G. Safford, a vote of thanks was extended to Colonel Joyce for his able and eloquent oration and he was requested to furnish a copy for publication.

On motion of Major Cushman, thanks were extended to the band, glee club, Welden House and Vermont Central Railroad, for courtesies received.

Colonel Joyce called for three cheers for General Stanard, who had been unable to be present, and they were given with a will. The glee club sang once more, and the Society adjourned, in the small hours, after a highly successful reunion.

THIRTEENTH REUNION.

NOVEMBER 15, 1876.

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Society took place at Montpelier, Wednesday, November 15th, 1876.

The business meeting was held at the State House, at 3 o'clock p. m. The President, Colonel P. P. Pitkin, in the chair. Some seventy-five officers were in attendance.

The record of the last meeting was read by the Recording Secretary, Major J. S. Peck.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Capt. Orra Paul.	11th Regt., Lieut.-Col. A. F. Walker.
2d Regt., Lieut. C. M. Bliss.	12th Regt., Lieut. B. J. Derby.
3d Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey.	13th Regt., Col. F. V. Randall.
4th Regt., Col. G. W. Hooker.	14th Regt., Capt. C. E. Abell.
5th Regt., Gen. L. A. Grant.	15th Regt., Adjutant J. M. Poland.
6th Regt., Capt. John W. Clark.	16th Regt., Major Wm. Rounds.
7th Regt., Capt. J. L. Moseley.	17th Regt., Lieut. J. H. Lucia.
8th Regt., Lieut. W. H. Gilmore.	Cavalry, Lieut. Geo. Miller.
9th Regt., Capt. J. C. Baker.	Batteries, Lieut. S. B. Hebard.
10th Regt., Capt. J. A. Sheldon.	

Major N. P. Bowman moved that the next annual reunion be held at St. Johnsbury.

Colonel Veazey suggested that the larger soldiers' organization, which includes the rank and file, would hold a reunion at Bennington next summer. He doubted the policy of holding two reunions in the same season, and moved to amend the motion so that it should be to hold the next reunion of this Society at Montpelier, in 1878.

Surgeon Bullard thought if Colonel Veazey's motion prevailed, it would kill the Reunion Society.

Lieutenant Benedict thought such an important change should receive careful consideration, and suggested that the consideration of the proposed change should go over until next year.

Captain J. C. Baker thought there never was a time since the organization of the Society, when it was so vital to keep up its annual gatherings. He was in favor of meeting at St. Johnsbury next year.

Colonel Veazey spoke of a large class of members who could not attend on account of the expense. We believe it would be for the interest of this society to meet biennially.

The amendment of Colonel Veazey was lost, and Major Bowman's motion was then carried.

Colonel A. B. Jewett moved a vote of thanks to Hon. G. W. Hendee, M. C., for nominating to a cadetship at West Point, the orphan son of that gallant christian soldier, Colonel Elisha L. Barney of the Sixth Vermont.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers for the year ensuing :

OFFICERS FOR 1876-7.

President—Lieut.-Col. W. W. Grout.

Vice-Presidents—Col. George W. Hooker, Captain U. A. Woodbury.

Recording Secretary—Major J. S. Peck.

Treasurer—Major L. G. Kinsley.

Executive Committee—Surgeon G. B. Bullard, Major N. P. Bowman, Captain H. K. Ide.

The report was accepted and adopted.

The President announced the following appointments for the evening.

Marshal—Captain T. S. Peck.

Chaplain—Rev. N. N. Glazier.

Committee on Resolutions—W. G. Veazey, G. H. Bigelow, G. G. Benedict, G. W. Hooker, J. C. Baker.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the Pavilion at 7 p. m.

EVENING.

At 7.30, under the marshalship of Captain Theo. S. Peck, and headed by the Montpelier Cornet Band, the Society marched to the Hall of the House of Representatives, which was crowded with a large and intelligent audience of both sexes, many being unable to gain admission.

Colonel Pitkin presided. The services opened with music by the band. An appropriate prayer was offered by Chaplain Glazier.

The Ransom Guard Glee Club, of St. Albans, then sang very finely the martial chorus: "Listen, Comrades in arms."

The orator of the evening, Colonel Redfield Proctor, was then introduced.

ABSTRACT OF COLONEL PROCTOR'S ADDRESS.

There are times in the life of every nation when the ordinary machinery of government fails to meet the requirements of the occasion. The wisdom and sagacity of the statemen are at fault; the arts of diplomacy are in vain; the executive and all departments of government are of themselves powerless, and the nation comes down to the simple question of force—have we the strong arms and brave hearts to meet the issue?

The country turns to her young men and the cry comes up, "Gird on the sword," the State cannot be saved without it. The speaker then showed that in the history of the world the long and rapid strides in the march of civilization have come amid the strifes of armies. Tyranny and superstition intrench themselves behind law and precedent, and seldom yield except to force. "Hot burns the fire where wrongs expire." War opens the door for a more truthful expression of the spirit of a people. To illustrate this, recall the condition of the American colonies one hundred years ago. Our fathers did not at first cherish the idea of independence, only a redress of grievances; and even after a year of war, in their great Declaration, they charge the King of Great Britain with usurpation and tyranny, but they make no attack upon monarchy and no claim in favor of a Republican form of government, except the general one of basing all true

government upon the consent of the governed, and subjecting it to the will of the people.

The township system in New England was spoken of as establishing at the very base of the political structure the principle of self-government, and implanting in the whole people a spirit of liberty and love of managing their own affairs in their own way. It trained the people to public duties, and when they had achieved their independence, they were not only fitted for self-government, but devoted to its principles and endowed with the spirit of liberty.

The American Revolution and our war of the Rebellion were then compared, with ability and at length. The orator claimed that our two great wars have been the expression of the very highest and truest sentiments and aspirations of the people which could find effective voice in no other way. He then proceeded to speak of some of the relations naturally existing between the citizen soldiers, who must always constitute the main fighting strength of a free people, and the State.

Colonel Proctor doubted that a general militia establishment could ever be maintained in this country in a way to be of any practical utility. Militia duty, to be of any benefit, must come fully up—as far as it pretends to go—to the standard that would be required in actual service. Any partial drill which gives much that must be unlearned, any pretence of discipline which goes just far enough to create a contempt for discipline, and especially if this little experience gives the recruit an idea that he has learned anything, that he is better fitted for service than his raw comrades, is a positive injury. The speaker would not be understood, however, that no militia organization is necessary, for we could not forget what saved the capital and the country in 1861. A force sufficient to preserve order and meet any emergency until the volunteers can be organized, is of course absolutely indispensable, and their required number should be kept up to the highest possible point of drill and discipline. The enterprise of patriotic citizens and local pride, in localities favorable for assembling for drill, will do much to provide such a force; and these efforts must be encouraged and supplemented up to the requirements of safety.

But the main dependence of our country in any great national war must always be upon the citizens, who, with little or no previous military training, leave their farms and workshops, the marts of business and quiet studies, to take up

arms in defence of the government of their choice. The very foundation stone on which must rest our faith in the perpetuity of a Republican government, its only reliable security against enemies at home and abroad, is the principle that the freeman is bound as his very first duty to defend its sovereignty when in peril. It is a radical contradiction of ideas that a man can become a citizen of a free State without at the same time assuming the right and duty of bearing arms in her service whenever and wherever she requires his aid. It is the first and simplest incident of his citizenship.

Judging by this standard, was there anything in your conduct, my comrades, to make us despair of the Republic? Let the story of your rising when first the news of the danger to the flag flashed through the North—that rising which outrivalled the mustering of the clans when the fiery cross of Roderick sped over the highlands—make answer.

Colonel Proctor then conclusively argued that the man who is sensible and intelligent and cultured, moral, manly and energetic, is the better soldier, just in the measure that he is the better citizen; and that that training which shall best fit the man for the duties of peace, is the best general preparation we can make for war.

The service was a school of duty. The general effect upon the men engaged in it made them better, stronger and safer men, with a higher type of manhood and more energy of mind and character, than if they had stayed at home.

The war is over, but let not its lessons soon be forgotten. We preserve in these corridors the battle-torn flags that tell their silent story. I would that by enduring monuments in the daily haunts of men the memory of the fallen might be perpetuated, and the lesson of their lives and glorious sacrifice be kept ever before the people. The war is over, and let us trust its marks and scars may soon be healed; but never at the cost of any of the dearly bought principles for which you fought. The duties of peace are crowding upon us, in which it is often more difficult to guide our steps aright, than in the rougher paths of war.

Colonel Proctor's address was listened to with close attention and was heartily applauded.

The St. Albans Glee Club then sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Dr. Sherar taking the solo.

This was applauded to the echo, and the last verse was repeated, in response to a hearty encore.

A vote of thanks was voted to the orator for his thoughtful, interesting and admirable discourse, a copy of which was requested for publication, and to the Band and Glee Club for their music.

The Glee Club, in response to a general request, sang Mohring's beautiful glee, "The Soldier's Adieu."

The society then re-formed and marched back to the Pavilion.

THE SUPPER.

Here, at ten o'clock, the Society sat down to the supper. The handsome dining hall of the Pavilion was well filled, and the gathering included a goodly number of the fairer sex, among the ladies present being the wives of Governor Proctor, General Kingsley, Captain Atherton and others. The centre table bore a large centre-piece of ferns, flowers and fruit, and all the tables presented a very attractive appearance. The bill of fare, handsomely printed in gold and colors, announced a very appetizing list of substantials and luxuries; and all were excellent, and nicely served. Colonel Pitkin, as President of the Society, took the head of the principal table, flanked on either hand by Governor Fairbanks, Lieutenant-Governor Proctor, Speaker Stewart, Hon. George Nichols, Secretary of State, Colonel Veazey, Senators Grout and Storrs, Chaplain Glazier, Captain Julius Estey and Hon. N. T. Sprague, Jr. General L. A. Grant, present for the first time at one of these reunions, General Wm. Wells, General Stephen Thomas, Colonel Proctor, Colonel Farnham, Major J. L. Barstow, Major John W. Newton, and other well known officers were seated at other tables.

After full justice had been done to the material feast, President Pitkin introduced Colonel Veazey, the toast-master of the evening, who read the regular toasts.

I. *Our Country*—Established among the nations of the earth by the valor of the soldiers of the Revolution, preserved a nation by the soldiers of the war for the Union, she rounds her hundred years of vigorous life. May her second Centennial find her still one country, greater, freer, purer and more prosperous than in the past.

Major William Rounds responded in a spirited and patriotic speech. He eloquently spoke of the freight, invisible but eternal, which our Pilgrim Fathers brought over in the Mayflower. He traced briefly the progress of our country, and earnestly pleaded that all, in their hilarity, should not forget to make it a life study, and to impress it on their children and their children's children, that the true work of an American was to seek to preserve his country, if need be, at the peril of his life. His solemn advice was, Live for your country as you have been ready to die for it. The earnest old soldier was loudly cheered as he took his seat. The Ransom Guard Glee Club next sang with fine effect the national hymn of America.

II. *Our State*—The first born of the republic; not surpassed even by her parents nor by any of the younger children of the worthy sisterhood.

Governor Horace Fairbanks responded, saying, "I am not a soldier. I am not a speaker. I wish it were both. But in looking over this room my eye falls on one who was a speaker long before he was elevated to the Speaker's chair, and I call on Governor Stewart to respond on behalf of the State."

General Pitkin said that as Governor Stewart was down for a response to the next sentiment, he would excuse him for the present, and call up in his stead an eloquent member of the Senate, Hon. Oscar E. Butterfield, of Windham county. The Senator declared he was not a talking man, and then falsified the declaration by a fluent and filial eulogy of his mother State, whom he described as standing with one hand resting on Champlain and the other on the Connecticut, shouting Freedom and Unity to her sisters in the Union.

The Glee Club struck up that popular lyric, "Hurrah for Old New England." At its close, Major Rounds mounted a chair and swinging his hat, called for three cheers and a tiger for "Old New England," which were given by the descendants of the Puritans present, with due heartiness.

III. *The General Assembly of Vermont*—Wise as well as virtuous—"It is moved and seconded that we now adjourn."

To this epitome of the character of the Legislature and of its principal business during this session, Speaker Stewart was called to respond. He avowed himself puzzled by this "double-barrelled sentiment." Lord John Russell said there was a man, once, who understood the Schleswig-Holstein question, but he was dead. If the perpetrator of this toast had survived he should like to have him explain it. He surmised that, like some insects, its point was in its conclusion. Passing from his gay strain to more serious matters, the ex-Governor said he had been much impressed by many of the thoughts embraced in the admirable oration of the evening. Some of them ought to be graven in golden letters on the walls of every school-house in Vermont, especially that idea of Liberty under Law. The only true liberty was under law; and the sentiment should be profoundly cherished and revered by every citizen. This country will not have fulfilled its mission until perfect freedom and security under law, backed by a virtuous public opinion, shall prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then and not till then shall there be perfect peace, and the dream of our fathers be realized. The ex-Governor's remarks were received with prolonged applause.

The Glee Club then sang the laughable Ethiopian ditty, "Carve that possum," which was uproariously applauded.

IV. *The President of the United States*—As he stands by the right without regard to men, parties or sections, so will a loyal people sustain him.

General Stephen Thomas responded, and, as always, with correctness and force. He said the mission of our country is not yet ended. Men often talk without reflection; but the man who declares that a lawfully elected President shall not be inaugurated, is not fit to be a citizen of the Republic. President Grant has the best interest of the nation at heart. Under his command we once conquered; and if need be to sustain the unity of the Nation and the Constitutional Government, he would, the speaker believed, take the sword and the field again, and would be followed, to a man, by his old comrades in arms. In closing, he proposed three cheers for the President of the United States, which were given, standing, with a hearty will.

The Glee Club next sang the glee: "In friendship warm, we meet to night."

V. *The Old Brigade*—From Lee's Mills to Appomattox it sustained the ancient fame of the Green Mountain Boys, and its history will contain the famous order of the gallant Sedgwick: "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the ranks closed up."

General L. A. Grant, of Des Moines, Iowa, the old and last commander of the First Brigade, was called up by this sentiment, and was greeted with a round of cordial applause. It was his fortune, he said, to be a member of the First Brigade from its organization, and to command it during half of its eventful existence. He loved the Brigade and its officers and men, and took pride in its fame, though he had never claimed that its efficiency was due to his efforts. It was enough for him that he belonged to it, and shared its varied experiences. He hoped its history would yet be written. Thus far that history had not been recorded, and in this respect it stood at a disadvantage, as compared with some other organizations. Peculiar circumstances gave prom-

inence to the achievements of other organizations. The Old Brigade had long been fighting battles without results, when fortune gave to the Second Brigade a prominent share in the great decisive battle of the war. Through two days of hard and bloody fighting, the fate of the army hung in the scales. Amid the shock and carnage of the third day, the defeat of Lee and the fate of the rebellion was decided. In that decision the Second Brigade had a gallant and important part. Their term of service closed, and they came home to Vermont, covered with the glory of Gettysburg, living witnesses of its struggle and victory, while the Old Brigade remained in the field, fighting on and doing its duty. It was perhaps not strange under the circumstances, yet it was hardly fair, that while the Legislature of that year passed a resolution of thanks to Stannard and his brigade, a like resolution of thanks to the First Brigade was allowed to lie upon the table, till taken up and spread upon the record, by the side of the other, by a future Legislature. Yet the First Brigade felt no jealousy of the Second. Why should they? Had it not been drilled by Stoughton and Stannard? Were not its regiments commanded by Blunt, Randall, Nichols, Proctor and Veazey,—all, with one exception, soldiers taken from the Old Brigade?

General Grant said he might be permitted to refer to two achievements of the First Brigade, worthy of fuller recognition than they had received. One was its share in the engagement on the old Plank Road, in the battle of the Wilderness. General Getty, who commanded the division of the Union army engaged at that part of the field, had told the speaker, that in an interview with the rebel General Gordon, after the surrender at Appomattox, General Gordon told him that he commanded the confederate force opposed to him (Getty) and that it comprised his own and Heth's divisions, 14,000 strong; that his purpose was to cut off

Hancock's corps from the rest of the Federal army and to capture the reserve artillery of the army of the Potomac, which was parked in the rear of Getty's division;—that they were preparing to attack when they were themselves attacked so desperately that they had all they could do to hold their own and they did no more. General Getty then informed General Gordon that his division only numbered 6,000 men, and that the part of it which attacked him, and the only part which fought on one side of the Orange Plank Road, was a single brigade—the Vermont Brigade. The Old Brigade then fought nearly a third of the rebel army. They went in 3,000 strong and left a thousand men on that bloody field; but they saved Hancock and the reserve artillery of the army. The other incident was the storming of the rebel works near Fort Steadman, at Petersburg, when the Vermont Brigade headed the column, pushed through a ravine and through a strong abatis, and captured works whose loss to the enemy decided the fall of Petersburg, and the fate of Richmond and of the rebel army and empire. General Grant said he had often regretted his inability to attend these reunions. He had come 1,300 miles to attend this. And while here, and enjoying fully this occasion, his joy was mingled with sadness at finding here so small a number of his old companions in the service. Many have left the State, many are dead; but he had hoped to meet more here. For no body of men had he more respect and affection than for the soldiers of that brigade. "While I live," said he, "let me live in the regard of my comrades, and in the enjoyment of the civil liberty secured by our arms; and when I die, it will be enough, if they wrap me in the old flag, and write on my grave stone: *He once commanded the First Vermont Brigade.*"

General Grant spoke with deep feeling, and with strong effect. His remarks were listened to with the deepest interest, and as he sat down, amid long applause, Colonel Hooker

proposed three cheers for the gallant commander of the Old Vermont Brigade, General L. A. Grant, which were given with the heartiest feeling.

Lieutenant Benedict thought it should be said for the Second Brigade, that they never thought of standing for a moment in the light of the First Brigade. Their best hope was not to disgrace the record made by their brothers of the Old Brigade. They were proud of that record. The State was proud of it—prouder perhaps than General Grant modestly supposed—and he trusted it would yet be worthily written.

“Tenting to night on the old camp-ground,” was sung by the Glee Club.

VI. *The Cavalry Corps*—It lost its brightest and bravest spirit when Custer fell.

Lieutenant Willard Farrington sketched Custer's history and his frank and fearless character. The cavalry would never forget his broad sombrero and flowing locks, so often seen in the front on the charge. Critics have called him reckless, but his men did not think so—and the unequalled record of his division, with its captures of 10,000 men, 100 pieces of artillery, 65 standards, and seven general officers, was his full vindication.

VII. *New Hampshire and her Soldiers*—Brave and loyal, they were with us at Bennington as well as on the fields of the rebellion. We are proud of our sister State.

Colonel Henry B. Atherton, of Nashua, N. H., formerly of the Fourth Vermont Regiment, responded, in lieu of Major E. W. Farr, of Littleton, who had been expected to respond to it, but was unexpectedly called home. He spoke of the old relations of New Hampshire and the New Hampshire Grants, and alluded to the patriotic character of the men of both States.

The Glee Club here rendered the moving melody: "When the muster roll is calling, I'll be there."

VIII. *The Militia of Vermont*—Its measure is more than a "Peck," and its fires never wither the "Greenleaf."

Colonel Theo. S. Peck, of the First Regiment National Guard of Vermont, was called upon. He said perhaps it was not a misfortune for our State that it has a militia force, and that the men composing it sustain it with so much interest and spirit. They had 400 old soldiers now in the First Regiment, and if called on they would render a good account of themselves, and, as before, form a nucleus for a larger and more effective force. He added a good word for Lieutenant-Colonel Greenleaf—as one who returned from the war with four or five ball holes in his body and a record second to that of no other Vermont soldier.

Major John W. Newton believed the militia was worthy of support. He was not ashamed to be in it, and to contribute his share towards raising its standard.

IX. *The Women of Vermont*—Without them our State would be without infantry, and the infantry would be without support.

Colonel Roswell Farnham was called on. He said that if he must scin-til-late he could not ask a better subject. It was not one of the phantoms which men hug in vain. After various witty remarks, he went on to maintain that, without joking, the soldiers of Vermont would not have been what they were without the support, the patriotism, the faith of the women. He alluded to the connection between patriotism, love of country, and love of home, which is love of mother, wife and child. Colonel Farnham spoke with the delicacy and respect for womanly character which marks the true gentleman, and in closing called upon Captain Richard Smith, of Tunbridge, to complete the subject, who told about the woman he first fell in love with—his mother—and how often he thought of her counsels while he was in the army.

Especially in a certain pretty hot place at Savage's Station, he never should have stayed where he did, with bullets flying around him, from the rebs not thirty feet away, if he had not thought of his mother's parting promise to pray for him, and been sure that he would not get hit. Captain Smith's quaint way of putting things kept the tables in a roar.

The Glee Club here sang: "I love my Jane Melissa," amid general merriment.

X. *The Bummers*—military and political;—their race is eternal.

Captain J. C. Baker responded for the "bummers," which class, he said, were fearfully misunderstood. They were thoroughly and intensely loyal. They had a more "taking" way than any other class in the army. He recalled the story of Kilpatrick's raid on an important bridge, in Georgia, which he found the bummers had taken and been holding for him for half a day.

Colonel George W. Hooker was next called up and perpetrated an exceedingly witty and spirited speech, which convulsed all with constant laughter. The "bummers," Colonel Hooker contended, were always at the front. The name "bummer" implies bravery, loyalty and discipline, of the highest order. After the toast had been assigned him, he consulted Webster and found "bummer" meant a bald-headed gentleman; but in this remark he had no reference to the worthy chief magistrate of the State. He also consulted Johnson, who defined "bummer" as meaning the "Press." He also found a definition which made a bummer synonymous with legislator. He disclaimed all intention to be personal; but he remembered the time at Savage's Station, referred to by Captain Smith, and truth required him to state that he did not see the things Captain Smith saw; but did see Captain Smith sitting on a rubber blanket, playing draw poker. He would not try to do justice to the political

bummers, but left that for Lieutenant Benedict. Colonel Hooker sat down amid long applause.

The Glee Club were again called on and showed that neither their stock of songs or of good nature was exhausted. They sang "The three Chafers."

XI. *The Press*—"Give us this day our daily newspaper," is the aspiration of the civilized world.

Mr. S. B. Pettengill, editor of the *Rutland Herald*, responded aptly and sensibly for the knights of the quill.

XII. *Our Retiring President*—He improves with age, as witnessed by the rations to-night compared with the hard tack he sent us at City Point.

Colonel Pitkin spoke of his connection with the Quartermaster's Department of the Army of the Potomac. He told, with feeling, how he had watched the Vermont soldiers do their whole duty, preparing for the attack, marching on to the field of battle, and then wounded borne to the hospitals. The past was to him almost like a dream, when he recalled the experience these veterans had gone through, the forced marches they had made, the bloody battles they had fought, the horrible hardships they had endured, and the vast quantities of hard tack they had devoured. It was his part to have charge of the transportation and the stores of the Army of the Potomac. How few understood what was implied in the subsistence of such an army. That army consumed 300,000 pounds of rations every day. It took 50,000 horses and mules to furnish their transportation, to shoe which, once round, took 200,000 pounds of horse shoes and 25,000 pounds of horse nails. He used to order horse shoes by the hundred tons. The 4,000 six-mule teams of the army, alone, would have reached from Montpelier to Burlington in a close line, without the cavalry wagons or ambulances. We should remember that it was the men who stayed at home who furnished all these supplies. General

Pitkin closed with an expression of his thanks for the honor done him, in selecting him to preside over what he considered the best body of men that meets in Vermont.

XIII. *The Incoming President of our Society*—Like the new century, he comes with a proud past and a promising future.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout remarked that there are times when silence is golden. This toast was of so personal a character that the fittest thing he could do was to place his hand on his heart and say not a word. He thanked his comrades for the honor they had conferred on him that day, and for the warmer compliment contained in the sentiment; still he thought a wiser and more considerate choice of President could have been made. He was satisfied that assassination would not defeat *his* inauguration, and as for his "policy" it would be announced in his inaugural.

This ended the regular toasts of the evening. The President announced as a volunteer sentiment, "The Toast Master; he has spread himself, but is not exhausted yet;" to which Colonel Veazey pleasantly and briefly responded.

Major Bowman thought the agreeable experiences of this reunion must satisfy all that once a year was not too often to meet, and he hoped to see every face before him at St. Johnsbury, next year.

The Glee Club then finished their contribution to the happiness and success of the occasion by singing: "The Vacant Chair."

Colonel Veazey offered a resolution of thanks to the General Assembly, the Glee Club, the Montpelier Band, the invited guests, including the ladies, and everybody else who had contributed to the success of the reunion, which was adopted by a rising vote.

The doxology was then sung, and the "wee sma' hours" had well advanced when the Reunion Society of Vermont

Officers allowed themselves to listen to "taps," and seek their couches.

It was, all things considered,—the spirit of the speeches; the excellence of the banquet; the admirable music which added so greatly to the pleasure of the occasion,—one of the best of the many enjoyable reunions of the Society, and the officers separated, all agreed that they would never willingly omit another reunion.

FOURTEENTH REUNION.

DECEMBER 13TH, 1877.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting was held at St. Johnsbury, December 13th, 1877.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The Society met at the St. Johnsbury House, at 3 p. m., and was called to order by the President, Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout. The report of the last meeting was read by Secretary Peck. Treasurer Kingsley reported a balance of \$6.95 due the Treasurer, and \$52.85 due the Secretary. The hat was passed and the treasury re-enforced by \$36.50.

Lieutenant J. L. Thompson moved to amend the Constitution so as to admit all enlisted men who had received an honorable discharge. The motion was discussed, and finally laid on the table for one year.

On motion of Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow, all soldiers present were invited to join in the festivities.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Maj. L. G. Kingsley.	10th Regt., Col. W. W. Henry.
2d Regt., Gen. Geo. J. Stannard.	11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury.
3d Regt., Capt. Thos. Nelson.	12th Regt., Lieut. G. H. Bigelow.
4th Regt., Col. Geo. P. Foster.	13th Regt., Lieut. C. E. Bancroft.
5th Regt., Sergt., J. H. Mason.	15th Regt., Capt. Geo. H. Blake.
6th Regt., Capt. E. W. Parker.	16th Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey.
7th Regt., Capt. E. A. Morse.	17th Regt., Major J. S. Peck.
8th Regt., Gen. Stephen Thomas.	1st Cavalry, Gen. Wm. Wella.
9th Regt., Lieut. J. C. Stearns.	

The Committee reported, and the Society elected, the following

OFFICERS FOR 1877-8.

President—Lieut.-Col. Geo. W. Hooker, Brattleboro.

Vice-Presidents—Col. Henry M. Porter, New York City; Capt. Fred E. Smith, Montpelier.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Major Jas. S. Peck, Montpelier.

Treasurer—Major Levi G. Kingsley, Rutland.

Executive Committee—Col. P. P. Pitkin, Capt. John W. Clark, Montpelier; Surgeon Geo. Nichols, Northfield.

The President appointed General Geo. P. Foster Marshal, and as Committee on Toasts: Colonel Veazey, Lieutenant-Colonel Grout, Lieutenant Bigelow, Lieutenant P. C. J. Cheney and Captain U. A. Woodbury.

EVENING.

The Society assembled at 7 P. M., at the St. Johnsbury House, and marched to Athenæum Hall, where the annual address was delivered by Lieutenant-Colonel Roswell Farnham.

LIEUT.-COL. FARNHAM'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I call your attention this evening to the idea that "The military traditions of a country most promote patriotism, and should be perpetuated."

The memory of past events adds to the duration of human existence. The hope of the future reaches forward and snatches from the fleeting years more of time than is allotted to the natural life of man.

If we read aright the story of those who have lived before us, and forecast the deeds of those who shall come after, we are able to stretch the allotted three score years and ten of life and compel the very ages of the world's existence to contribute to the completeness of our own being. As he who studies of the worthies of old incorporates into his own mental and moral constitution a portion of their ideas, and to that extent makes them a portion of himself, so

he who knows the past and believes in the future takes to himself not only the ideas of the past and hopes of the future, but really has a longer and larger and fuller existence. Whosoever imbues himself thoroughly with the history of his own country, and identifies himself with her hopes and prospects, becomes more of a man as well as more of a patriot.

The traditions that reach back into the past sustain the soldier upon the battle-field. He is no longer an individual private soldier to be slaughtered as the needs of the contest may require. He is of the past, with hope of the future; a part of his country; and he stands there before the world, the representative of a grand idea; and if his life is lost, it is but the glorious end of an existence that shall be sanctified in the annals and traditions of his State.

That country whose children know and love to hear the story of her struggle into life, and who can repeat in their childhood the achievements of her founders, is safe from internal broils and assaults from without. She is filled with patriots ready to defend her.

The memory of brave deeds incites men to yet braver and nobler actions. The traditions of a people are more powerful than its laws, and if traditions of what is noble and good in human action, they are worth more than all a country's material wealth and prosperity.

"Let me write the ballads of a people, and who will may make their laws," has been well said. Among a song-loving people, the ballad contains all the glorious traditions. It is the sentiment, not the form of words that is used;—so that the aphorism better be, "Let me make the traditions of a people, and who will may make their laws."

The good name that our fathers won in the Revolution, and which we have had some part in transmitting during the great Rebellion, will live longer in history and tradition and move future generations to braver and loftier deeds than all the accumulations of wealth, or advancement in science, in the most prosperous days of the State or of the Republic.

When the call of President Lincoln, in 1861, for 75,000 men, and then for 500,000 more, rang through our valleys, and the sons of Vermont responded so nobly and with such glad alacrity, who of all that number of thinking and patriotic men did not remember the pride and glory of the State in the Green Mountain Boys who first won that name, and hoped that he, too, might be worthy of the same title, and

be numbered among the heroes yet to come. That call appealed to the best motives and the highest principles of the human heart, and struck a chord in the soul of the true Vermonter ever sensitive and ready to vibrate to such a touch. The men who responded to it were not mercenary. Patriotism, State pride, the recollection of what Vermonters had done in the past, spoke louder to them than the hope of gain or the voice of ambition—whatever might be true later in the great struggle.

There are higher motives in the heart of every man that may be appealed to, accordingly, than those that prompt most of the actions of every day life. It is to those motives, hidden, unstirred for the most part, that the examples of the heroes of old appeal, in the hearts of the young.

In our schools and seminaries of learning our youth are continually incited to thoughts and deeds and aspirations of the highest purpose by the precept and example of worthy men of other times. But alas! how soon does the young man just out of college and school, learn that the motives and purposes with which he is imbued from his studies of good and great deeds, are not those that prompt and move the men that he meets in the business of ordinary life. Sometimes when this discovery dawns upon him, startled and half ashamed of his own purity and integrity of purpose, he discards entirely the precepts he has received and looks upon the lives and examples of heroes and martyrs as not possible nor profitable at the present day, and not intended for his guidance, and plunging into the current of greed and selfish indulgence he takes the lead in the struggle for whatever is mercenary, base and temporal, and smothers every high aspiration that ever moved him. But this is not true of all. The high resolves and deep principles of youth and early manhood are the firm rock with a sure foundation, against which the waves of selfishness and everything that is mean dash in vain.

The enthusiasm and youth of some men never die. Life is to them an eternal spring. In their eyes the earth teems with beauty, freshness and purity. Bright flowers, bursting foliage and the songs of birds seem ever about them. Whatever fate betide them they are hopeful and exultant. The high purpose formed in youth, nurtured by the story of all the noble lives and deeds of classic lore, and of sacred and profane history, buoys them up and carries them over the meanness and petty trials of every day life.

To them life never loses its romance. The ideal of a manly life formed in youth is never lost sight of.

And there are more such noble lives than we know of. Casual acquaintance does not reveal to us all there is of a man, nor disclose all of his motives and purposes, be they high or low. The best intents of the heart show themselves not in the social chat, nor in the pleasant greeting. There are secrets and purposes and high resolves only known to the intimate few or only brought to light by the presence of great events.

Among us this night are men whose deeds are interwoven in the history of our nation and whose high purpose and lofty valor on the battlefield would put to the blush the blustering courage of many a hero of history; yet how few would suspect from their gentle and quiet and modest bearing what they have suffered and done.

Before the outbreak of the rebellion, the North was filled with quiet students, industrious artisans, modest farmers. And who then disputed the boast, that one Southerner was a match for five of them in a fight? But how astonished were you and the world to see these students, clerks, mechanics and farmers, at the very first stride, step into the ranks of the heroes of old—not in what they actually accomplished at first, for they were ignorant of warfare, but in what they dared to attempt.

The memory of Bunker Hill, of Ticonderoga and of Bennington, spoke to every son of New England, and had already done much to inflame the patriotism of our people. No tedious essay, no homily upon our duty to our country, had done this. It was the traditions of battles fought and of fields won, that had stirred the hot blood of youth to do and dare again.

The stories that move the hearts of the young are always of deeds of daring and personal prowess. The victories of the pen, of the ledger, of the special plea, of the plow, the loom and the anvil, stir not young blood. The useful drudgery of every day life appeals not to the imagination. Hearts are seldom moved to high endeavor by the sight of well filled barns and busy machinery. Men become sordid over these. Butsing to them the wondrous tale of Troy divine. Sing the wrath of Peleus's son that brought woes numberless upon the Greeks; tell them of the bloody struggle of Monmouth and Trenton, of Saratoga and Stillwater, speak to them of the peril of kindred and country and home, and the blood

shed in their defense, and you arouse feelings and appeal to motives that nothing else can reach.

It is under such impulses that men step from the quiet walks of private life and become soldiers.

But they tell us that the achievements of the military conqueror are not to be compared with those of the moralist, the poet, and the philosopher. "The pen is mightier than the sword," say they; that Napoleon and Cæsar and Alexander were great simply as military commanders, but that they do not deserve that title as men. This may be true and not conflict with what has been said, or the idea that is attempted to be presented to you.

The private citizen who sacrifices everything without hope of gain or hope of advancement, and risks his life at his country's call, is actuated by altogether different motives from those that move the ambitious leader.

This is no plea for war. It is only a word for those whom love of country has driven into its perils and a word for the motives that actuate such men, and how such motives may be kept alive in the hearts of our people.

The private citizen who willingly and gladly steps forward from the duties of civil life into the ranks of his country's defenders and does his duty there, stands out as the highest type of heroic action. He offers his life that his country may live. What higher sacrifice, among men, is there than this?

How many men from these hills in the great struggle for the nation's existence, laid down their lives with feelings of the highest patriotism!

It may be taken as true, that the traditions of the military achievements of founders and preservers of nations are the traditions that give and mould those patriotic characteristics of a people that are necessary to its preservation.

We have not yet reached that ideal, golden age, when all nations shall be at peace with one another, and the lion and the lamb lie down together. We still have within us, and not always latent, the same spirit of strife and contest that the Assyrian, the Greek, the Roman and the ancient Briton had. Human nature has changed but little. The salvation brought by Christ renews the hearts of individuals and is not inherited, so that each one of us must begin life alone and for himself, not where our fathers left it, be they good or bad, but where the average of the race has left it; and that is where the Assyrian, the Greek, the Roman and the old Briton

found it, full of strife and conflict. History tells us that nations have always been at war, and some writers claim that warfare is the normal condition of man. Certainly some of the most warlike races produce the finest specimens of the human race—witness the Circassians and the Montenegrins.

When nations and races cease to be warriors and become traders, students, artisans and husbandmen, they lose the patriotic fervor that animated their youth in a great measure, and altogether unless the traditions of what was best of the olden time are still in the hearts of the people. Let us then cherish the worthy traditions of the past. Let sons of Vermont, in whatsoever battle of life they are called upon to contend, feel that they are surrounded and reinforced continually by the traditions of noble sires. Let them feel, in whatsoever clime their lot may be cast, that their birth place and early home is a mother country to them in every respect. May they be able to look not only to the forest-covered mountains, lovely valleys and sparkling waters of the dear old State, but may they see the very heavens above her brilliant with the renown of the deeds of Green Mountain Boys of the later as well as of the earlier years.

May the word Vermont call into the mind's eye of every child of her green hills, in foreign lands, such a procession of good and great men, of devoted sons and pure daughters, identified and gleaming all over with the glorious events of her history, as shall march before the mind's eye with more of pomp and magnificence than any triumphal procession of a Cæsar or a Vespasian ever showed in the Roman capitol.

What was it that stirred to deeds of highest daring and made heroes of the young husbandmen of these hills, of the students in our schools and colleges and offices, of the clerks, the apprentices and the youth in all the mechanic arts in our State, unused to the sound of arms for four score years, but the traditions of our fathers and grandfathers of 1775 and 1777? What beardless boy, remembering the story of his grandfather's valor at Concord, or Lexington or Bennington, did not burn with the glorious fire from off his country's altar and long to emulate the deeds of Allen and Warner, of Bennington and Ticonderoga? What thoughtful man as he placed his name upon the roll of his country's defenders did not feel that he was performing the highest duty that can fall to the lot of man? Nay, feel something higher and nobler than a sense of duty alone actuate and impel him to noble deeds. He felt that he was of a State that had a his-

tory of its own, whose traditions had been his nursery tales in childhood and were a part of the history of the whole country.

Traditional survives written history oftentimes. Language is preserved and transmitted oftener by oral tradition than in written books. The games of our childhood have, some of them, come down to us from the days of King Alfred, unchanged. Oftentimes a single characteristic of a people is preserved in tradition where written history is unknown.

When the first Vermont Regiment, on board the steamer Alabama, entered Chesapeake Bay one morning in May, 1861, a saucy gun boat, improvised from a steam tug, threw a shot across the bows of the steamer, and as our speed slackened a voice came over the waters :

"What troops are those?"

The reply went back. "The first Vermont Regiment."

For a moment there seemed to be hesitation and doubt on board the tug and a hurried consultation, as the gun was ominously reloaded.

Suddenly one in authority, as if a new idea had struck him, sprang upon the bulwarks and waving his hand called out :

"Are you Green Mountain Boys?"

"Aye, aye," was the prompt reply.

"All right, go ahead," came cheerily across the waves, and the little tug wheeled away from us, while our ponderous wheels again took up their pulse-like beat upon the green water, as we moved slowly on our way.

Vermont troops were hardly recognized as loyal to the Union cause, but the memory of what Green Mountain Boys had done for liberty almost a century before, clung in the minds of men, and was the passport to the friends of the Union.

And you, my comrades, well remember how often, after this, during the long and bloody strife that you passed through, the challenge came, by day or in the darkness of the night : "Are you Green Mountain Boys?" And how often too, as soon as you were recognized, came the approving admonition : "All right—go ahead." It was all right when you were there, and you generally went ahead.

The history of our State in Revolutionary times is unique. She stands out alone, as the only State not of the confederacy, yet shedding her blood in its defense. A few of her men made an indelible mark upon the times and gave character-

istics to the young State that it retains to this day. The lustre of their lives has ever since illuminated all her hills, and the traditions of those days have lighted up and warmed to noble aspirations many a heart among her quiet citizens. The traditions of what those men did are broader and deeper in the hearts of the people than any written history. They permeate and mould the feelings and impulses of the classes whom books do not affect. No one can tell precisely how it comes about; but the pride of a Vermonter in the title of Green Mountain Boy and in the renown of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and Remember Baker, is simply immeasurable.

It is not written history that has produced it. It is tradition—that which is handed down from father to son, orally.

Set the school boy to learn, as a task, the history of his State and it is drudgery to him. Let some rustic Homer, with persuasive tongue, at husking or frolic, in camp at the hunt, or at the mimic warfare of peace, tell the story of Allen and Ticonderoga, of Bennington and Stark, and his every word and gesture and accent is devoured by the eager eyes and ears of his listeners.

The veteran, who shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won, will make a regiment of patriots from the boys of his neighborhood, before the grave historian, who teaches philosophy by example, attracts their attention.

The seeds of these traditions were sown by the soldiers who came home from the Revolution. Fresh from the battle-fields that had saved their country and made their state renowned, they told their stories in those primitive days, before the time of lightning presses and the telegraph, by the fireside and in the social gathering, to the boys and girls who left everything to listen to the story of the battle; and those old stories were repeated, varied, possibly enlarged, until the original narrator would hardly recognize them; yet the flavor of patriotism and State pride has never left them, nor the minds of the listeners, but has grown yearly stronger. What those old worthies could do and did do is beyond the comprehension of man. What they could not do one could easily tell upon his fingers. The Ethan Allen of history and the Ethan Allen of tradition are as unlike in stature and endowments as are the natural man and the heroic statue that adorns the portico of our State capitol. By tradition men become heroes, heroes demi-gods, and demi-gods become the deities that control the movements of the universe. But it is heroes and demi-gods in action that we wish to take as our great exemplars of all that is right.

The traditions of the heroes and demi-gods of the Revolution and of the struggle with New York fell upon a good soil and took root speedily; and at the outburst of the great rebellion, their fruit had ripened into that State pride and State love that responded so quickly to the call of the President for the protection of the whole country.

Then was seen the unaccustomed sight of a peaceful and peace-loving population, who had personally never known war, and were not skilled in arms, rushing to the fore front of the battle. They knew not how to march in time to martial music nor to execute the movements of the company, but they knew that long ago the Green Mountain Boy in the battle turned not his back to his foe. They knew not the manual of arms as taught at West Point, but they knew that the Vermonters fought well at Bennington. They were unskilled in strategy or in the tactics of the battle field, but they knew that long ago Allen and his Green Mountain Boys took Fort Ticonderoga in the name of that hitherto unheard of alliance of powers, the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. And knowing these things they felt the full weight of the responsibility upon them to sustain the reputation of the State; and did they not do it gloriously?

The raw youth from these hills, untutored in the ways of the city, untrained to the elegancies of fashion and of polished life, speaking the broad speech of the Yankee, so distasteful to the Southerner with his negro dialect and to the New Yorker and the Pennsylvanian with their Dutch and Irish accent, yet nearer the true English standard than either, stood for the first time in the ranks of the soldiers; awkward and every way uncouth in the eyes of the West Pointer, to be cursed and sworn at by old Brooks as a soldier of a corn-stalk and gum-chewing regiment. Yet beneath his plain and homely outside there was a faith in his home State and what his ancestors had done, that already made him a hero in the rough; and it only wanted the hard usage of camp and the heavy blows of the conflict to shatter the shell that constrained him, and permit him to step forth as that perfection of effective, modern soldiery, a private of the Old Brigade. He went into the service diffident and distrustful of his own powers, but hopeful and with a most self-sacrificing spirit. He performed his duty thoroughly and well, learned to give rather than to parry blows, gradually increased in pride and self-reliance (somewhat in self-conceit), until he went out of the service with full faith that the Vermont troops alone could

have put down the rebellion; and since he has left the service he sometimes says and almost believes they did do it. But he has come home to you a peace-loving, orderly citizen. He has learned to obey the laws and to prize the comforts and quiet of home, and is ready at all times to stand by the country for which he has fought.

But he has not always come home. How many warm hearts of our dearest sons poured forth their precious blood upon the battle field! The bones of how many have mouldered and crumbled in the damp and heat of a Southern climate! How many yielded to the tortures and privations of Belle Isle and Andersonville! Every village and hamlet of our State mourns for its best and bravest sons. And right here the patron divinity of our country extends the laurel-leaved crown to that long procession of brave men whose names, commencing with Chamberlin and ending with Wright, are engraved beneath her feet.

The marble and granite of that beautiful structure will speak of the gratitude of this large hearted town to her brave soldiers and their noble deeds long after we have crumbled to dust; and the traditions of these things will hover about this spot when the marble and the granite shall be forgotten.

Then, my comrades, if the traditions of the Revolution and of the struggle of the occupants of the New Hampshire Grants with their oppressors, did so much for you and the country in the time of her need and helped both through the last great war, and enables all Vermonters to reflect with pride upon what you and your comrades, living and dead, have done, is it not our duty to preserve and perpetuate, so far as in us lies, the story of what Vermont men did as soldiers in the war of the Rebellion?

One who took so small a part in active service and has so little to claim for himself may be allowed to say more for his comrades than modesty will permit them to say for themselves—and to claim more at the hands of posterity for them and for the preservation of their memories and the recollection of the glorious deeds by them performed, than any officer, who has hitherto spoken, had felt like asking. With this statement, not apology, I speak for my comrades.

It is a duty we owe to our dead comrades in the field, that their memories perish not, and that they lie not in their graves unremembered.

It is a duty we owe to our country and State that all the

high motives and holy aspirations which prompted those brave men in their solemn sacrifice of life and hope for their country's good, pass not away from the memories of men. It is not only due that what men have done should be remembered, but the daring, the heroism, of the sons of Vermont, the sacrifices and sympathy of her daughters, should be held in mind as a perennial fountain from which future generations may draw inspirations of patriotism in ages yet to come.

Let us tell, then, often and again, without pride or boasting, all that the Green Mountain Boys did from Big Bethel to Appomattox Court House, and trust that those who come after us will draw renewed love of country from the traditions that shall flow down from these recitals through the years of the future.

Written history cannot always do this. No book could contain all that was done by our soldiers, collectively and individually. And be the story ever so well written, it does not reach all the people, and especially the children, whose hearts are most moved and moulded by these things.

It is each veteran's individual story of camp and field, of the march, the battle and wounds, told in his own words among his own friends, that builds up that faith in the past and patriotism for the future, that is warmer and stronger and deeper than any principle instilled by books or acquired in mature years.

The influence of one man devoted to a single purpose is incalculable.

To-day, in my own village, there have been committed to the grave the remains of a great and good man not unknown to many of you. For eighty-six years has Doctor McKeen cast his influence among his fellow men, and always on the side of right. The very presence in our village of this estimable person, this patriarch, has always been a support and comfort to the friends of order and purity. When, in April, 1861, the first regiment was called into the field, he delivered a most patriotic and encouraging discourse to the Bradford Guards as they were about to leave to join that regiment. He is gone; yet his influence will live long after him. So may many a veteran soldier of the rebellion exert a strong influence upon the patriotism of his countrymen so long as he lives, and leave a memory that shall not fade for many years after his death.

These narratives from every soldier in his home, to his

children, go to make up that great stock of traditionary lore which moulds and shapes the purposes and achievements of the State in future years.

Have you never watched with a father's interest, the kindling eye and glowing cheek of your boy as he sits by your side or upon your knee and listens to the story of how your comrades met the foe or scaled the ramparts bristling with cannon, or to the sad tale of the sufferings of the wounded and the dying. Does he not drink in at every breath the very soul of his country's love? Where will you find so lively and vivid an appreciation of the distinction between friend and foe as in his mind? Where so deep a hatred of treachery, treason and rebellion as in his heart! Every time you tell him of these things, you are laying the foundation, broad and deep, for that true patriotism and State pride that the citizen of a Republic must have, to make it strong.

In these days of easy communication and rapid travel we are inclined to let our love for our State grow cool, and our pride in her lose its strength and depth. This ought not to be. Gatherings like this, the annual summer encampment of veterans in the field, regimental reunions, the camp-fire stories of the Grand Army, all come in to aid in the transmission of what is best. A few durable monuments may be erected; but not all towns are like this. We cannot hope to have the deeds of our soldiers recorded in simple yet durable characters, like the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions burned into the lasting tiles to be deciphered in the hoary centuries yet to come. Monarchs record their conquests in that manner, but Republics too soon forget the sacrifices of their sons.

Let us all unite in painting for posterity a picture of what Vermont troops did in the rebellion. Let the broad canvas contain all of your sufferings and heroism upon the Peninsula, reeking with the poisonous vapors of the swamps of the Chickahominy from Williamsburg to Malvern Hill. Put in that first attempt at warfare at Big Bethel, and leave not out the plains of Bull Run and Manassas and what you suffered there. Paint, then, the gate in the mountains at Harper's Ferry, with every eminence bristling with cannon and gloomy with treachery. Put in bloody Antietam, with its cornfields laden with the harvests of the dead. The blood shed on Marye's Height at Fredericksburg will color your picture with such a crimson tint as will cast its horrible

gleam far down the vista of time. Tone down these glaring aspects with the sufferings and groans upon every battle field. Put them all in, and they will cast such a sombre hue over the canvas that men will shudder as they look upon it and declare it false. Picture that barren sand bank in the Mexican Gulf, Ship Island, and that mighty fleet steaming up the mouths of the Father of Waters, hammering at Forts Jackson and St. Philip and breaking in upon the Crescent City. And while there, paint the Red River, and King Cotton taking a tour under the escort of Uncle Sam. On the river bank plant Port Hudson, thundered at for forty days or more. Sprinkle your great composition all over with the seventy-two cavalry fights of our splendid regiment of horsemen. Light up your picture with the lurid fires of the two hundred cannon of Gettysburg. Put in one brilliant flash to mark where the raw troops of the Second Brigade turned the tide of that great day. Let the victory that drove Lee back to the confederacy light up your gloomy picture, somewhat, and paint then the joy of the whole country if joy and gladness are pigments of your artist's pencil. Put one bright spot at Funkstown where the skirmish line of the Old Brigade drove back three rebel lines of battle in succession. Spread over the whole the storm and snow, rain and hail, mud and discomfort of four Virginia winters, and the burning heat and dust of as many summers. And then dip your brush in blood and smoke and fire and carnage and make one broad sweep of death and hell from the Wilderness, through Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, down to Petersburg. Scatter a few of your best men's bones along the Weldon Railroad. Put in toils and marches, fatigues and sweat and groans and wounds. Death lurks in every shadow. Then tip your pencil with gall and wormwood, and depict that old tobacco warehouse, Libby Prison, and Belle Isle, falsely named, and Salisbury and Andersonville—paint filth and wretchedness, the offspring of calculating cruelty; paint gangrene and foul sores, hollow-eyed hunger and starvation, tears dried up at the fountain, death-gasps and utter despair. Paint only half the truth or posterity will declare it a lie.

But when you come to the Shenandoah Valley prepare your palette with colors as brilliant as the noon-day sun. Bring out in bold relief Charleston and Winchester, Opequon, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Let your canvas be alive with the fleeing foe. Heap up the captured guns and camp equipage, and leave room for a long file of gray-coated captives.

But finally catch upon your brush the brilliant and crimson rays of the setting sun, and in the very centre of your grand panorama, high above all, paint the final surrender of the rebel hordes at Appomattox Court House in such colors as shall give a light to your whole canvas. Put in the hues of success and victory. Paint the caps of the exultant soldiers in the air, and in some way give voice to their loud hurrahs. And, as you finish your first effort in the arts, inscribe above it in letters of living light: This did Vermont for posterity!

At the close of the address, the thanks of the Society were voted to Lieutenant-Colonel Farnham for his interesting and admirable oration, and a copy was requested for publication.

Thanks were also voted for the use of the elegant hall, and for the other courtesies extended by the citizens of St. Johnsbury.

The Society then marched back to the St. Johnsbury House.

THE SUPPER.

The Annual Supper was served in the dining hall. A number of prominent citizens of the town, with their wives, sat down with the officers at the well spread tables. In due time Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout, toast-master, introduced the toasts with a neat speech.

I. *The President of the United States.*

Lieutenant George H. Bigelow didn't know why the "tit man" of the Federal government should be called upon to respond. Modest, magnanimous and valorous the President was, and thoroughly honest. He paid a tribute to President Hayes's financial policy and to his sagacity in selecting those brave soldiers, Generals Devens and Noyes, for high offices.

II. *The State of Vermont and her Centennial Governor.*

Governor Horace Fairbanks said that though the day rightly belonged to the officers and soldiers, he was most

happy to join with them and tender a hearty greeting and cordial welcome in behalf of St. Johnsbury. From his inmost soul he would give all praise and honor and glory to the veterans. The war is over, and our mission is one of peace and conciliation. We should hail with joy the dawn of a better era; for we are now in a way to be united in stronger fraternal bonds than ever, since the curse of slavery has been forever wiped out. Now the endeavor of the citizen-soldier, and of the citizens generally, should be to advance the general prosperity of the common country, knowing no North, no South, no East, no West—but a common brotherhood.

III. *Our Country and its Flag.*

Judge Poland said that though he had done his best to serve his country, his best service was insipid and valueless in the presence of the deeds of the soldiers. Had it not been for the soldiers, we should have had no country.

A patriotic song by the Glee Club followed.

IV. *The Centennial of our State.*

Responded to by Major A. B. Valentine who attributed not only the success but the existence of the Bennington celebration to the effects of the Soldiers Reunion organizations. To-night we have a right to be vain-glorious, but the Bennington Centennial is incomplete till the monument is erected.

Colonel Franklin Fairbanks being called on, said he had no war record, except by proxy. Impersonating his substitute, he made a happy play upon words, not knowing whether he was killed, received an honorable discharge or deserted.

V. *The Industries of Vermont.*

Colonel A. B. Jewett said Vermont was a rural district, and since the Grangers had a monopoly of it, he would call

upon General Henry. But General Henry could not be thus enticed into a speech.

VI. *The Memories of the War.*

General Stannard spoke happily in pleasant anecdote and personal allusion, and General Stephen Thomas portrayed some of the successive scenes of the war of the Rebellion.

VII. *The Dead Soldiers of Vermont.*

Colonel Veazey made an elegant and telling speech, saying that as Bierstadt's noble painting of the Yosemite Valley in the Athenæum grew upon him, so did the illustrious deeds of the dead soldiers. He paid worthy tributes to Major T. H. Halsey, Major J. Halsey Cushman, and Captain Sawin, who have died since the last reunion.

VIII. *The Press.*

Mr. C. M. Stone, of the *Caledonian*, thought that if the editors printed all the speeches, they might be excused from making any.

IX. *The Grand Army of the Republic.*

Responded to by General W. W. Henry. He urged all soldiers to join the organization, commending it for its attention to works of charity and its special duty of developing the *unwritten* history of the war. Captain Woodbury responded to the same sentiment.

X. *The Chaplains of our Army.*

Responded to by Rev. E. C. Cummings, chaplain of the Fifteenth Vermont, who described the benefits to the chaplains of the experiences of battle-field and hospital.

XI. *Our Surgeons.*

The hit of the evening was the speech of Surgeon Bulard in response to this toast. It sparkled with wit and humorous anecdotes.

XII. *The Women of Vermont.*

Colonel H. M. Porter responded. His eulogy of the fair sex was worthy of the beauty and purity of his subject.

The festivities were prolonged into the night, with orderly enjoyment; and at 1 o'clock, after singing "Auld lang syne," the reunion ended.

THE FIFTEENTH REUNION.

OCTOBER 31, 1878.

The fifteenth annual meeting was held at Montpelier on Thursday, October 31, 1878. The attendance of officers was unusually large.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held at the State House, and was called to order by the President, Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. W. Hooker.

The records of the last annual meeting were read by the Secretary, Major J. S. Peck, and were approved.

The Treasurer reported a balance of \$61.85 due to the Treasurer and Secretary.

The resolution offered by Lieutenant Thompson, at the previous annual meeting, proposing to amend the constitution of the Society, so as to admit enlisted men to membership, was called up, and on motion further consideration thereof was postponed for one year.

The following resolution was introduced by Lieutenant Benedict, and was adopted :

Resolved, That a necrological committee of three be appointed by the President, whose duty it shall be to prepare and place on file, brief sketches of the deceased members of this Society—and further to prepare and present at the next annual meeting, notices of any member or members who may die during the current year.

The President appointed as such committee: Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow and Major J. S. Peck.

The following resolution, introduced by Captain J. W. Newton, was adopted, after extended discussion :

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to prepare a resolution to be presented to the present Legislature, to authorize the Governor to appoint a historian to prepare a history of the part taken by the Vermont soldiers and sailors in the war for the Union.

The President appointed as such committee: Colonel W. G. Veazey, Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow and Colonel J. B. Mead.

The usual nominating committee was appointed, as follows :

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Lieut.-Col. R. Farnham.	12th Regt., Lieut. B. J. Derby.
2d Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury.	18th Regt., Surg. Geo. Nichols.
3d Regt., Lt.-Col. S. E. Pingree.	14th Regt., Capt. W. C. Dunton.
4th Regt., Gen. Geo. P. Foster.	15th Regt., Lt.-Col. W. W. Grout.
5th Regt., Capt. B. R. Jenne.	16th Regt., Lieut. H. A. Fletcher.
6th Regt., Capt. F. G. Butterfield.	17th Regt., Surg. P. O. M. Edson.
8th Regt., Lt.-Col. A. B. Franklin.	Cavalry, Lieut. F. S. Stranahan.
9th Regt., Adj. J. C. Stearns.	Sharp Shooters, Sergt. Cassius Peck.
10th Regt., Maj. J. A. Salisbury.	Batteries, Lieut. W. R. Rowell.
11th Regt., Lt. Col. A. F. Walker.	Navy, Lieut. E. J. Arthur.

The nominating committee reported the following, and the same were elected unanimously :

OFFICERS FOR 1878-9.

President—Colonel A. S. Tracy of Middlebury.

Vice-Presidents—Lieutenant Willard Farrington of St. Albans, and Captain W. W. Lynde of Brattleboro.

Secretary—Major James S. Peck of Montpelier.

Treasurer—Major L. G. Kingsley of Rutland.

Executive Committee—Captain E. J. Ormsbee of Brandon, Major J. A. Salisbury of Rutland, and Lieutenant C. W. Carr of Brandon.

On motion of Colonel Veazey, the President was instructed to invite the Society of the Army of the Potomac, and the Grand Army of the Republic, to hold their annual meetings at Burlington next year.

An assessment of one dollar per member was voted, to replenish the Treasury of the Society.

On motion of General W. W. Henry, a committee of five to memorialize the Legislature on the subject of establishing a Home for poor and disabled soldiers was appointed, by the President, as follows: General Stephen Thomas, Major J. L. Barstow, Captain T. S. Peck, Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow, Colonel W. G. Veazey.

The President appointed as marshal for the public exercises, Captain Theodore S. Peck; and as committee on toasts: G. H. Bigelow, G. G. Benedict, E. J. Ormsbee, Warren Gibbs, J. B. Mead, W. Farrington.

The Society then adjourned until evening.

EVENING.

The Society formed at 7 o'clock and marched to the State House.

Representatives' Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The body of the house and the galleries were packed, and many were unable to gain admittance. President Hooker presided, and prayer was offered by the chaplain of the occasion, Captain U. A. Woodbury. The St. Albans Glee Club then sang: "We praise thee, O God."

President Hooker then, in a few fitting words, introduced the speaker, Sergeant Lucius Bigelow.

SERGEANT BIGELOW'S ORATION.

Mr. President and Comrades:

I have consented to accept the honor tendered me in your invitation to serve you as orator on this occasion, not because I have any right to this compliment, through my own short term of fellowship in the field with you, but because I believed that you thought, not of the poverty of my performance, but of the sincerity of my spirit. You believed that I had at least seen enough of the actualities of a soldier's life, so that I could speak to you understandingly of

that tremendous time, when your business was war, and your manly bosoms were the bucklers of the nation.

No spirit-stirring drum in angry note sounds to-day along our shores ; above our heads the "tethered flame" of no battle banner "sails like a meteor kindling in its flight ;" no blue ridge of Union soldiers lifts and stretches its mountain barrier of unbroken bayonets between North and South ; no rumbling cannon channel our fields ; no bugle call summons the swarming skirmishers to the front ; no shell flies past with the wrathful cry of bursting rage ; no singing flight of leaden bees is stinging to death our bravest and our best ; and where once floated a thousand colors from a thousand masts mid the shoutings of a mighty soldiery, no more warlike sound than the rush of the river breaks the beautiful peace of Nature along the Potomac.

These stern notes and stimulating scenes of stout war are no longer with us. A more hallowed and gracious time is your hour, and you have insisted on making me its man. I am announced to deliver an *oration*. I shall oppress you with nothing of the sort ; orations are for senates, not for a circle of comrades in sweet council, for an assemblage that knows no party but the nation.

Two forces push the world forward ; self-interest and moral ideas. Self-interest in healthy development means thrift, economy, wealth, commerce, ships, agriculture, houses, cities, steam cars and boats, means the high materialities of this life, honestly won, and wisely and virtuously enjoyed ; but the morbid, diseased exaggeration of this force means fanatical utilitarianism, luxurious cynicism, and splendid scoundrelism ; means thrift and honest trade melting into avarice, speculation and thievery. Moral ideas mean justice, humanity, honor, honesty, magnanimity, tenderness, purity and self-sacrifice. Now a healthy and desirable social state is where these two forces are in equilibrium ; where indolent idealists, drifting into the dissipation of mere dreaming, and utilitarian fanatics, withering through the corrosion of insane acquisitiveness, are equally absent. That is, we should be a race like our Revolutionary Fathers, who had an honorable moral dread of poverty, but sought justice before wealth, nobleness before happiness, believing, as they did, that not what dies with your century, but what shall always survive it, is the test of the level of your civilization. They knew that the contemplation of moral ideas added nothing to the commerce-extending, money-getting capacity of a country,

but they saw in them the antidotal enemy to the poisoning power of the force of self-interest in a diseased, exaggerated form, and, therefore, they were

“timely wise,
Laughing not when this one steals and that one lies.”

They believed in the existence of most divine and lofty powers that add nothing to our materialities, but must go beyond and find their free play in the spiritualities of that unknown sea, whose faint glimmerings are our intimations of immortality. They prized purity first, then peace; truth first, then power.

The healthy equilibrium of these two propulsive forces, self-interest and moral ideas, is the realization of a perfect social state.

Now

“Set these two forces foot to foot,
And any man knows who'll be winner—
Whose faith in God has any root,
That goes down deeper than his dinner;”

and it was this superiority of the moral to the material forces that in times of tremendous stimulus made you forget the self-preservative instinct; made the nation flame, welding into one keen sword, sighing for a wielder; made every trader a soldier. Dickens somewhere tells us of a rough, hard-featured, sorrow-clouded woman, whose latent humanity, hard to reach, he likens to one toiling painfully up many a winding, dark and dirty stair, and rapping on a low door-way to see it open with words of gentle greeting.

The sentiment, the deep divinity of the shrewd, hard American nature is about as difficult of access; but through our so-called selfishness, through the thick dust of trade, through the vain and sordid ambitions, through the blubber-fat of carnalities and gross animalisms, the warm, red blood of primitive manhood rose surging to the surface, when the dread hour came and men for the hour were wanted. For years before the late war the foremost men of the time preached the utilitarian doctrine of selfishness, that declares that civilization has nothing to do with anything but property, its increase and preservation; thrift first, justice at our convenience. Webster always talked in his last days as if a man's liberty was nothing compared with coal, cotton and corn, with lands, banks and bullion, with ships and stocks; and with solemn sneer tried to sap the creed of the opponents of human slavery by calling it a “rub-a-dub-dub agitation.”

But ten years after his death his own eldest son fell in battle, a willing and eager follower of that tremendous drum-beat, whose call to quarters at last the whole North obeyed, whose incipient roll was this "rub-a-dub-dub agitation," that the sneer of the great expounder never snuffed out.

The utilitarian theory of government,—first thrift and safety, then justice,—seemed to have the popular assent, when suddenly the shot against Sumter roused us from the state of moral syncope, and we rose beyond the sphere of human selfishness to the highest level of self-sacrifice. The impulsive force of this grand passion of the nation was an influence that these old-time navigators never knew how to measure, for it was the manly blood of the North welling up from the deep places where cold logic never enters. Charles Reade in one of his eloquent novels tells us of the electric effect of a skylark's song on a group of rude miners in Australia; the coarse, brutal voices hushed still as death as the bird began his matchless warbling, until finally, as his melody rose higher and higher, all the rocks and trees and brooks, and sweet fields of their innocent youth in old England seemed to rise on their sight as though following the Orphean music of that thrilling song, and hard eyes moistened that had not shed a tear for many a long day.

And so it was with this hard-faced, grasping American people; the shot at the flag broke the spell of the false philosophy, long taught, and the peddler nation's heart of ice became a sea of fire.

Patriotism as a moral duty, not as an impulse, inspiring you to sacrifice, away from the sights and sounds of war, is only felt by a fine nature. The delicate, impalpable bloom of the plum is part of the perfect brightness of its beauty; the fragrance of the flower is the balmy breath of its lovely life, its most ethereal and consummate charm. The bloom cannot be clutched by your fingers, and the scent of the roses comes not to the eye; but they gladden your soul. So moral enthusiasm and fervor for something, whether it be humble or high, so it be square, is the very bloom and fragrance of a humane nature, its most impalpable and yet its most immortal attribute. And this was the quality of your patriotism when in 1861 you followed the screaming fife and thundering drum that were calling you to a war whose hostile smoke you could not see, whose blackened fields reached not to your frontier, whose angry shots did not startle your mountain air. You went, not because of your babies, but in spite of their little

hands tugging at your heartstrings to hold you back. You went to fend danger not from your family, but from millions yet to be.

In the ordinary affairs of life one acute Yankee peddler mind is worth more for service to his day and generation than forty poetic souls ; but when the storms and strifes of politics split states, and we are where steel and not gold will get us honorably and honestly out, and the word is war, then it is that the sentiment side of human nature, that poets and thinkers feel, steps to the front and leads where the peddler nature dares not clear the way. The men who hold the widest sway in the hearts of humanity, who have defended liberty when assaulted, who have poured oil and healing balm into her wounds after battle, are the men of this sort, men of this deep, poetic instinct, this moral tenderness, this appreciation of the immortal. It is all that survives of the influence of Greece and Rome, of every ancient State. Sparta, like the old South, a land of soldiers and slaves, gave us nothing ; but the airy-minded Athenian, the antique dreamer, holds the ear and the eye of the race to-day. Philip and his phalanx drove Demosthenes to death ; but to-day Philip and his phalanx are phantoms, while Demosthenes touches the lips of every fiery-souled orator that has ever stirred us to tears, to mutiny and rage. It is Plato's page against the sword of Sparta. It is the difference between Hamilton, the financial savior of a poor and struggling nation, and Jay Gould, the mere dancing bear of a stock market,—the statesman versus the speculator. It is Napoleon at Wagram, riding up and down his shot-riddled ranks to save his crown, fighting for his own hand,—as opposed to Winthrop leading the assault to save a country. It is the man who thought and fought for all time, as opposed to the man who thought and fought only for himself and his little hour. It is spirituality against sordidness ; it is high thoughts against low ; it is the palpable against the impalpable ; it is the dollar against the whole duty of man.

The airs that blow from the South are full of fraternal words from those who were once armed enemies ; but while I would not question captiously the sincerity of these utterances, I observe that they are miserably perverted from their best purpose and office for good, by those who do not yet perceive that the rebellion was a war of ideas ; that the North won in the conflict not alone because of her might, but because of her right.

Because you clasp the hand of a Confederate in warm fellowship, honoring him for the valor that put up his life for his cause, for the manly truth that makes him to-day keep both the letter and spirit of his oath, you must not by equivocal conduct or expression confuse the two causes ; for if you do you are the exponent of a false and dangerous education. There is sturdy, admirable manliness in bravely dying for error ; but there is more than manliness, there is magnificent moral sense in dying for truth. Your business is to teach that courage alone is not a patent of nobility, for Macbeth, steeped to his lips in crime, teemed with valor, with desperate, aggressive, Satanic, self-preservative, not self-abnegating instinct. You must teach that martyrdom is of itself no proof of morality ; many a so-called martyr's ashes are not worth collecting ; the smoke of his sacrifice only vexed the sweet air of heaven, and his blood was the seed of no church that was worth humanity's sustaining. We need not oppose the personalities of Union and Confederate soldiers ; we need not pit valor against valor, for there is thrilling proof of their honorable equality of sacrifice and heroism ; but while we grant them perfect freedom of speech for their heresy, they must grant us perfect freedom of denunciation for their error ; and therefore there can be no equality of flags, for there is but one flag ; there can be no co-honor of causes, for there is only one cause. What was worth fighting for during four years is worth talking about—not vindictively, not boastingly, but reverently, forever and forever and forever.

“ If law and order, honor, civil right—
If they wan't worth it, what was worth a fight?”

And the loyal common sense of the nation wants and will have at the South a real peace, that means a peace of political life, not the peace of political death.

For the Southern *man*, sick, suffering, sorrow-stricken, we have an open hand, an open heart, and an open door, but for the Southern *idea*, that might is the rule of right, we are and shall ever be as cruel and inhospitable as that vast grave their foolish hands filled with our precious dead. If tranquility under tyranny continues to burlesque peace under justice, the turbulent protest of war, in the final event, will again close the debate. Man can afford to trifle with man, but man cannot afford to trifle with God ; and the vast spirit of divine justice, that wraps like an atmosphere the entire moral world, cannot be insulted and outraged for ever with

impunity ; and the South, if it insists on spurning the rudder of justice, will surely be ruled by the rock of retribution. Sentimentalism never saves a State ; it is belief in the immutable timeliness of eternal justice that does that, and a handful of flowers won't soak up a river of blood. Is the idea so slight you warred for, that those who earned but escaped the gallows may take courage to expect a monument ? If it is, then how sharp the sting of the loyal death ; how barren the victory of the loyal grave !

Ah, no ! as long as one monument remains, one soldier's simple slab tells the deathless story of your dead ; as long as a musket or a sword of '61 shall hang from the cottage wall in the spot where the brightest light is wont to shine, so long this rugged New England soil will have a breed worthy of their bull-dog pedigree ; worthy of those stern men who "with empires in their brains were the embattled farmers' line at Concord Bridge." Then, and not till then, when all these insignia of quenchless honor, these tenacious, inspiring memories have passed away, will the soldier, in any regrettable sense, be "played out."

While I do not admire that thoughtless civilian who is too ready to whistle the soldier and his recent services contemptuously down the wind, let me remark that I have just as little sympathy with that foolish and shallow-minded soldier who is always ready to carp at his civilian neighbor, if perchance he may not have rendered the extremity of sacrifice by putting himself in the front of the fight. There were home voices in old Vermont that "rammed our cannon down, edged our swords and sent our stormers shouting on their desperate way." There were bodies in the rear whose souls were always with you at the front. Every man who used brain and heart and voice and purse unselfishly in organizing victory behind you ; every maiden or wife who ruled down her heart and let her lover go ; every mother who kissed her boys with lips that quivered, and whose prayers, in simple words and few, were offered nightly for your success ; these and such as these were to you humane powers, helping in all ways, moral and material, to gird up your sturdy loins for stout battle. Age, or the accident of temperament, or health, may have made their physical nerve smaller and more flaccid than your own ; but their moral nerve may have been of the finest and toughest fibre. And of those who seemingly did little, let us believe that their hearts were warm if their hands were weak ; for God knows that if none of us ever had

a nobler aspiration than our best deed, we should all stand in deep need of divine mercy. An author is better than his book, an artist finer than his picture, and a man nobler in thought and ambition than in deed.

There has been much ineffable nonsense written about the war and its heroes. In books war is most dramatic and poetic reading; in life it is cruelty. The harvest blackens beneath the sirocco breath of war, the sweet, fair flowers cower and wither at its approach, and die "in aromatic pain" under the spurning hoof of the war horse. The springing grass fades under the ceaseless roll of the artillery wheels, or grows rosy red with the blood of the brave. Leonidas, dark with the dust and blood of the conflict, was real war, and yet fair ladies who have read his story with glowing cheeks would have thought him no lovely sight in his hour of travail. The hero of a Sunday School book is sometimes a muff or a milksop, sometimes a fair ideal; but the hero of a battle field, grimed with powder, aye, sometime black with guilt, is life—half humanities, half brutalities. Shakspeare makes Norfolk in the play say,

"As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight."

There are natures, I suppose, occasionally, who really feel the joy of the conflict, and go as jocund to a fray as to a feast: but it is honorable to human nature to know that such are not very common, and when found, are seldom admirable as men or able as soldiers. Nobody sane and fairly intelligent, ever went out to try conclusions with death in this dancing humor, and the heroism of our boys had little of pride and pomp, of crashing music and royal banner, and "Vive l'Empereur" boisterousness about it. It was, like themselves, homely and self-contained; they stood up firmly, fought stubbornly; when they dropped, they had grim humor and queer wit quite as often on their lips as groans or cries or prayers. There was gold and there was dross in them. It is not pleasant to think that a man with heroism enough to rally a losing fight by personal exposure should not be noble all the way through; but human nature is often like a pocket mine out of which may come great nuggets, but no continuous yield. So the man who astonishes you by taking his life in his hands and heroically exposing it, may often disappoint you by sordidness when you expect continuous and consistent sacrifice. There was none of the romance of historical heroism about our boys; in camp there was something of the meanness,

something of the hypocrisy, something of the cowardice and the boasting that we find among mankind out of camps; but this was exceptional where suffering and privation and peril were daily probing every man to the very marrow-bones of his manhood, separated from all the accidents of wealth, or education, or manner, or personal appearance.

As in all other spheres, the duty of a soldier is best done by those who approach it, not through bursts of emotional feeling, but through that stern resolve and rock-fast daily determination that knows noble things are difficult; that the cypress and the myrtle are thicker than roses on the road to right; that duty means difficulty and sacrifice always and danger not unfrequently. But to wince under pain is not to cry out or complain; to grow pale at peril is not to fly; and believe me, the soldiers who did their devoir most nobly in the awful solemnities of a great battle were not those who brawled and boasted either before or after the conflict; but those who with a humane hate of bloodshed turned, it may be, pale faces but stout hearts to the enemy, and fixed their unyielding feet firmly in the earth as a badger's claws, and made a badger's bitter fight, simply because it was the hard but single road to their full duty. Homely heroes they were, but as genuine specimens as ever fought at the front and fell where they fought.

It is only repeating the world's habit, to scatter flowers on the graves of many whose heads were never crowned with laurels, who in life had both the fate and the courage to be misunderstood. He who fell in defeat at Fredericksburg, was he less a success than he who fell in victory at Gettysburg? Had not both lives rounded out an equal orb of honor? Ah! success is to see your duty clearly and to do it, whether you rise a living hero from its performance or drop into a grave to sleep among the unnamed demi-gods of the race, until you stand among those shining ones whose equality of heroism is not the issue of its performance but the integrity of its spirit.

Finally, these men were usually self forgetful at the last bitter extremity, even when their own battle wraith was shrieking doing offices of unselfishness for suffering comrades.

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Oh, the bitter thought is, the ample vitality, the contagious fire, the nerve, the moral force that lies buried in

their graves! We sadly speculate how many enterprises of great pith and moment, how much splendid and useful ambition for adventure, how much integrity, how much forceful energy, is beneath the sanctified sods of Spottsylvania, along the slopes of Gettysburg, within the dreadful circle of Petersburg.

This, oh, this, is the memory to keep of them; not of their little fleshly weakness you may wot of, that lies buried with their heroic dust, but the inspiring recollection of their immortal spirit.

The poet's noble lines rise instinctively to our lips:

"A single drop of manly blood the surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes, but manhood rooted stays."

At the close of Mr. Bigelow's address—which was frequently interrupted by applause—Surgeon Edson moved a vote of thanks, which was heartily given. The Glee Club then sang, "To thee, O Country," which was warmly encouraged. An "old army song" was then sung and a vote of thanks was tendered the club for their part in the evening's exercises.

The Society then adjourned to the dining hall of the Pavilion.

THE SUPPER.

After a full discussion of the viands, President Hooker called the members of the Society to order, and in a few well-chosen words he introduced Lieutenant W. H. H. Holton as toast-master.

I. The President of the United States.

General George P. Foster, United States marshal for Vermont, said that he was a thorough believer in President Hayes and his policy. His speech seemed to meet the hearty approval of the officers present. President Hooker then introduced Congressman James M. Tyler of Brattleboro, who endorsed the sentiments of General Foster, and thought that a new and better era of politics was going to govern the country hereafter.

II. *Vermont*—Her name, her fame, her honor, are dear as life to every true Vermonter.

Governor Proctor, being called upon, said that he had not supposed he was to be called upon so early in the evening. Like the ladies he wanted the last word, but with the average luck of a man he could not get it. Vermont's share in subduing the rebellion had become a matter of history. There is not a school district in the State, hardly a family, which did not contribute toward perpetuating the National Union by the sacrifice, or the offer of sacrifice, of its cherished sons. He closed with an appeal to the sons of Vermont to lead upright, worthy lives, which was particularly well received.

III. *The United States Senate*, and the men who so worthily sustain in it the reputation for integrity, ability and statesmanship, established by Prentiss, Foot, Collamer and other noble sons of the Green Hills.

Senator Geo. F. Edmunds responded. The Senator claimed to have been a soldier, in that, during the St. Albans raid, he shouldered his musket and gallantly defended the docks in Burlington from invasion. But for the gallant services of the volunteers of our country, there would have been no United States Senate, nor any United States to have held a Senate. Our volunteer army had made and secured the solidity of our free institutions, and had rendered a government of the people, for the people and by the people a possibility and an established fact. He had faith that the result would prove that popular sovereignty would ultimately succeed. Senator Edmunds's remarks were frequently applauded.

IV. *The Judiciary of Vermont*—Its past record is the pride of our State—its reputation is now in worthy hands.

Ex-Judge L. P. Poland responded. He thought the decisions of the Vermont courts as sound as those of any other State in the Union. Our judiciary are more stable

than that of any other State, although the judges are elected at every session of the Legislature. Our judicial ermine has never been soiled.

V. *The "Wisdom and Virtue" of Vermont*—the law-makers of a State eminently high in character and patriotic in spirit. May they never suffer the history of the prowess of her sons in the war for the Union to remain unrecorded and fade away.

Lieutenant-Governor E. N. Colton made a proper response to this sentiment, and called upon Speaker Martin of the House, who very happily insisted that the House must, of necessity and constitutionally, be made up from the "wisdom and virtue" of the State.

VI. *The first President of our Society*—The one-armed hero of Chapin's Farm needs no further introduction.

General Stannard responded, and related some amusing reminiscences of the war days, among them some of his experiences with Colonel Hooker and other brave men who served with him. These narrations were received with roars of laughter. He spoke highly of the Vermont Brigade, and said he was proud to have been a Vermont soldier.

VII. *The Grand Army of the Republic*—The defenders of the country's liberties.

General W. W. Henry was happy to say that he belonged to the organization named and thought that soldiers who were not members of the order should get into it quickly. General Henry urged the establishment of a Soldiers' Home. The President then called on Colonel J. B. Mead. He said he was in no mood for a speech, but he loved the Grand Army. Its fruits are good. It has an earnest desire to perpetuate and create a knowledge of what our government is for; it is the conservator of republican principles; it must be kept unharmed; no organization can do more for the people.

VIII. *Our Soldier Dead*—Who gave their lives that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, might not perish from off the earth. The memories of those who died for safe and correct principles shall endure forever.

Captain Howe responded in a fitting tribute to the gallant boys who gave their lives for the country. He was followed by General Stephen Thomas, who made an earnest speech. Why, he said, do we gather here? Not because we can do our fallen comrades any good? We come together for the purpose of perpetuating the principles for which we fought. If we did not fight for a principle, then we fought in vain. We fought for the right, and our enemies were wrong. There is no mistake about it. We can forgive, but not forget. He spoke strongly in favor of fair dealing with the soldiers on the part of the state, and called upon the Legislature to do something toward establishing a Soldiers' Home.

IX. *The National Guard of Vermont*—the refuge of the State when danger threatens. They should ever have the preserving and supporting care of the citizens.

Captain J. W. Newton said he had responded to that toast four different years. He spoke highly of the National Guard, and hoped they would be found faithful and ready if ever occasion demanded their services in the protection of the State.

X. *The Ladies*—No home is complete without them. Alike in prosperity and in adversity, their faith ever sustains and animates us to noble deeds.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roswell Farnham responded briefly. He urged upon the women of Vermont to bring up the boys to know well and surely the principles of their government, teaching them to be brave men and good citizens.

Colonel Veazey being called up, said these gatherings carried him back to those days when the line between loyalty and treason was so sharply drawn. He was ready to forgive

those who fought against the right, but could not forget the wrong they did.

Captain Richard Smith was then called upon, and kept the tables in a roar by his remarks on various subjects.

Captain Ormsbee spoke briefly in regard to the necessity of having a history of Vermont troops in the war of the rebellion published.

XI. *The Medical Department of the Army.*

Responded to by Surgeons P. O. M. Edson and J. L. Harrington.

After some remarks by Captain Lonergan, regarding war incidents, the Ransom Guard Glee Club, which had given various songs at intervals between the speeches, sang the last song of the evening, and the company dispersed, with the unanimous verdict that they had had a splendid time.

SIXTEENTH REUNION.

JANUARY 8TH, 1880.

The Sixteenth Annual Meeting was held at Brandon, in the hall of the Farmers' and Mechanics' club, Thursday, Jan. 8th, 1880, at 4 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Colonel A. S. Tracy, of Middlebury, President of the Society.

Captain C. H. Forbes, of Brandon, was chosen secretary pro tem., in the absence of the Secretary, and read the report of the last meeting. Prayer was offered by Colonel John B. Mead. The Treasurer's report was made by Major L. G. Kingsley, of Rutland, showing an indebtedness of \$51.70. On motion of Colonel Porter, a collection was taken up, amounting to a sum sufficient to defray the indebtedness, and leave a little in the treasury.

On motion of Captain A. B. Valentine, a committee of one from each regiment to nominate officers was appointed as follows:

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Major L. G. Kingsley.	12th Regt., Lieut.-Col. R. Farnham.
2d Regt., Colonel J. H. Walbridge.	13th Regt., Surg. Geo. W. Nichols.
4th Regt., Lieut.-Col. G. W. Hooker.	14th Regt., Captain W. C. Dunton.
5th Regt., Captain W. B. Robinson.	15th Regt., Lieut.-Col. W. W. Grout.
6th Regt., Captain J. W. Clark.	16th Regt., Major William Rounds.
7th Regt., Captain E. A. Morse.	17th Regt., Captain D. Conway.
8th Regt., Captain Fred E. Smith.	1st Cavalry, Gen. William Wells.
9th Regt., Captain J. S. Stearns.	Sharpshooters, Lieut. M. V. Bronson.
10th Regt., Maj. Henry W. Kingsley.	Batteries, Captain John W. Chase.
11th Regt., Captain U. A. Woodbury.	

Colonel John B. Mead moved that George W. Childs, of St. Albans, who served as a private in a Massachusetts regiment, be made an honorary member of the society.

Lieutenant W. S. Stranahan, of St. Albans, moved that S. B. Pettengill, of Rutland, of the Seventh Squadron Rhode Island cavalry, be admitted as an honorary member. After discussion, it was decided that Mr. Childs and Mr. Pettengill, belonging to organizations of other States, were by their residence in the State eligible to active membership, and thereupon they united with the society.

The nominating committee reported the following officers, who were elected :

President—Surgeon George W. Nichols.

Vice-Presidents—Captain A. B. Valentine, Captain U. A. Woodbury.

Secretary—Major James S. Peck.

Treasurer—Major Levi G. Kingsley.

Executive Committee—Captain Fred E. Smith, Colonel P. P. Pitkin, Captain John W. Clark.

On motion of General Henry, it was voted to hold the next annual meeting in Montpelier.

The President appointed W. W. Henry, G. H. Bigelow, G. W. Hooker, G. G. Benedict, Willard Farrington and George W. Childs, committee on toasts; and Colonel Pitkin, marshal.

On motion of Captain Woodbury, which was seconded feelingly by Colonel Hooker, a committee was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions on the death of General Geo. P. Foster. Captain Woodbury, Lieutenant G. G. Benedict and Colonel Porter were appointed such committee. Lieutenant Benedict presented in behalf of the committee, the following resolutions, which were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us our beloved Comrade Surgeon Willard A. Childs, late surgeon of the Tenth regiment, Vermont volunteers, therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death, we, his fellow-soldiers, have lost a noble hearted and generous comrade, his wife has sustained the loss of a tender husband, his little son a gentle father, and his country an earnest, uncompromising patriot. Entering the service of the United States government at the outbreak of the rebellion and continuing in active duty in the field

until its close, he was an officer of eminent skill and of wide professional experience, with fine executive abilities; he filled the various positions of trust and responsibility assigned to him with fidelity to his manhood, credit to his profession and honor to the medical corps of the army.

Resolved, That we tender to his stricken widow and bereaved relatives a soldier's sympathy, praying them to accept the comfort of Him who came to give peace to the world, and the consolations we find in this sorrow in the belief that his name is on the great roll of the brave and honored of our land, whose memory shall never perish.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the Rutland, St. Albans and Burlington papers.

A resolution was passed thanking the Brandon Farmers' and Mechanics' Club for the use of their hall, when the Society adjourned until evening.

EVENING.

The evening trains brought quite an addition to those in attendance on the reunion, and the Brandon House presented a lively appearance. At 7.30 o'clock Marshal Pitkin formed the procession by regiments, and the Society, escorted by the Sprague Guards and Ormsbee Post, G. A. R., proceeded to the town hall. Along the route several places were finely illuminated, cannon were fired and red white and blue lights were burned during the passage of the procession. Arriving at the hall the escort opened ranks and the Society passed through them into the hall, which was beautifully decorated. On the platform were Colonel Tracy, President of the association; Colonel Pitkin, marshal; Ex-Governor Proctor, Lieutenant Farrington, Colonel Hooker, Colonel Mead, Captain Ormsbee, Captains Dunton and Carr, and others. The President called the audience to order, and Colonel J. B. Mead, officiating as chaplain of the occasion, opened the exercises with prayer.

After music by Rielle's orchestra, Mrs. C. M. Winslow sang the "Star Spangled Banner," supported by a chorus. It was beautifully sung and was loudly encored.

Colonel Tracy then introduced Colonel John R. Lewis, the orator of the evening, as one of Vermont's bravest and truest soldiers.

COLONEL LEWIS'S ORATION.

Mr. President and Comrades :

While the friendly greeting of old comrades in arms, and the perpetuation of the ties of love and friendship that were formed in days of peril on the battle field, are worthy motives and reward for our assembling here, yet I am fain to believe that the principles which prompt you to noble deeds, and the holy cause for which you fought, are the dearest objects of your love and care, and the underlying motive for the preservation of the memories of those days. Therefore, in these times, when politicians set aside the verdict of the last great arbiter ; when base metal is gilded to pass as pure gold ; when weak sentimentality glorifies alike the blue and the gray, there is necessity for us to impress upon all within the sphere of our influence, our sense of the magnitude of the crime that so nearly made wreck of our free institutions, and to engraft in the hearts of the coming generations our hatred of treason, tyranny and oppression, and our love for loyalty, justice and mercy.

While we, who were actively engaged in the war of the rebellion, and thoroughly acquainted with its history, and that of the time immediately preceding it, have no occasion to review its events or that history, to confirm our convictions as to the justice of our cause, there are many occurrences of later times and of the days now passing which draw our thoughts to the consideration of the origin and initiation of the rebellion, and of the spirit which actuated the rebellious people who brought it upon us, and that which prompted the government and the patriotic citizens who rallied to the defence of constitutional freedom and the Union.

No one acquainted with the history of this country for a half century preceding the rebellion can doubt or question the fact that there were many times when the people of the Southern States had far greater cause, and could, with much more show of justice, have made the demands and taken the action they did take in 1861 ; nor that the time was chosen, not because of any old and long borne tyranny then become insupportable, but simply because of loss of political power, and the determination of the Southern leaders to rule or

ruin; and that the time was rendered auspicious by the fact that the excitement, bitterness and enthusiasm of that political campaign enabled them to arouse and unite so large a majority of their people in support of their designs.

Nor can any one doubt the generosity, charity and forbearance which had many times been exhibited by the government and the Northern people, under the arrogant and insolent demand and dictation of the South; nor that the spirit which actuated the North was that of patriotic and enthusiastic devotion to the constitution—a determination to maintain the authority and defend the life of the grand nationality bequeathed by our fathers—so patiently and conscientiously established and sealed with their blood.

And there was rarely exhibited in the action, or proclaimed in the speeches or writings of the warmest partisans of that time, any disposition to take away one iota of the just rights and privileges of any section or any class of our people. With the government, all was forbearance—forbearance almost to the point of criminal weakness.

Instead of there existing any bitter personal feeling or hatred toward the people of the South, everything had conspired to establish, on the contrary, a feeling of respect and kindness. The relations of trade and commerce had brought our intelligent business men in contact with the most enterprising business men of the South. She had sent her ablest and most brilliant men to the seat of government, where for many years they had dictated its policy, controlled the legislation and impressed their views and a sense of their importance upon the officers, politicians and people annually assembled at the national capital; and the best educated, most intelligent, social element, in their annual summer pilgrimage to the North, had imbued society with a sense of their intelligence, generosity and hospitality, to say the least, fully equal to their deserts. Indeed they occupied a higher place in the esteem and love of the Northern people than they deserved.

With crafty design and evil forethought, the Southern leaders, connected with the national government, had carefully directed the distribution of military and naval stores, and so located the small army and navy as to render it, as nearly as possible, insufficient and powerless against their well planned designs.

While the reasons for the rebellion, given at that time by the ablest leaders of the South, appear more weak and puerile, when illustrated by the light of history, even then

they were of a nature that made a redress of their grievances most easy by constitutional means and under the established government. But with hot haste they hurried to its accomplishment by the most dastardly means, the most heinous of crimes.

While the fell purpose of the Southern leaders was plainly foreseen by many of the most observing and intelligent of our statesmen, it was scarcely appreciated by the majority of our people; and it was only as it was developed by rapidly succeeding events, immediately preceding and during the progress of the war, that they became aware of the magnitude of their designs, and how long they had planned and how carefully they had matured those plans before proceeding to open revolt.

The Union men of the South have revealed many facts that show the long existing determination to overthrow the government unless their most extreme demands were acceded to. All honor to that noble few, who, though Southern men, imbued with all that sectional pride and affection for her people and institutions, which characterize the South, yet possessed such honest convictions of justice and patriotic sense of duty, as controlled their action and made them loyal under the terrible difficulties of their situation. They alone of all that multitude were not deceived by the cunning artifices of the men in power, whose political education consisted in acquiring the art of moving, restraining and governing the great multitude of their ignorant supporters that they might use them for their own ambitious purposes. But when their purpose was made manifest, when the overt act was committed, when the national flag was trailed in the dust, when it was torn from its place on the forts, arsenals and garrisons of the nation, who of us can forget the thrill of national pride that moved every loyal heart? Each individual seemed to feel the insult as a personal indignity; and the echoes of the first gun aimed at the nation's defenders awakened the dormant patriotism of her loyal subjects. And while the startled air and saddened faces of all we met showed the sorrow that pervaded every heart, the steady light of fixed resolution that looked from every eye, and the firmer tread of every step, demonstrated the stern resolve of every mind. The enthusiasm instantly aroused throughout all the North showed that a fervent love and devotion for the great republic glowed in the hearts of the American people. Then followed the hasty arming and equipment of the brave men

who went forth in defence of their country. Fathers, husbands, sons and lovers sundered the dear ties of home, gave up their business plans and schemes, perhaps near to their fruition after years of doubt and toil, left their books and studies, and saw their cherished plans shattered and destroyed, all without a murmur; while their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, with equal heroism and fortitude, helped forward the preparations and saw them march away. They heroically waved a smiling adieu, while the blanched cheek and trembling lip marked the deep anguish which wrung every heart, but which was so bravely suppressed and controlled that they might not dampen the ardor, depress the courage and increase the distress of the loving relatives and friends, who were braving the untried future, filled with the desperate chances of inevitable and dreadful battle to maintain the just cause and precious institutions of their beloved country.

It would give me a mournful pleasure to recount the battles and heroic incidents which crowded so thickly those dreadful years of labor, trial, and carnage. The spirit with which the men of Vermont entered upon their duty as soldiers, could but result in the honorable record they made. A private of the First Vermont regiment, in response to the cheers of the people as the regiment set out from the State, said: "The Vermont regiment—citizens in peace, soldiers in war—give you the sentiment embodied in the charge of the Grecian matron to her son—We will bring back our shields or be brought back upon them." The complete record of their services would be a fair history of the war.

From Big Bethel—where the lamented Washburn demonstrated his ability to command in the field, and to make a serious business of glorious war,—as in after years with his great executive ability in arduous labors he showed the ardent affection of his great heart for his old comrades—to the last victory at Appomattox, where rebellion made its last courageous stand—the sons of Vermont were ever at the front, battling bravely, intelligently and honestly for the right. Where defeat and disaster seemed overwhelming, as at Bull Run, none obeyed orders with greater alacrity, endured fatigue and extra duty with so much patience, or contributed more by cheerfulness and good discipline to restore order, encourage the despondent and re-establish again the lines of defence against the enemy.

I would like to return with you to old Camp Griffin, to

its weary days of company, regimental and brigade drill, to laugh over our blunders; to the long nights of uncomfortable picket duty, and the false alarms of the early morning, which, unlike the child's false cry of wolves, never taught us to heed any the less the long roll that warned us of the approach of the enemy; and also to the bedside, in tent and hospital, of the poor comrades, who, so early broken down by fatigue, exposure and excitement, and assailed by disease, gave their lives as the first offering on the altar of their country; to the grand reviews where, with heavy knapsack and full equipments, the weary soldier braced himself up to appear like a stalwart hero, and thanked his stars it was over, unless the general's pretty daughter should smile upon them and ask papa to "trot 'em round again." I would like to go back with you to the Peninsula, and recall the days of short rations, where the choice of pork and hard-tack, or unlawful foraging, was decided by the weather or the number of miles of corduroy road we could build before the supplies gave out. To Lee's Mills, where by their charge through fire and water the gallant Vermonters received a double baptism, made doubly sacred by the fall of the brave Reynolds, the mortal wounding of Nevins, and the loss of equally brave and gallant boys who charged with them. To Williamsburg, where we marched up the hill and down again, stumbled through the abbatis and waded through the mud, full of ardor and eager for the fray, but alas! failing to cover ourselves with glory. To the Chickahominy, whose malarial swamps and pestilential sun sowed the seeds for a harvest of death, more certain and dreadful than the field of battle; and by the aid of whose turbid waters the rebels sought to destroy our army by piece-meal; but where by aid of Yankee pluck and dogged perseverance, the much needed re-enforcements were forced over Grape-vine Bridge and the field of Fair Oaks was won. To Golding's Farm, where disaster again began to overwhelm our arms. To Savage Station, where such savage havoc was made in our ranks and death came to so many of our best and bravest; where Ramsay, Comstock, Barber, and the youthful Sumner fell. To White Oak Swamp, and the all night marching and all day manœuvring and fighting of the eventful six days. To the dreadful days of drill, toil, sickness and death at Harrison's Landing. To the welcome return to the national capital from whence, with fresh courage and renewed determination, we again set out in the "on to Richmond" march to which the disastrous Second Bull Run

or Manassas so soon called a halt,—and to the following movements, which so nearly established what the boys called “the regular express line” between Washington and Richmond. Then came the rebel advance into Maryland, where the Vermonters first met them at Crampton’s Gap, and the tide of battle turned in our favor; followed by the bloody battle of Antietam, where Smith and his Maine and Vermont regiments so gallantly took and held the corn field now lost and won four times. A dearly bought victory was this bloody fight, where a loss of more than 12,000 men was the heavy price paid—more than 25,000 friend and foe placed *hors du combat* in one battle, only serving to mark an era in the war—one only of the fateful brood; the progeny of the union of treason and rebellion.

Then once more a return to the “sacred soil” of old Virginia—O, how sacred now!—baptized with the blood of freedom’s founders, now set apart and dedicated anew by the blood of freedom’s noble defenders.

We recall the magnificent martial array that under Burnside dashed itself in pieces against the bristling hills of Fredericksburg, where among the noble dead, left once more to hallow the soil, we made the grave of the gallant Quimby. And we remember, not without grim humor, the eventful “mud campaign,” where as heroic display of endurance, devotion, and cheerful obedience to the call of duty was exhibited as on any battle field of the war. We remember the snows and rain that made each tour of picket duty so much to be dreaded; and the long winter of depression and despondency, which the enemy at home by their shameful plottings and dismal croakings made as uncomfortable for patriots at the rear, as we were made by the elements and the enemy in front. We remember, as if it were yesterday, the emancipation proclamation of the president, and the earnest discussions of it by our intelligent soldiery about the blazing camp-fires. How by some, at first, it was severely criticised as a political measure, involving new purposes for the war, and as likely to surround us with complicated and insurmountable difficulties. But how quickly was its wisdom demonstrated as a military necessity! How soon was all cavil hushed, and that great measure established for ever and for ever, and the dial hand of time passed and marked as finished another great epoch in the majestic march of our national civilization and history!

We then recall the events of the early summer of 1863;

the second crossing at Fredericksburg, the capture of Marye's Hill and the heights behind Fredericksburg, and the desperate encounter at Salem Heights, where the brave Gleason fell, and where, though we beat the enemy off at every point, yet the course of events elsewhere obliged us to retire across the river. A month later, for the third time we crossed the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, where the Vermonters, as usual, led the way, crossing in boats and charging up the hill, Sergeant Moran, who but a few weeks before had been relieved from the charge of desertion, now being the foremost man to dash upon the rifle pits and receive the surrender of the rebels holding them. This reconnoissance having determined the movements of the rebel army, again commenced a retrograde movement for the protection of Washington, and finally to meet the enemy upon the desperate field of Gettysburg.

Ah! What visions of grand martial array of two great armies rise before me at that name! What echoes of battle thunder come back to us! What scenes of desperate charges dissolving before a wall of fire, of charge and counter charge, whole regiments melting away like frost-work, their places quickly filled by fresh ones, while the terrible carnage multiplied! What a ghastly, dreadful sight remained when the storm of battle was hushed! Ah, what a celebration of the nation's birthday; the national flags floating victorious over those bloody fields, where 50,000 friend and foe, children of the nation, lay grim in death, or writhing with the pain of dreadful wounds—the whole nation put in mourning at one blow, and on the glorious national holiday—a day for me forever hallowed and saddened by the memory of the brave patriots who died that the glorious day might be preserved to us.

Among them were the young soldiers, Sennott, Hamilton and Lawton, veterans in courage and devotion, if not in service. There, Vermont's soldiers, for the emergency, found their grand opportunity and grandly used it.

I cannot refrain from giving one incident, showing the bravery of these new troops, as given by a correspondent of that day:

"A little after five, a fierce rebel charge drove back the infantry and menaced the batteries. Orders are sent to Bigelow, on the extreme left, to hold his position at any hazard short of sheer annihilation, till a couple more batteries can be brought to his support. Reserving his fire a little,

then with depressed guns opening with double charges of grape and canister, he smites and shatters, but cannot break the advancing line. His grape and canister is exhausted, and still closing grandly up over their slain, on they come. He falls back on spherical case, and pours this in at shortest range. On, still onward comes the artillery-defying line, and still he holds his position. They are within six paces of the guns—he fires again, once more, and blows devoted soldiers from his very muzzles. And still mindful of that solemn order, he holds his place. They spring upon his carriages and shoot down his horses; and then, his Yankee artillerists still about him, he seizes the guns by hand, and from the very front of that line, drags two of them off. The caissons are further back. Five out of the six are saved. That single company in that half-hour's fight, lost 33 of its men, including every sergeant it had. The captain himself was wounded. Yet it was the first time it was ever under fire. I give it simply as a type. So they fought along that fiery line."

But we cannot dwell longer; the incidents of this one battle, worthy to be preserved, would make volumes.

We now recur to one of the important events of 1863; and not without a blush of shame for the disgraceful draft riots, which called the veterans from the front to enforce the laws, and preserve order and peace at home.

The name of "copperhead" will remain forever a fit designation for such venomous traitors as in time of such peril to the nation could rise in open resistance to necessary laws. The murder of innocent and helpless colored people, arson and riot, were apt illustrations of the spirit which animated them, and had a worthy counterpart in the measures taken by the rebels to fill up their depleted ranks.

Colonel Richardson, the rebel guerrilla, issued an order requiring all men of West Tennessee, between the ages of 18 and 45, to report to his camp under the rebel conscription laws; and issued the following instructions to govern them in carrying out the order:

"If a man should absent himself from home to avoid the order, burn his house and all his property, except such as may be useful to this command.

"If a man resists this, by refusing to report, shoot him down and leave him dying.

"If a man takes refuge in his house and offers resistance, set the house on fire, and guard it, so he may not get out."

But we return to the front, where, at such great sacrifice, the monster treason, in open arms, was finally crushed. The death of so many thousands seemed as yet to avail but little. Now came the holocaust, commencing in the Wilderness the 5th day of May, 1864.

The bright sun looked down upon the quiet woods and peaceful fields, shedding God's blessing on all the earth, on the just and unjust alike, while the days were not long enough for treason to work its evil wishes, and many loyal Joshuas prayed for power to make the sun stand still while they should destroy the enemies of their nation. We have not the heart to recall all those dreadful days.

These were not brave soldiers of the nation only, who fell on those fields. Long years of peril incurred together, of labors shared, of duties divided, of kindness reciprocated, of love and friendship bestowed, had made them our devoted comrades, our dearest friends, our beloved brothers. These were noble souls, whose bloody death made many, many hearts to bleed. Their names recall, each one, the noblest characteristics of human nature. The smiling, kind and gentle Barney, the prompt and urbane Stone, the cool and chivalrous Tyler, the ready and impetuous Dudley, and all that galaxy of stars, noble hearts, that went down amid the fire and smoke, roar and crash, death and carnage of those dreadful battles. Have you reflected, can we realize, that in those two months of May and June occurred nearly one-half of all casualties of the war among the Vermont troops. The old Vermont Brigade lost more than half of all who crossed the Rapidan in the first fifteen days. But we cannot follow the noble army through all its devious way, to the glorious end. What a trail of blood, of trial, and of suffering did that old brigade mark out, through those weary months and years of march and battle, of bivouac and camp. About one fifth of all who entered the service laid down their lives before the end was reached, not speaking of the thousands more who died subsequent to their discharge, from wounds or disease incurred in the line of duty. And this record, we must remember, was duplicated by all the States of the loyal North. The statistics of the Surgeon General's office, as published in the "Medical and Surgical History of the War," show that more than 300,000 men of the loyal army laid down their lives during the war; for there were killed in battle, 44,238; died of wounds and injuries, 49,205; died of disease and other causes, 210,926; total, 304,369.

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The reports of the Adjutant-General's office also show 285,545 enlisted men discharged for disability. The last great muster only shall tell how many of these came home, but to linger a time in suffering and pain, and then to die. How many shall we say? A few thousands more or less do not matter, in the grand total set to the account of treason and rebellion—500,000 loyal martyrs.

"Now they stand in the spirit land,
A ghostly band; no sword in hand,
Confronting the foe that wrought this woe,
Awaiting the call to the judgment hall,
Where the Judge of all, notes the sparrow's fall."

Ah! All the blood of the South, all the tears of the widows and orphans left helpless and desolate by the death of those gallant and sacred dead, cannot wash out the guilt of the desperate treason that was the cause of their taking off.

We can but refer to a dark and bloody page in the history of the war—the massacre of white and colored troops at Fort Pillow, after they had surrendered and thrown down their arms. More than 300 were butchered in cold blood—the sick in hospital, the wounded, unarmed citizens, and even women and children having been murdered with all the accompaniments of the most savage barbarity; and this under the eye, and it would seem with the aid and connivance of the rebel officers, among whom were Generals Chalmers and Forrest.

If this were chivalry, if this were cause for glory, well might the Southron sing:

"Let blood have carnival, let hate go free!
Men, hating devils, purer saints shall be!
Yankees are devils, and we hate them well!
Cursed be their canting lips, inspired of hell!
Slay them and spare them not, and you shall prove
Heirs of a nation's gratitude and love;
And on the escutcheon of the South shall stand
Fort Pillow's glories, and its martyr band."

But in writing up the sum of villainy of the rebellion, we must not forget the keenest, bitterest trials of all, which were incurred by those who fell into the hands of the enemy, and were first robbed, and then incarcerated in the prison pens of Andersonville, Columbia, Belle Isle and Libby prison. No tongue can tell, no pen can write the tale, of the suffering, anguish and death, witnessed by the unrelenting fiends, that would not ameliorate their condition, as they might have done.

It was my painful duty in the winter of 1864-65, to inspect the men in nearly all of our hospitals, and I can never

forget the appearance of those starved and blasted men, who had but recently been exchanged. In every hospital, especially along the border,—for most of them were unable to be moved further North,—as the men of each ward were mustered for our inspection, it was an easy matter to select out, without further aid than their appearance, those who had been confined in the rebel prisons. The emaciated bodies, the dull eyes, the dry and seemingly dead hair, the shriveled, discolored, parchment appearing skin, the uncertain feeble movements—all these told the story of their sufferings more eloquently than words can do. How striking the contrast with the treatment accorded to confederate soldiers who fell into our hands. Immediately following this inspection duty, my orders brought me in command of the Post and prison camp at Elmira, New York, where 5,000 rebel prisoners were well housed, well clothed, and well fed; confinement alone being the only inconvenience they suffered. And I paroled these men and shipped them off to their homes, the healthiest, heartiest, jolliest set of men that ever wore the confederate gray; with all their private property and money restored to them with the most careful exactness. I need not rehearse to you the dreadful atrocities that attended the imprisonment of our unfortunate comrades. We find opposite the name of Lieutenant E. B. Parker, in the Adjutant-general's report, this simple record: "Taken prisoner June 23, 1864, and died at Columbia, S. C., October 13, 1864, from injuries received from bloodhounds."

Could volumes reveal more clearly than this relation of these simple facts the spirit which governed the two sections? And when at last armed rebellion had been hunted from its last ditch, and brave though deluded soldiers gave up their swords and laid down their arms; what more fitting finale than the capture of the arch traitor himself, disguised in female apparel, while skulking away with stolen gold, in the attempt to hide himself from the world's contumely in some foreign land. And when did vanquished foe ever receive from gallant conqueror such generous treatment? Their necessary and pressing wants supplied, their horses and all their private property restored; they were not even detained for more perfect settlement of terms of peace; no hostages retained, no pledges required, except to return to their homes, remain at peace and obey the laws. But, alas! even then the mourning, suffering nation was not permitted to rejoice with glad

hearts over the last crowning victories of her armies. One more last supreme sacrifice must be made to the demon of destruction, before the white-winged angel of peace should rest upon the land. The sainted President, whose great heart was filled with charity for all and malice toward none, might not see the fruit of his labors; but, stricken down by the assassin's hand, laid down his life that would have been a blessing and a bulwark of defense to all repentant rebels. How generously, how grandly, however, were the purposes of the martyr President, and the pledges of the general of the army, fulfilled in all the subsequent treatment of the Southern States! How justly, how righteously might the entire area of the States in rebellion have been treated as conquered territory, the leaders arrested, imprisoned and executed, their estates confiscated, a territorial government established over the South, and her people put upon a long and severe probation before they should be entitled to the liberties and privileges for which they had shown themselves unworthy. It was a prescient wisdom that foresaw the dreadful end from the beginning, and a stern sense of justice that prompted and penned the poster that placarded the walls of the city of New York on the morning of the 26th of April, 1861. It read as follows:

CONDITIONS OF PEACE REQUIRED OF THE SO-CALLED SECEDED STATES.

Article 1. Unconditional submission to the government of the United States.

Article 2. To deliver up one hundred of the arch-traitors to be hung.

Article 3. To put on record the names of all others who have been traitorous to the government, who shall be held infamous and disfranchised forever.

Article 4. The property of all traitors to be confiscated to pay the damage.

Article 5. The seceded States to pay the balance of the expense and to restore all stolen property.

Article 6. The payment of all debts due to Northerners, and indemnity for all indignities to persons, loss of time, life and property.

Article 7. The removal of the cause of all our difficulties, which can only be done by the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery.

Article 8. Until a full compliance with all the above terms, the so-called seceded States to be held and governed as United States territory.

The above is the least an indignant people will accept, outraged as they have been by the foulest and most heinous and gigantic instance of crime recorded in history.

And such punishment they justly merited; but a generous people and a merciful government, trying to see only an erring brother in the crushed and beaten enemy, strove to conquer them again by kindness, and to win back to paths of peace and honor, those whom they recognized as common

inheritors of the liberties and rights descended from a common ancestry. But the demon of destruction would not down; the venomous reptile was scotched, not killed. Refusing to recognize the status of the freedmen, which the law established, the white people sought to rob them of the fruits of their labors by means the most foul and villainous, and by a system of peonage only less cruel than slavery, retain complete control of them.

Again, the government, by the most paternal and gentle means, through the bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands, provided, so far as was possible, protection to the Union refugees returning to their desolated homes, and to the ignorant, helpless colored people, so suddenly thrown upon their own resources. While they were without homes or land, without money, food or clothing, without animals or agricultural implements, or any means of support but their hard hands inured to toil, as a general thing they were willing to work, and eagerly sought employment to maintain their wives and children, for whom now, for the first time, they felt any responsibility, and also for the aged, sick and helpless of their own race, who were thrown entirely upon their hands by the crushed, despondent, impoverished and cruel whites. The bureau had a work of tremendous magnitude on its hands, but was equal to the task because inspired by the purest motives, and working under the guidance of a noble man to accomplish a grand result. The courage, zeal, patience, fidelity and discretion of the officers and agents of this bureau were never excelled; and the world never saw such a wonderful change, such a complete and thorough harmonizing of two such entirely opposing elements as was brought about entirely through its means. Almost the entire body of landed proprietors, regardless of their own best interests, refused all aid, all compromise with the laboring freedmen, except on terms worse than slavery. But the government took them up as wards of the nation; cared and provided for the sick and helpless; and by wise counsel, careful instruction and prudent forethought, provided labor for the willing hands, protected all in their rights, restrained the vicious and wicked, and in a most incredibly short time established an industrious and productive system of labor that is still working out the most beneficent results. Meantime the ravages of war, the cessation of almost all labor, and the obstacles thrown in the way of its successful establishment under the changed relations, brought

all the horrors of famine to supplement the horrors of war. Once again, heaping coals of fire on their heads, the generous people of the North, led by a wise and bountiful government, hastened to the help of the starving population with meat and bread, with clothing and medicines, and all kinds of needful supplies. Having superintended the distribution of supplies furnished by the Government, and aided in directing to worthy objects the liberal donations of the charitable people of the North, I know whereof I speak when I say, that a large proportion, perhaps the largest proportion, was bestowed on those who but a short time before were the most bitter enemies of the North and of the national government. Ah! It would seem as though such acts of humanity and abundant kindness ought to win the hearts of the most obdurate.

But, mark! The National Congress, seeking to soothe the pride, to win the love and alleviate the unhappy condition of the people of the seceded States, proceeded, we fear with undue haste, to enact laws for the reconstruction and rehabilitation of those States—laws just, honorable and necessary. But the rebels, who, as they laid down their arms on their surrender, pledged themselves anew to obey the laws, now contemned and refused to accept those laws, enacted for their especial benefit. At first holding aloof from all participation in the work of reconstruction, they sought to nullify those laws and prevent the enfranchisement of the colored population. Finding, however, that they had blundered, that, as usual, their pride had led them into error, they suddenly change their tactics and at once they are all alert and active; and, looking only to the end to be attained, they hesitate at nothing to attain that end.

Immediately the whole South again becomes an arena for the display of the most desperate villainy, the most atrocious crimes. By personal ostracism, by open intimidation, by disguised ku-klux, by whipping, by murdering, by burning alive, they seek to keep the freedmen from the polls; and singly and in armed bodies they overawe the loyal Union men, and wrest from them the possession of the State governments. The half has never been told concerning the atrocities committed upon the almost unresisting blacks. The massacres committed at Savannah, at Camilla, and numerous other places, are only rivaled by Fort Pillow. The blood of thousands of murdered freedmen all over the South calls aloud for vengeance; and sooner or later there must be a terrible

retribution awaiting those who can thus defy the laws of God and man. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind to powder."

How often, however, has the providence of God furnished the opportunity for the kindness and generosity of the North to be manifested toward their erring brethren. Again and again has pestilence stalked abroad in their borders and the pitiful appeal for help has never gone unanswered. There are never wanting those who are ready to look death in the face for the sake of suffering humanity; and money and treasure are poured out like water. Their necessity is the measure of our charity.

But to-day, when we behold in many of those Southern States political privileges virtually withheld from the men whom the law has endowed with all the rights of citizenship, we see the old leaven still at work, and feel that the mission of loyal and true men is not ended. And while the annual decoration of the graves of Confederate dead is made to extol and glorify the lost cause; while the bitterest exponents and defenders of that cause are held up for equal honor with those who gave their lives in defence of their country; while treason is at work in sentimental guise destroying the distinction between loyalty and disloyalty, it behooves every truly loyal man to speak in terms that cannot be mistaken.

The war of the rebellion was not to glorify men, but to establish a principle; and by the memory of the loyal dead, whose deeds were nobler far in purpose than in performance; by the memory of the sacrifices we have made, let us labor to make treason odious and loyalty honorable, and keep alive and aglow that patriotic love of justice and of country, which more than deeds of valor, shall honor us in the sight of our children and of future generations.

The address was delivered with much earnestness and struck many a responsive chord in its hearers, who showed their appreciation by prolonged applause.

The Glee Club sang the "Soldier's March," from Faust, and were again applauded to the echo.

The thanks of the Society were cordially voted to Colonel Lewis for his eloquent and patriotic address.

The thanks of the Society were also voted to the singers and musicians, to G. A. R. Post Ormsbee, and the Sprague

Guards, and to the people of Brandon for their cordial hospitality.

Major Childs sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the officers joining in the chorus, and the exercises closed with "The Star Spangled Banner," sung by Mrs. Winslow, the whole audience rising and joining in the chorus, with waving of the national colors and great enthusiasm.

The Society then marched back to the Brandon House, escorted by the Grand Army Post and Sprague Guards.

THE SUPPER.

At 10.30, about a hundred officers, with a goodly number of ladies and invited guests, sat down to the banquet. The fine dining hall was draped with flags and decorated with evergreen wreaths. The tables were adorned with beautiful hot house flowers and ornamental pieces of confectionery. The supper was a credit to landlord McBride, and was easily the most elaborate and lavish entertainment ever provided for the Society. The following was the menu :

MENU.

OYSTERS on half shell.

SOUP—Green Turtle, a la Washington. Consomme Colbert.

HORS D'ŒUVRES—Chicken croquettes aux truffes. Small Oyster patties, a la poulette. Fried Oysters. Sardines. Spanish Olives. Chow Chow. Baltimore Pickled Oysters. White Onions. Mixed Pickles. Etc.

FISH—Boiled Kennebeck Salmon, Anchovy Sauce. Scollops a la Bechamel. Parisienne potatoes.

REMOVES—Beef Tenderloin a la Villard. Turkey stuffed a la Perigord.

ENTREES—Quail saute with French Peas. Supreme de Volaille a la Marechal. Sweetbreads a la Duchesse. Pineapple Fritters, a la Dauphine.

COLD FANCY PIECES—Striped Bass a la Neptune. Boned Capon a la Benedict. The Soldier Home. Pate de foie gras a la Regence. Voliere de Faisan a la Anglaise. Chicken and Lobster Salad. Sandwiches. York Ham. Beef Tongue. Boned Turkey. Venison. Chicken.

GAME—Canvas-back Duck. Partridges larded. Prairie Chicken. Boiled Wild Pigeons. Wild Goose. Saddle of Antelope. Nebraska Bear. Wild Turkey. Celery. Deviled Sauce. Cranberry Sauce.

VEGETABLES—Asparagus a la Hollandaise. Peas with Cream.

PASTRY FANCY PIES—Fort Edward. Piramide en Nugat. Charlotte Russe. Fancy Cakes. Red, White and Blue. Assorted Pies and Champagne Jelly.

DESSERT—Mottoes. French Fancy Confectionery. Assorted Cakes. Assorted Fruits.

ICE CREAM—The Goddess of Liberty. The Zouave. Vanilla Cream Raspberry Water Ice.

TEA.

COFFEE.

CHOCOLATE.

At the close of the banquet the veterans were called to order by the president, Colonel A. S. Tracy, and the season of sentiment and speech began.

Major Geo. T. Childs, of St. Albans, who proved himself an admirable toastmaster, announced the sentiments :

I. *Vermont* :—

Give her the right and let her try,

And then who can may press her;

She'll go straight on, or she will die,

God bless her, and God bless her.

Gov. Proctor responded with his characteristic felicity and humor. Among other things, he alluded to the deep and abiding love that Vermonters always bear to their tight little State, no matter where they settle. Within a short time the 103d anniversary of our independence will be celebrated by the sons of Vermont in Washington, in Chicago, and in San Francisco. Wherever Vermonters go they carry with them those Puritan principles and polity that are comprehended in Wendell Phillips's eloquent definition of "free altars, free lips and free homes,—a polity whose pole star is duty, whose goal is liberty, and whose staff is justice." The Green Mountains, termed the back-bone of the State, suggested the thought that the Vermonter, narrow, and bigoted and prejudiced as he might sometimes seem, never lacked that saving quality of back-bone; he always had spine and some to spare, even if he sometimes lacked the most perfect breadth of soul. Governor Proctor brought down the

house in closing, by saying that as every Vermont assembly of one hundred persons probably contained at least ninety-five persons who were in training for the governorship, he would resign the duty of further tribute to the State to the consideration of these governors *in posse*, since he was only the retiring incumbent.

II. *Our Country*.—Endeared to the hearts of the soldiers by their services in her defense, we propose to bequeath her institutions unimpaired and her flag unsullied to our descendants.

This sentiment was responded to by ex-Governor John W. Stewart, who spoke briefly but with felicity and force. Governor Stewart said he had no fault to find with the toast, such as clergymen lament who are fast bound to a text; the sentiment, "Our Country," at all events contained plenty of elbow room, which, to an after dinner orator, was always most welcome. Reverting to the present situation in Maine, he pronounced it a clear symptom of a disease that needed swift and sharp cure; the diagnosis was not doubtful in face of these symptoms of political disease, and the soldiers whom he addressed were, in common with all other patriotic citizens, timely warned that further effort and resolute courage was needed to ineradicably establish some things for which these soldiers fought and fell; these things were national integrity, as expressed in inviolable unity, equality of civil rights everywhere, substantial freedom and purity in elections, an unterrorized ballot at the polls and an untarnished count. These things are the logical promise and outcome of your work in war, and your work is not ended until you have grasped all the glorious promise of your heroic performance. Governor Stewart spoke with great earnestness and was heartily applauded.

III. *The Vermont Officers' Reunion Society*.

Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Grout was called on, but excused himself from any elaborate reply by the honest

admission that he was too full for utterance, an excuse which Lieutenant George W. Hooker instantly accepted for the Society as ample apology.

IV. *The Orator of the Day*—The wholesome and historical truths of his address are a fitting supplement to the "empty sleeve" he carries in token of his fidelity, bravery and patriotism.

Colonel J. R. Lewis made a very handsome and graceful response, and was enthusiastically applauded.

V. *The Ladies—The Brave at Home.*

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her boy she presses,
And speaks a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds precious blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

Lieutenant Colonel Roswell Farnham responded, and thoughtfully referred to the powerful influence exercised by women during the war, both North and South. At the South even more than at the North, the women exerted a most powerful social influence in stimulating the men to enter the army and fight with desperate bitterness to the last, and to-day the Southern women are reported as the most unrelenting of iron-clad irreconcilables.

VI. *Our Legislators*—They believe in the "Old flag and an appropriation"—for a history of Vermont in the rebellion.

Lieutenant Henry Ballard of Burlington responded, pledging himself to omit no effort to persuade our Legislature to deal more generously in the future in the matter of caring for the fame of her soldiers by an appropriation for the military history of the State.

The necessity of surrendering the dining hall at this time compelled an adjournment to the parlors of the hotel where, in view of the hour and the heat of the room, it was

unanimously voted to adjourn all further formal speech, so the Society was deprived of the pleasure of listening to Colonel John B. Mead, of the Eighth Vermont, General Corliss of Albany, a gallant soldier of New York during the rebellion, who was the invited guest of the Society, and many others whose speeches are always welcome on such occasions. Below is a list of the sentiments omitted :

VII. *The Volunteer Soldier*—He proved his fidelity to his duties as a citizen by faithful fulfilment of his duty as a soldier. He supplements his work as a soldier by a steadfast determination to guarantee the equal rights of all citizens.

VIII. *Our Mother Earth*—The source of Vermont's riches in the past, her best encouragement for the future.

He learns his duty best for public service who does his duty best in private life.

IX. *The Grand Army of the Republic*—Its fraternity cements anew the ties that united us during the war. Its charity is limited only to those who were left desolate by the war. Its loyalty is the best safeguard for the perpetuity of the Republic.

X. *The days of '61.*

“ We see a phantom army come,
With never a sound of life or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation.

“ The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville;
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of our nation.”

XI. *The Press—The Newspaper*—The beguiler of many tedious intervals of camp life. It was the loyal lever that kept alive the patriotism at home, which so cheered and encouraged the soldiers in the field.

XII. “ *The Day We Celebrate*”—January 8, 1815-1880.—The victory of Old Hickory at New Orleans in 1815, inspired the earnest efforts to maintain the Union in '61.

XIII. *Brandon*—Beautiful in her location, bountiful in her hospitality, a favorite camping ground for the veterans of Vermont;—may her brave men and fair women “ live long and prosper.”

The following letters in answer to invitations to be present at the Reunion were received :

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1879.

C. H. Forbes, Esq., Secretary Executive Committee :

DEAR SIR—I thank you for the compliment of an invitation to your annual reunion on the 8th of January next, and regret that it is impossible for me to be absent from Washington at that time. I have been to your State several times, but never, I believe, on the occasion of a soldiers' reunion. I trust you may have a happy meeting.

Truly your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 4, 1880.

C. H. Forbes, Esq. :

DEAR SIR—I thank you for your kind invitation to attend the reunion of Vermont Officers on the 8th inst. It will not be possible for me to accept, as my duties call me to Washington on the 6th, but I wish you a most joyous reunion, and beg you to remember me in great friendship to our comrades who may meet with you.

Faithfully yours,

A. E. BURNSIDE.

SEVENTEENTH REUNION.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1880.

The Seventeenth Annual Meeting was held at Montpelier, Thursday, November 11th.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The society met at 4 P. M. at the State House, President Nichols in the chair.

The record of the last meeting was read by Secretary Peck, and was approved.

The Treasurer's Report showed a small balance to be due to that officer, and a motion "that the hat be cornumbulated in the charge of a discreet man," was agreed to and carried into effect with a satisfactory financial result.

Invitations to hold the next reunion at Middlebury, Bradford and White River Junction, were presented by Lieutenant-Colonel L. E. Knapp, Lieutenant J. C. Stearns and Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Pingree.

A ballot being taken, White River Junction was selected as the place for the next meeting.

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.

1st Regt., Maj. L. G. Kingsley.	11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury.
2d Regt., Gen. Geo. J. Stannard.	12th Regt., Lieut. G. H. Bigelow.
3d Regt., Lieut.-Col. S. E. Pingree.	13th Regt., Lieut. C. L. Marsh.
4th Regt., Sergeant R. J. Coffey.	14th Regt., Capt. W. C. Dunton.
5th Regt., Lieut. E. A. Hamilton.	15th Regt., Surgeon G. B. Bullard.
6th Regt., Capt. J. W. Clark.	16th Regt., Lieut. Hugh Henry.
8th Regt., Gen. Stephen Thomas.	17th Regt., Lieut.-Col. L. E. Knapp.
9th Regt., Capt. T. S. Peck.	Cavalry, Capt. H. K. Ide.
10th Regt., Col. W. W. Henry.	Staff, Lieut.-Col. G. W. Hooker.

The committee in due season reported the name of Colonel Thomas O. Seaver for President and Colonel J. B. Mead for first Vice President. Colonel Seaver having asked

to be excused from serving as President, on motion he was excused, and Colonel John B. Mead was chosen President, and Sergeant Robert J. Coffey, first Vice President, and the remainder of the report was adopted, electing the following

OFFICERS FOR 1880-81.

President.—Col. JOHN B. MEAD.

Vice Presidents.—Sergeant R. J. Coffey, Capt. E. J. Ormsbee.

Secretary.—Major James S. Peck.

Treasurer.—Major L. G. Kingsley.

Executive Committee.—Col. Horace French, Hartford; Surgeon S. J. Allen, White River Junction; Lieut. Hugh Henry, Chester.

On motion of Lieutenant-Colonel Farnham, General Martin T. McMahon of New York was elected an honorary member of the Society.

The president announced the following appointments: Marshal, Captain T. S. Peck; chaplain, Colonel J. B. Mead; committee on toasts, G. H. Bigelow, E. J. Ormsbee, W. W. Henry, W. Farrington, Hugh Henry.

EVENING.

Shortly before 8 o'clock a procession was formed at the Pavilion, headed by the Montpelier Cornet band, and marched to the State House. Representatives' Hall was well filled, floor and gallery, and the audience was as attentive and interested throughout as could be desired. Among those present, besides the officers, were many of the members of the Legislature and other well-known gentlemen from all parts of the State.

President Nichols called the meeting to order and prayer was offered by the chaplain, after which the band rendered a fine selection.

President Nichols then happily introduced the orator of the evening, Martin T. McMahon, Adjutant-General of the Sixth Army Corps, who was received with enthusiastic applause.

GENERAL McMAHON'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

If I felt that any degree of responsibility attached to me for my appearance on this occasion, other than perhaps a certain lack of moral courage to resist the flattering invitation of your committee to deliver this address, I should feel obliged to commence with an apology; for I certainly confess to a feeling which has dwelt upon my mind ever since the invitation was communicated to me and the suggestion made that it would be agreeable to the soldiers of Vermont that the subject of the address should be, "John Sedgwick," that I am totally inadequate to do justice to the memory of that gallant soldier or justice to an audience such as this.

Disclaiming responsibility, however, except as I have stated, I shall proceed at once without loss of time to say a few words to you, fellow citizens, of a man who deserves to be kept in perpetual memory by the people whom he served, and by men of every land who admire honest and sterling manhood, and pure and devoted patriotism.

Those who were in the army, or who remember the trying days from '61 to '65, must often realize that there is to-day in the United States and out of it, a generation who, being children or unborn when the civil war commenced, knew very little of its history.

Those who bore a part in it scarcely realize yet, that this great American conflict for the maintenance and restoration of the Union will stand in human history as one of the most important events that has ever been chronicled by the pen of man. The younger generation to whom I have referred learned history before this chapter was written in its pages. Although recorded in the blood of a million of their fellow creatures, upon trampled battlefields in many States, although written in words that will never fade on the hearts of many widowed women, on the hearts of thousands of orphan children, the history of the school room of the younger generation of to-day contains nothing of the civil war. It was not the practice before the war, nor do I believe it is now, that young people who leave the school room ever devote themselves with any remarkable diligence to continuing their studies either of history or of any other branch included in the regular course. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that there are many heroes who gave their lives for this republic, whose names are comparatively little known.

Neither is it to be gainsaid that as time advances the names of these men will beam in the firmament of American glory with the steady lustre of the everlasting and unchangeable stars. The lesson of their lives will be taught to the children of the future as a necessary portion of their education; the story of their deeds will be told to the old and the young; and pen and pencil will portray in all the forms by which ideas are communicated and made imperishable, some central truths that they lived and died to establish. Of these truths, one may be stated here—that the people of our day and generation are not unworthy the inheritance bequeathed them by the founders of this government; that the people of our day have not degenerated; that at no time throughout all the past annals of the world has any nation or people or race produced grander types of humanity than this American Republic. Of the men of '61 to '65 it may be said that they differed in character and achievement as well as in personal demeanor "as one star differeth from another star in glory."

There were the grave veterans of former wars, there were the bright faced boys of the school room who left their mothers' sides to march in serried ranks to battlefields of the terrors of which they never could have had the remotest conception. There were the farmer and the blacksmith, the lawyer and the mechanic, the preacher and the laborer, the doctor and the clerk, men of all walks in life, men of all grades in social circles, men of all habits of mind, of all grades of talent, men with and without ambition, who marched with steady steps to make up the millions who faced the privations of the field to establish a principle which it had heretofore seemed to them it was sacrilege to question. This principle was that this Republic is an indestructible Union of indestructible States. The names of many of those who composed our armies have become historic and household words. The memory of all, even of the humblest whose record occupies no greater space in the world's history than the breadth of a small granite slab, wide enough to hold above the waving grass in any of the great cities of the dead the touching word, each letter of which suggests a tear—"Unknown," deserves to be held by their surviving comrades, by their fellow countrymen of to-day, and by endless generations yet to come, in tender, affectionate, everlasting remembrance.

But of these, I am here to speak of only one.

He was personally known to many of you and dearly loved; and I venture to say that there are eyes which rest

on mine to-night, that were dim with tears on one sad summer day in the Wilderness, when he laid down his earthly life and left the Sixth Corps orphaned, and the army and the nation to deplore the death of John Sedgwick.

From Cornwall Hollow in Connecticut, he entered the military academy in the year 1833. Upon graduating he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery, and served on the plains against the Indians, until the brilliant and romantic episode of the Mexican war. At Contreras and Churubusco he commanded his company, was complimented in orders and breveted captain. At Molino del Rey he was again especially commended and was breveted Major for Chapultepec. He especially distinguished himself at the attack on the San Cosmo gate of the City of Mexico, and was again especially commended in the reports. He was made full Captain in 1849; and when the new regiments were created in 1855 he was appointed Major of the First Cavalry. This appointment, wholly unsolicited and unexpected by him, was made, I may say, almost by the unanimous request and desire of the higher officers of the army. While in this position he figured in the miniature civil war in bleeding Kansas, contending alternately against the disciples of John Brown and the border ruffians of Missouri. In March, 1861, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry; and in April of the same year, Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry. In August, 1861, he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and the following year received the full rank of Major-General.

On many battlefields, therefore, from his boyhood onward he had ample opportunity of learning what an American soldier could do, and this, like all else that came under his observation, he laid away for future use, and made available in the greater operations in which it was his fortune to be subsequently engaged.

On the plains, as a commander of cavalry in the monotonous, difficult, dangerous and inglorious contests against the Indians, he simply did his soldierly duty, always winning the commendation of his superiors, the love of his associates and the respect of his men. During this period of his services at Jefferson Barracks the cholera swept through his command, striking down officers and men alike. Sedgwick was spared throughout it all and a great part of each day he spent in the hospitals cheering the sick and consoling the dying.

He was little known outside of army circles, but in the army there was no one from the General commanding down to the private soldier, better known or more warmly regarded.

When the civil war commenced he was duly ordered from the plains to the East, duly promoted to higher commands and found himself in 1861 Brigadier-General of Volunteers, commanding a Brigade in the army then being organized near Washington, to retrieve the disaster of Bull Run and to carry the colors of the Union and the authority of the United States into and through and over the revolted States. His selection for this command, like that of many of the greatest of our soldiers who were similarly selected, was due to the wise foresight and intimate knowledge of the army possessed by the first great organizer and commander of the army of the Potomac, George B. McClellan.

When there was a vacancy in the command of a Division upon the Upper Potomac by the strange and unaccountable arrest, never explained, of General Charles P. Stone, Sedgwick was sent to the command of this division, then described as a corps of observation. But when at last the army of the Potomac was completed and took the field in organized corps, Sedgwick's Division became a part of the second army corps. Down the broad waters of the Potomac in that early day in spring, amid the thunders of artillery from fleet and fort, with waving flags and streamers gaily decked, hundreds of vessels sailed day after day, conveying the great army of the Potomac to its destination at Fortress Monroe to begin the grand advance on Richmond. Sedgwick's connection with those important events reveals one grand and magnificent episode.

At Fair Oaks on the 30th of May, when the treacherous river rose and seemed to sweep all hope of succor from the left wing of the army of the Potomac, on which the whole force of the rebellion was suddenly hurled; when bridge after bridge so carefully constructed had given way, and there remained but one, over which the water poured in a mighty torrent, and which was held in place by ropes attached to the trees upon either bank, Sedgwick's great will and iron nerve rose to the occasion higher than the waves, stronger than the mad river—and over the trembling bridge through the surging waters he led his men, dragged his artillery and accomplished a passage marvelous in its achievement, magnificent in its results.

With his arrival on that field all danger to the army and

the cause was removed. The enemy were repulsed and driven back at every point, and the following day defeated on every portion of the field. This affair illustrated one peculiar trait in Sedgwick's character and life. He was always quietly but decidedly at the right spot at the right time, and he seemed to get there or be there with such quiet precision that there seemed nothing strange in it until you critically examined the obstacles overcome. This feature fitted him peculiarly for the command of the Sixth Corps which he attained somewhat later, for throughout the history of that corps repeated instances on important occasions are to be found when its prompt and timely arrival accomplished decisive results. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when such a commander succeeded to such a corps, the reputation of both should stand high throughout the army.

At Antietam, under the blue September sky in the early dawn, the reorganized army of the Potomac under its old commander confronted upon a single field its old opponent. Hitherto all our great battles had been fought upon one side or the other in detail. Sedgwick commanding his division under the gallant Sumner, pushed forward on the right, leading his men with that earnest determination which always implied that the thing he set out to do must be accomplished in spite of all human resistance. His men melted away under the steady and destructive fire, yet he pressed on, forcing the enemy back through the woods and the cornfield, beyond the memorable Dunker church. He was bleeding from a painful wound to which he referred almost petulantly as being merely an annoyance and awkward just at that time. At last, again struck by an enemy's bullet, he fell from loss of blood and exhaustion and was carried from the field. The contest at this point had been severe beyond description and when Sedgwick's bleeding body was borne away and the hearts of his men were drooping, it was the old Sixth Corps that pressed forward under Franklin and Smith and Slocum to restore our broken ranks, to save the remnant of Sedgwick's Division and assist in completing the glorious work of the day and one of the greatest victories of the war. Sedgwick's wounds were very painful, but long before they were fully healed he was back again in the field and assigned to the command of the Ninth Corps. Referring to the pain and annoyance of his wounds he once said laughingly: "If I am ever hit again I hope it will settle me at once. I want no more wounds."

When the customary and expected change was made in the command of the army of the Potomac after the first Fredericksburg, an interchange of commanders was ordered between the Ninth and the Sixth Corps, which placed General "Baldy" Smith in command of the one and General Sedgwick as the chief of the other. He joined the corps at the camp on the Rappahannock known as White Oak Church. When he came he was kindly received, even enthusiastically, notwithstanding the corps greatly mourned its late commanders, both Franklin and Smith.

The winter passed monotonously enough. It was a dismal camp, and the days went by right heavily, until at the opening of spring our ancient labor was resumed and once more the faithful old Army of the Potomac found itself again upon the hated pontoons, crossing the river of death preliminary to the battles which made up the sad record of the Chancellorsville campaign. Inasmuch as this campaign, and the events connected with it, constitute perhaps the most important of Sedgwick's history, I shall devote more of my time to it than to any other of the actions in which he was engaged.

The movements of General Hooker at that time were singularly well planned. Our army occupying the Falmouth Heights and the left bank of the Rappahannock, was confronted by the army of General Lee occupying the opposite bank, the city of Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights and the river above and below the city, a distance of some miles. Hooker's plan consisted of transferring the greater part of the army rapidly and secretly some twenty miles above Lee's position, crossing the river in force, marching to the flank and rear of the rebel line and compelling the enemy to evacuate a strongly fortified position and come out and give battle outside his works in order to save his communication with Richmond. While the movement was in progress Sedgwick was left near his original camp a few miles below Fredericksburg, in command of three corps of the army composing the left wing. These were his own, the sixth corps, the first, under command of General John F. Reynolds, and the third, under command of General Daniel E. Sickles. With this strong force he was to cross the river, threaten the enemy's fortified position below Fredericksburg and without bringing on, if he could avoid it, a general engagement, so conduct himself as to make the enemy believe that it was his intention to do so at any moment. In other words, he was left to

create a formidable diversion, but still strong enough to fight if necessary. The crossing of the river was accomplished in the night time. The enemy's pickets occupied the opposite bank and were within easy talking distance of our men. The rumble of heavy wagons carrying the pontoon boats could be heard across the river, and it was therefore determined that the boats should be carried down upon the shoulders of the men. The light brigade, under General Calvin E. Pratt, were assigned to this important duty. After much delay, trouble and vexation, the boats were at last launched before the enemy had any full realization of what was about to occur. The night was dark and foggy, but sounds could be heard at an unusual distance. Two or three times from the opposite bank the rebel pickets hailed with the usual "Halloa there, Yank, what's going on over there? What are you doing?" Our pickets occasionally replied, "Johnny, we're coming over after you." This style of conversation occurred at intervals during the night as some unusual sound attracted the enemy's attention. When the boats were launched and manned by soldiers of the engineer brigade as oarsmen, the troops of General David A. Russell were embarked, sixty men in a boat, and in deathly silence, the oars scarcely making a ripple in the water, forty boat loads pushed from the shore side by side, and were lost in the fog before they had gone twenty feet from land. The dead silence still continued while those upon the shore watched with beating hearts, and listened with anxiety not to be described. It seemed an everlasting time while each one peered through the fog which fell like a pall upon the gallant band that had left us for the other shore. The river is not more than eighty or one hundred yards wide at this point but the progress of the boats, owing probably to the necessity of rowing with great silence, was unusually slow. There was ominous stillness on the further bank. There seemed to be no movement of troops; we could hear no rumbling of artillery. Suddenly upon the damp night air there rang from the enemy one single clear word distinctly heard in all the boats and across upon our bank and well understood. That word was "Fire!" The blaze of musketry in the fog along the whole river bank for two hundred yards seemed like the silent, sudden opening of one great mouth of flame. The crash that followed took away some of the scenic effect of this brilliant display, and was itself robbed of its effectiveness by the uncomfortable accompaniment of rattling bullets which, fortunately for

those in the boats, were aimed too high to do much damage except upon the innocent spectators who had not yet embarked. The rebel yell, familiar as it was to all of us, never seemed so ominous and disagreeable. Nothing was heard from the boats except here and there a word of command or encouragement, and afterwards as the fire from the further bank continued, and grew after the first volley more straggling, the anxiety for one word from Russell grew grave and great. In a few seconds a boat was seen returning; and our hearts grew chill, believing that the attempt to land had been abandoned. As the boat, however, came out of the fog, it was seen that it was empty except as to the oarsmen. Then in another instant a clear, loud, exultant cheer, followed by another and another, told us that the works on the further banks were ours. The boats made another trip, carrying other regiments, and then the bridges were rapidly laid down and completed soon after daylight. In the meantime a second crossing was effected about one mile further below on the river, where Reynolds threw across one of his divisions. For three days we remained in this position, skirmishing every day, keeping two divisions on the enemy's side of the river, the rest of the command in readiness to cross. Meanwhile Hooker with the rest of the army had rapidly and admirably accomplished the crossing of the river and the great flank march which formed the essential feature of his plan of action. With Slocum in advance he was sweeping down upon the enemy's flank, capturing even their outlying pickets. Upon Hooker's arrival on the field, for reasons never fully explained and understood, he checked Slocum's further advance in the direction of Fredericksburg, contracted his own lines and seemed to assume the defensive, and maintained it during the rest of those unfortunate operations. Meanwhile he withdrew from Sedgwick's command, first Sickles' corps, and then Reynolds', which had to march to join him by way of one of the upper fords; and Sedgwick was left at Franklin's crossing, three miles below Fredericksburg, with the Sixth Corps alone, which numbered at that time about twenty-two thousand men. On Saturday night Sedgwick had one division of his command across the river deployed in front of the enemy's work, extending about four miles below the city.

An order from General Hooker received at half-past eleven at night directed him to take up his bridges, march to Fredericksburg upon our side of the river, relay the bridges,

cross with his command, capture the city, take the heights which dominated the town, known as Marye's Heights, march out on the plank road in the direction of Chancellorsville and join General Hooker's command at daylight. The distance of Chancellorsville from Fredericksburg is about eleven miles. The distance to be accomplished by withdrawing to our own side of the river and marching by the Falmouth Heights to Fredericksburg was about five miles. Inasmuch as it would have been totally impossible in the time allowed for the whole march, to have taken up the bridges transported them to Fredericksburg and relaid them there, General Sedgwick decided not to remove the bridges, but to cross with his whole corps on the bridges as constructed and move by the flank on the enemy's side of the river into Fredericksburg. By doing this he would save some hours of time. He moved at once to cross the river with his remaining division.

Brooks, who was in position, fronting the enemy's works, was sharply pressed by their pickets in the darkness, as if they desired to know whether we were withdrawing. Newton's and Howe's divisions with the light brigade marched in the direction of Fredericksburg. They were pressed as they advanced by the enemy's skirmishers, who were on the alert, and their progress, resisted in this manner, was necessarily cautious and slow.

It was the opening dawn, therefore, when the first brigade of Newton's command reached the town of Fredericksburgh, moved out and as soon as the deployment could be effected, assaulted the stone wall made memorable by the slaughter of our troops under Burnside, in the previous December. This stone wall or line of rifle pits, presented to us at the beginning of the slope which led up to Marye's Heights a smooth face of solid stone, about six feet high, behind which, but on higher ground, was a strong line of the enemy's infantry. As our men advanced gallantly to the attack, supported by one or two batteries, the first in position, the enemy reserved their fire till our line was close at hand. The batteries at Marye's Heights crowning the crest behind the stone wall opened with terrible effect. It was impossible to withstand the fire; the men were ordered to fall back, and did so in good order, and without panic. When they reached favoring ground affording shelter, the line was ordered to lie down, and did so promptly and without confusion. Sedgwick rode out near the left of the line, and as he witnessed

the repulse he remained watching intently the enemy's position with an expression on his face that I had never observed before. All the merry lines about his eyes had disappeared; his lips had settled into a fixed expression of determination, and the genial face which I had never seen before except in camp, seemed at that moment to be made of iron. A few of his staff were scattered in the vicinity; the others were along the line of the retiring troops, to indicate the position where the line was to halt, re-form and lie down. When this was accomplished the enemy from the rifle pits perceiving a commanding officer whose very presence indicated authority, directed their fire upon General Sedgwick. After a few seconds of delay I ventured to suggest to him to retire from his exposed position. At first he did not seem to hear me. Upon my repeating the suggestion as the bullets became more numerous, he turned to me with a rapid gesture, pulling down his old slouch hat as if to conceal the intense expression of his eyes, and said with strange emphasis, "By Heaven, sir, this must not delay us." He slowly turned his horse and rode back into the streets of the town.

During the few moments that he stood gazing at the enemy's works his plans were completed, and were carried out without the loss of a single instant.

Gibbon's division, which had crossed over on a bridge newly laid directly in front of the town, was ordered to move forward on the right to develop what could be accomplished by an attack in that direction. Howe was ordered to execute a similar movement on the left. In the meantime, from Newton's Division and the light brigade, assaulting columns were organized to carry the heights directly in our front if the flank movements should prove impracticable. Gibbon found himself confronted by the canal running parallel to the enemy's position and under the full fire of all their batteries. This he could not cross in line of battle; to cross it in column on a bridge constructed for the purpose, under the fire which could be concentrated on him, was destruction. Hazel Run on our left with its deep and precipitous banks rendered a similar good service to the enemy as part of their defensive line and checked for the time the advance of Howe. The regiments for the main assault from the centre on Marye's Heights were collected as quickly as possible. These regiments were drawn from the various divisions of the corps. Our extreme left was still back at the position held on the previous day and strongly skirmishing with the

enemy in their front. It was therefore ten o'clock before the assaulting columns were formed and ready to attack.

From the main street of Fredericksburg, running at right angles to the river, the plank-road leads up to the centre of the enemy's position. From the limits of the city to the crest of Marye's Heights the distance is about half a mile. A toll-gate stands about half way up the slope. The heights on both sides of the road were crowned with batteries. A little above the toll-gate at the commencement of the steeper slope to the left of the road as we faced the enemy's position, was the stone wall occupied still by a strong line of infantry. In front of the stone wall, about three hundred yards below and near the outskirts of the city, was our line of battle formed at daylight. The enemy plainly saw our preparations for the assault and evidently did not wish to interfere with them. They seemed perfectly confident of the result, and when they saw that we intended to attack their direct front and centre, they scarcely disturbed our intentions by a single shot. At last it was my duty to report to the General that everything was in readiness. His instructions were that one column, formed on the street leading to the plank-road, should march directly up the plank-road; that another and parallel column formed on a street about sixty yards to the right should march up through the fields toward the toll-gate. At this point he knew that they would receive the heaviest of the enemy's fire. He directed that the line of battle still lying in front of the stone wall and rifle pits to the left of the plank-road should rise up at that instant and go forward with a cheer, and at double-quick.

In this plan there was an admirable calculation and combination of what may be called the moral effects, which are of much importance in a movement of this kind. The advance of our left column on the plank-road he knew would be a tempting target for the rifle pits on their left, and that by the time the head of the column approached the toll-gate they would no doubt draw the entire fire from the rifle pits; that both columns would draw the full attention of the batteries on the heights, that the fire would reach its highest intensity as the heads of the columns reached the toll-gate, and then, if at all, they would commence to waver, and a single cheer from an advancing line of American soldiers delivered as the Sixth Corps knew how to deliver it, would not only put new heart into the men composing the columns, but strike dismay to the defenders of the rifle pits who would have already discharged their volley fire.

The result was as he expected. The men went forward gallantly at "trail arms." The artillery tore through our ranks; the men neither halted nor hesitated. The left column, by the very force of the fire on its front and flank, bent towards the plank-road and the heads of the two columns came together at the toll-gate. There, for one instant, as when a strong, quiet stream moving in a new channel meets with some sudden obstacle, there was a momentary pause and the men clustered round the frame building at the toll-gate seemed to hesitate, and, for an instant, it was doubtful whether they could advance. Out upon the clear summer air rang the cheer of Newton's men. Up at double-quick they sprang. The men in the rifle pits who had forgotten the line of battle in their zeal to destroy the advancing columns saw their danger. The men of the columns burst like a mountain torrent over all barriers. Taking up the cheer of the line of battle they pressed forward magnificently, victoriously, and before the enemy were aware of the fact, still firing from their batteries on the hill, their attention distracted by the smoke of their own guns, by the cheering of the line of battle and its advance, the flag of the Sixth Maine Volunteers, supported by that regiment and its sister regiment, the Fifth Wisconsin, was planted, standing out upon the breeze between the guns of the Washington light artillery of Louisiana as their last discharges were made.

The morning dew was yet fresh upon the grass on that pretty slope which led from the city limits to this crest of death; the blood of one thousand gallant men was mingled with it, many of them cold in death, many of them writhing in the agony of painful wounds. There were distant homes, some of them among the Green Mountains and by the lakes of this very State, where expectant wives were looking forward to the unknown agony yet to come. There were distant hearths where little children played, some of whom may now be listening to my voice, who knew not that at that moment on a grassy slope in far Virginia a cloud had fallen on their young lives never to be lifted again. There were hearts in many homes that day that were ready to break as they wearily waited for news from the front. Nevertheless the war went on, and the twenty thousand gallant men who swept that crest, less the one thousand bleeding on its slope, went forward under John Sedgwick.

Our advance was spitefully resisted. At Salem chapel, midway between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the

enemy, strongly reinforced from the main army under Lee confronting Hooker, reinforced also by the troops who lined the river above Fredericksburg and who fell back upon the carrying of Marye's Heights, made a final stand. Brooks, God bless him!—old commander of the Vermont Brigade, true-hearted gentleman, unequalled soldier, rough and ready, beloved of men, robust and strong and prompt, went forward with his division of the red cross through the thick undergrowth that covered the mild ascent that led to Salem Heights. The sunken road across the crest at right angles to our line of march, filled with the rebel infantry, checked for the moment his advance, but he swept forward gallantly and well, pierced their line and for a moment held the crest. His flank and rear were assailed by the enemy, who overlapped him, and he was forced back through the undergrowth out into the clearing, followed closely and viciously until he was enabled to reform under cover of our batteries, which, with grape and canister, rapidly served, checked the enemy under the personal supervision of Sedgwick. The next division, as fast as it arrived, was put into action, and the whole line again advanced, steadily forcing its way up the crest, until at last night set in and there was the silence of death. All night long those two armies lay in the position in which they had fought during the closing hours of the day. There was no interchange of soldiers' badinage; there was not a picket shot to disturb the silence. No fires were lighted upon either side, and the men lay down coffeeless on their grassy beds. Here and there the stretcher-men moved around silently bringing in their wounded or gathering in the dead. There was but one sound that disturbed the stillness. From the direction of Chancellorsville we could hear the low rumble of artillery, telling of marching columns. Strange but not unexpected rumors reached us from our rear that the city of Fredericksburg and Marye's Heights, which we had carried so gallantly and at such a cost, were re-occupied by the enemy, re-inforcing from the direction of Richmond. The situation of the corps was critical. Howe's division was formed in line of battle facing to the rear and toward Fredericksburg to resist an attack from that direction. Brooks and Newton remained on the field facing towards Chancellorsville, and the two lines thus formed in opposite directions, about two miles apart, were connected by a skirmish line of troops supporting frequent batteries. Everything indicated that the Sixth Corps would

be overwhelmed by an attack from all sides at early daylight. General Sedgwick, when all his arrangements were completed, lay down in the wet grass with his head pillowed on his saddle; but he slept not. Three times during the night he telegraphed to General Hooker, sending the despatch to the river at Banks Ford, a few miles above Fredericksburg, with which point we still held communication. There was a certain pathos in those despatches that none who do not realize the situation can appreciate.

"I have reached this point," he said, "in obedience to orders. My advance is checked. The enemy is strongly reinforcing from your direction. I can plainly hear the rumble of their artillery. My losses are heavy. I will be, no doubt, attacked in strong force at daylight. Can you help me?"

This was the burden of the despatches three times repeated during that still and anxious night. No answer came until eight o'clock of the following day. In the meantime the enemy wasted the hours in preparation. On that morning a staff officer of General Sedgwick, whose personal relations enabled him to speak freely, and whose youth, no doubt, inspired him somewhat with a sentiment of enthusiasm, remarked to the General that the situation seemed gloomy. The General quietly assented, with that pleasant merry twinkle in his eye which all who knew him will remember. Our young friend then remarked:

"General, it looks as if the Sixth Corps was going to close its career to-day."

"It has somewhat that appearance," said the General.

"Then," said our young officer, with much honest intensity, "If the Sixth Corps goes out of existence to-day, I hope it will be with a blaze of glory that will light the history of this war for all time."

The General quietly smiled and bending forward said:

"I will tell you a secret; there will be no surrendering."

The long hours went by and at eight o'clock came a strange message from the commanding General.

"You are too far away for me to direct. Look to the safety of your corps. Fall back on Fredericksburg or cross the river at Banks Ford, as you deem best."

But to the strong and earnest appeal, "Can you help me strongly if I am attacked," there was no reply. In the direction of Chancellorsville there was the silence of death. Not an answering gun replied to the crash of our artillery

which echoed from every battery. The enemy on our front, in fact I may say on our three fronts, replied. The commanders of the other corps who stood inactive near Chancellorsville heard the incessant roar of the artillery near Salem chapel. They chafed almost to mutiny, because while this gallant little band, less than one-fifth of the army, was contending against these desperate odds, six corps stood idle within the sound of their guns. Sedgwick and Hooker have passed away, and have undergone that final judgment from which there is no appeal. I am not here to say one word in disparagement of the dead, much less of a gallant soldier like General Joseph Hooker, but I do stand here to vindicate the memory of one of the purest men, one of the truest patriots, one of the best and bravest—aye, and greatest soldiers that ever honored any land by a life of honorable service and a glorious death upon the field of battle. It has been stated before a committee of the National Congress, whose sole business seemed to be during the several years of their continuance, to dishonor the names of the best and truest of our soldiers, that Sedgwick's failure to obey the orders of Hooker was one of the chief causes of the failure of the Chancellorsville campaign. This statement was principally made by a man who still lives and whom therefore I am at full liberty to answer. Daniel Butterfield, Major-General, chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac, absent from every position of danger during all these operations, controlling at the old headquarters at Falmouth Prof. Lowe, the chief of balloons, and doing a large correspondence in Napoleonic style by telegraph and stenographer, has stated before this committee that General Sedgwick's delay was the primal cause of the failure. General Sedgwick's order to advance to Chancellorsville and be there at daylight included another and more important commission. He was directed to make this march—impossible in itself in the time allowed—impossible if the march was unresisted. He was ordered to capture Fredericksburg and everything in it, which he did. He was ordered to carry Marye's Heights, which he did magnificently. He was ordered to advance upon the plank-road, which he did. He was also ordered to destroy any force that might intervene between him and the General commanding. This he gallantly attempted, and did as much in the line of destruction as it was possible to do with the force at his command. The same despatch which ordered him to destroy any intervening force informed him that the

army commanded by General Robert E. Lee was between him and the position he was ordered to occupy at daylight. Now an order to destroy General Lee and his army was very easy to issue. Its execution, as some of you gentlemen will perhaps remember, was attended with considerable difficulty; and when it is considered that during the thirty-six hours that Sedgwick was struggling to execute this part of the order, the main body of our army, consisting of six corps, never fired a shot, although within sound of Sedgwick's guns, I submit that any man who says that the failure could in any degree whatever be attributed to Sedgwick, insults every soldier of his command and dishonors the memory of the dead.

When the day came, Lee, overestimating, as appears from his report made subsequently, the extent of Sedgwick's forces, failed to make his attack in force until about five o'clock in the afternoon. He believed that Sedgwick was accompanied by Reynolds's corps, and he hesitated to attack until he could withdraw a sufficient force from Hooker's front to make his victory certain. The main attack was made in the afternoon about five o'clock, from the direction of Fredericksburg, and made gallantly and with vigor. One brigade of Howe's division, strongly posted, received the assault and was broken. Then, as on many other days in the long war for the Union, the farmyards and the workshops, the school-rooms and the colleges, the mountains and valleys, the city by the lake, and the hamlets on the hills of the Green Mountain State, spoke out to the world for "freedom and unity," spoke from the barrels of two thousand gleaming muskets and by the ringing cheers of two thousand of the best and bravest men that ever served a State. The Vermont Brigade, on the flank of Neill's, holding the woods which flanked also the rebel advance, poured in their steady contribution of well-directed bullets on the advancing masses of the rebellion, and the Sixth Corps and the army and the Union were saved by Vermont. The night came down upon anxious hearts. The battle was over, nor gun nor color was lost; but the position of the old corps was still as critical as ever. I pass over the melancholy history of the hours that followed, filled as they were with contradictory orders, one revoking the other, and a third renewing the first. The Sixth Corps crossed the river that night, making their passage over the pontoons lighted by the bursting shells which the enemy, with very creditable practice, was dropping in the vicinity of

the bridges, and the next day Hooker, far above, recrossed the river, and his campaign was over. Sedgwick lost five thousand men in his honest endeavor to execute that part of the order which directed him to destroy the army commanded by General Lee; the combined losses of all the other corps scarcely exceeded this. Then came the regular and periodical change in commanders, the annual picnic into Maryland and Pennsylvania, the panic in Washington, and at last Gettysburg.

On Cemetery Ridge, amid gravestones, shattered by shot and shell, behind hasty earthworks of fence rails and dirt, our gallant brothers of the Second Corps, under the fire of one hundred and eighty guns and against the very flower of the invading army, made this Union an immortal thing and the name of Hancock a cherished memory that will live forever in the hearts of the American people.

The long night march of the Sixth Corps from Manchester to the field of Gettysburg and its timely arrival to retrieve the disaster that Sickles had suffered, were principal features of our Maryland campaign. We had had many marches that were forced, by day and night, both before and after the great deciding battle. It was during the period I have been describing, too, that this Vermont Brigade, holding the skirmish line at Beaver Dam, repulsed a full line of battle attack twice repeated. It was during this time, too, that Sedgwick directed me to "put the Vermonters ahead and keep everything well closed up." It was not the only time that he complimented the soldiers from Vermont. His compliments many times cost them very dear, for they were the high compliments of placing them on many battlefields in the foremost position of danger; of placing upon them the whole reliance of the corps. On many a day he watched them as the troops moved out of camp in the morning or closed the long dusty march of the day, and when on one occasion in the Wilderness, after the Sixth Corps had suffered a serious disaster on the day previous, when the Vermont Brigade, returning after heavy losses, from their march to the assistance of the Second Corps, saw the General ride along the lines as they were coming into bivouac, they burst forth in a hearty, spontaneous cheer that touched him to the very heart; and when the cheers subsided one of them stepped to the front and called out with a comic and yet touching emphasis, "Three more for old Uncle John!" The General's bronzed face

flushed like a girl's, and as the staff laughed at his embarrassment it spread along the lines, and the whole brigade laughed and cheered as if they were just returning from a summer's picnic and not from a bloody field, weary, worn, and with decimated ranks. Nor had they rest that night; all night long they labored with the pick and shovel, and the next morning came the long, weary march, with fighting and intrenching, again night marches or labor in the trenches; and through it all there was neither rest nor shelter. There was no word of complaint; there was no murmur of discontent; and the steady yeomanry that made up this old brigade indulged in occasional flashes of humor scarcely to be expected from the solid citizens of conservative New England.

The colored troops who had joined us at the outset of this campaign for the first time, were green and inexperienced. They were, therefore, withheld from an active part in it; not, I suppose for any tenderness for them, but simply because the work then to be done could only be committed to veteran soldiers. When, therefore, one hot and dusty summer morning, Vermont was digging in the earthworks, the colored division of Burnside's corps passed through our lines. They looked very well in their new uniforms, but they seemed to fret and be discontented even under the burdens of their knapsacks. Thus far they had not fired a shot nor turned a shovelful of earth. A stalwart citizen of Vermont, leaning upon his spade as the division went by, solemnly removed his hat and bowing low with great dignity, said: "Good morning, gentlemen; you must find this work exceedingly fatiguing?"

The troops of the corps, owing to the long and trying marches which they had been compelled to make, acquired the habit of calling themselves "Sedgwick's foot cavalry," and maintained that they were kept on the gallop all the time. It was a joke among them that Sedgwick never stopped until his horse gave out, and on one occasion, in Virginia, when he dismounted by the road-side and stood on a little bank leaning on the fence watching the troops as they went by, men in the ranks constantly called out, "Come on; we'll wait for you. Get another horse; we are in no hurry." For some time the General did not notice these cries nor understand their significance. At last he turned to me and said, "What do they mean by 'get another horse; we'll wait for you?'" I explained to him the significance of the

language, and as I did so he laughed heartily, whereupon in the ranks they cried out: "See the old fellow laugh," and immediately the whole column took it up with enthusiastic cheers.

These things I mention chiefly to show the relationship between the commander and his troops. He could appreciate their humor, knowing that no thought of disrespect ever entered it, and a single smile from him went like a sunbeam through long columns of tired men until it broadened into a laugh, and culminated in cheers that came from the true hearts of as gallant soldiers as ever served a patriot cause.

After the Gettysburg campaign, Warrenton and Hazel River—a winter of delights! when the Sixth Corps lived and revelled for six long months. There were horse races and cock fights, and balls attended by fair women from home. There were festivities such as only an army knows how to organize and enjoy. Everywhere picnics by day, and dancing by night. Each corps vied with the other as to the extent of its hospitalities. Each corps claimed to have the fastest horse, the best fighting cock, to be visited by the prettiest ladies and to be altogether the best corps in the army. This extravagant claim, of course, was only true as to one corps, the Sixth, although I am free to say, as some of you may remember, that in the matter of horse racing the Second Corps got the best of us on one memorable occasion and reduced the speculative officers of the Sixth to absolute penury until the next arrival of the paymaster. A last desperate effort to redeem our fortunes by sustaining at large odds a favorite chicken imported from the good city of Boston, only added to our disasters; and when that unfortunate bird was laid away with funeral honors after only one round, the Sixth Corps decided almost unanimously that all this style of dissipation was highly immoral and should therefore be discouraged.

Through all this winter those who had occasion to live near and around John Sedgwick saw the sweeter and more touching traits of his character. Modest as a girl, unassuming, gentle, just, pure in heart and in word, he endeared himself to the men who followed him and was loved by all with a love surpassing the love of woman. No picture that I can draw can give to you who knew him an adequate conception of how lovable that man was.

Through all this winter of delights no man looked for-

ward to the future except to plan amusements for the ensuing winter; for, strangely enough, we had got the idea that this war was to be continued indefinitely and during the rest of our lives.

We were not prophets nor the sons of prophets. What knew we then of the lurid fires that would lighten the Wilderness within a few short months. The angel of death hovered over many, but no prophetic shadow fell from his wings. Already was his mark upon the great centre of our circle, and yet in all our plans for the following winter, in all our discussions as to what we were to do to amuse ourselves and our visitors, Sedgwick was the central figure. Amid the rain and snow and the mud and the frost, among our canvas cities our fires burned cheerily and our hearts were light. Letters came and went from home, and visitors by the thousand shared our hospitalities. The Sixth Corps headquarters, because it was Sedgwick's, was a central point of interest. Nothing disturbed us except the occasional report that our chief was to be taken from us to command the Army of the Potomac. This command, however, although not formally offered, he had on several occasions most persistently declined. It was a winter of delights, but nevertheless the day came when from major-general to drummer boy there was not a dry eye in the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

On our line of battle at Spottsylvania, where on the day previous we had made an unsuccessful attack and suffered heavily, near a section of artillery at a fatal angle in our works, General Sedgwick stood with General Whittier, General Tompkins and myself, directing the movement of our men then occupying the rifle pits. It was in the early morning and a certain feeling of gloom pervaded the army. Sedgwick had slept the previous night unsheltered by tent or blanket. He seemed in excellent spirits although a little discouraged by the slow progress of the campaign, which seemed to be desperate fighting day after day with indecisive results. A few minutes before he had spoken of some of the young officers of his staff in tender and kindly terms of affection. He said a few jesting words to some of the men who passed before him as they moved into the rifle-pits. His manner, attitude and gesture as he stood indicated to the enemy that he was an officer of rank and authority. He wore no uniform, not even a sword. From across the little valley which separated us from the enemy's line, from one of their sharpshooters concealed in the woods in front of us,

came the swift messenger of death. Slowly, without a word, with a sad smile upon his lips, John Sedgwick fell and his great heart ceased to beat. His life blood pouring in a strong, steady stream from the wound spurted over me. I made an effort to sustain him as he fell and in so doing fell with him. He uttered no word and made no sign. It seemed to me if I could but make him hear and call his attention to the terrible effect his fall was having on our men he would by force of his great will rise up in spite of death. I called vainly in his ear—he made no answer. His favorite aid, General Charles A. Whittier, bent over him with streaming eyes. General Tompkins, the chief of the artillery, and his surgeon, Dr. Ohlenschlager, raised him partly from the ground and the pale and anxious faces of the men in the long line of rifle-pits were bent eagerly toward the group, but such was the force of discipline that although these men's hearts were filled with a great sorrow, although they knew that a terrible blow had fallen upon them, none left the ranks, and the silence which follows a great tragedy fell upon the summer woods of Spottsylvania on that morning of saddest memories.

It was my duty to report at general headquarters that the Sixth Corps was without a commander, for General Ricketts, who was next in rank, understanding that it had been the desire of General Sedgwick that his old associate, General Horatio G. Wright of the first division, should succeed him, had informed me that he declined to assume the command. When I reached general headquarters and dismounted in front of the tent of the adjutant-general of the army, the gentle and much loved Seth Williams, there were in that tent General Williams and General Hunt, the chief of artillery, and Colonel Platt, the judge-advocate-general of the army, and other old veteran officers who had served through many years of warfare. As they saw me covered with blood, General Williams started forward and said but one word, "Sedgwick?" I could not answer. Each one in that tent, old gray bearded warriors, burst into tears, and for some minutes sobbed like children mourning a father. They built a bower of evergreens among the pine woods and laid him out upon a rough bier made for him by soldier hands, and all day long there were strong men weeping by his funeral couch. They came from all parts of the army, the old and the young, the well and the wounded, officers and men, to take their last look at the beloved chieftain. Many

thousands of brave men who composed that army were familiar with death in all its forms. Not once nor twice had they seen strong men stricken into sudden death. Not once nor twice had they beheld men of high rank, in high command, fall amid contending hosts. They had, perhaps, grown hardened and indifferent to what was necessarily of frequent occurrence and the common expectation of all. But when the news went that day, like an electric shock, along the lines of the Army of the Potomac that John Sedgwick was dead, a great loneliness fell upon the hearts of all, and men that scarcely ever heard his voice, many that scarcely knew him by sight, wept bitter tears as if they had lost an only friend; and all recalled how on many occasions, hearing on right or left or rear the thunder of hostile guns, all anxiety passed away from the minds of men at the simple remark, "It must be all right; Uncle John is there."

The Sixth Corps went on and served through the war. It stood all day long at the "bloody angle" under a fire that cut down the great trees in our front. It stood up in the withering slaughter of Cold Harbor. It crossed the great river to the dismal contest before Petersburg. It swept the valley under Sheridan as with a broom, and massed in a mighty column of brigades, it broke through the stubborn lines of Petersburg, and snapped this rebellion in twain. You, men of Vermont, led that column on that memorable day in the spring of '65. You bore your part in all the events that I refer to like gallant soldiers and patriots; but not all the glories that succeeded the 9th of May, not all the triumphs achieved by your valor in the later fields of the war, not all the tame years that have followed since, have effaced the memories of that one day in Spottsylvania when we all realized the fact that all our marches yet to be made, all our battles yet to be fought, all our deeds whether good or ill, would never again win word of praise or censure from the silent lips of the great man that we loved and honored, as only soldiers know how to love and honor leaders like Sedgwick.

Back to the quiet churchyard of Cornwall Hollow, which the boy had left so many years ago, came, accompanied by all the evidences of a nation's sorrow, the lifeless body of that great and simple-minded hero.

He sleeps beneath a simple monument erected by a sister's love; but his memory will never die among men who love their kind and who believe that

"A country's a thing men must die for at need."

General McMahon spoke with force and eloquence, and was listened to with the closest attention, and at intervals and as he closed was warmly applauded. At the conclusion, on motion of Captain U. A. Woodbury, the thanks of the Society were returned to General McMahon for his able, interesting and eloquent address.

THE BANQUET.

The procession was then re-formed and the Society and its guests marched to the Pavilion, where the annual supper was served. This was an elegant and substantial affair. The bill of fare bore the following apt mottoes, with an ample list of substantials and delicacies :

"Masters, spread yourselves."—*Shakespeare.*

"Inwardly digest."—*Book of C. P.*

"In his old luns again."—*Shakespeare.*

"When I am here, I do not fast * * ."—*St. Ambrose.*

"'Tis an old tale and often told."—*Scott.*

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since * * ."—*Burke.*

President Nichols presided and grace was asked by Chaplain D. A. Mack. A brilliant company of about one hundred and twenty-five officers and guests with a goodly sprinkling of ladies were present. When full and ample justice had been done to the eatables, President Nichols rapped the tables to order. Sixteen years ago, he said, it was his fortune and privilege to meet with the officers who organized this Society in this village at the old Pavilion. As he looked around to-night he was painfully struck with the ravages of time. Many seats then occupied were now vacated forever. Then as now the tables were loaded with the gifts which perish in the using ; then as now the material feast was supplemented by that of reason. Without further comment he would turn over the Society to the tender mercies of the toastmaster, Lieutenant George H. Bigelow.

Lieutenant Bigelow proposed the toasts in his usual happy

manner and the speakers were felicitously called out by the President.

I. *The Vermont Officers' Reunion Society.*—As years roll on its importance becomes the more apparent. May it continue pleasantly to perpetuate the memories and friendships of the war.

Responded to by the President-elect, Colonel John B. Mead. It was not his fortune, he said, to be present at the first meeting of the Society, but since the first one he had attended his interest in it had increased from year to year. What changes has sixteen years wrought! There are wrinkles and gray hair now that were not here sixteen years ago. The lesson of the hour is the blessings secured by the victories of our arms in the war and the better ideas of government gained for ourselves and our children by it. This Society ought to be perpetuated as long as there is one of us left. We are in the midst of fruition now. Since the first meeting not only have the years done their work but the State and Nation have called you to other duties, and I see here to-night Governors and ex-Governors and Congressmen—titles which show that Republics are not always ungrateful. Let us earnestly endeavor as citizens to teach such lessons that we shall never again have a civil war. In so doing we will perform our duty as citizens, soldiers and patriots.

II. *The United States.*—It needs no apology among the nations of the earth. Its Constitution is now written all over with Liberty—the work of our soldiers.

General Stephen Thomas said the United States was perpetuated by the valor of your arms, not as a confederation, but as supreme in the authority delegated to it by the several States. I trust we will never hear again that cry of State rights which caused the rebellion. The States have rights in one sense, but in another the United States is supreme and its rights are above those of the States. The day is not distant when this fact will be recognized—when all our peo-

ple will have all the rights granted by the Constitution to the American people, and when they can go to the ballot-box all over the country and vote as they please. I see here many young men who will enjoy the meetings of this Society long after my departure from these scenes. Let these gatherings be kept up as long as there are two to meet. Let the glory of the Federal arms in the great struggle you have gone through be perpetuated.

III. *Vermont.*—The pride of us all.

Responded to by Governor Farnham. He said that the toasts and responses at all the annual banquets of the Society since its organization had been carefully preserved by its officers in a scrap book. It was understood to-night that the toast committee were to use the old toasts and cut out the responses and hand them around to the speakers. By immemorial usage another toast belongs to me, and I've got it here. I am the victim, therefore, of deceit and fraud. At the time of my election as governor I felt some trepidation about this matter of speech-making, and consulted my predecessor, Governor Proctor. He said that my election would endue me with eloquence. I was deceived again.

If you are traveling, say in the West, and ask an Eastern-looking man where he is from, he will tell you that he is from Boston, or Worcester, or Hartford, or New York. You see a hearty, whole-souled fellow and ask him where he is from and he replies, "I'm from Vermont." It is the *State* he is proud of and not the town. Every expression of every Vermonter is of that feeling. Perhaps it is because we are smaller and more concentrated that we have more State pride. We have great reason for it. Vermont is not a great manufacturing State, but it holds control of the business of New York and Boston. Let it withhold a single one of its products and business in those great cities would come to a standstill

—for what would they do without the Fairbanks and the Howe scales! Vermont furnishes no small proportion of the musical instruments of the world. It comprises more than manufactures, for it comprises George F. Edmunds. It comprises hills and valleys; and geologists tell us that the rock which forms the foundation of the State extends into other States, thus giving us a broader proportional basis. Vermont extends from the center of the earth to the sky. We have filled the upper regions with glory. We have made a soldierly record not surpassed by that of any other State. Vermont's military record is the pride of us all. Vermont is first and the Union is first—side by side in our affections. Among other things we are proud of is our judiciary. Changes seldom occur in it and the judges are re-elected without regard to their politics. Our judiciary is the boast of our State and the wonder of other States, looking at the manner of its choice. I am sure that I appeal to feelings common to all of you when I speak thus of Vermont.

IV. *The Old Brigade*.—From Lee's Mills to Appomattox it sustained the ancient fame of the Green Mountain Boys. Its history will contain the famous order of the gallant Sedgwick: "Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the ranks closed up."

Colonel T. O. Seaver briefly responded, speaking of the grand thing it was to have lived in the years of the war. A whole generation was compressed into them. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Pingree was also called upon. He spoke of the chivalry displayed upon the battlefields of the rebellion. The suffering and privation and endurance of the Revolution were more than equalled. What gave the Vermont Brigade its name and fame? It was something more than commanders—it was its material, the descendants of Allen and Warner. Its marching and fighting and endurance made the members of the brigade the peers of any soldiers in Ameri-

can history. As to individual bravery, we had the advantage of standing together as Vermonters.

V. *The Legislature*.—The industry, prosperity, liberty and long-time honor of the State look to you for protection, suggestion and counsel.

Hon. James L. Martin, Speaker of the House of Representatives, eloquently responded. He said: "As I listened to to-night's oration, with its wit and eloquence and pathos, I thought how diminutive and weak does a Legislature appear, compared with the magnificent strength and power wielded by our soldiers. Unless law-loving and law-abiding and patriotic citizens cherish the memory of the living and the dead we shall become unmindful of the great deeds performed. There is no spirit of enmity against those who fought against us, but their banners have no place by the side of that flag you so gallantly fought for. I hope every young man will remember with pride the grand success and the glorious patriotism of you and your brothers gone before,

Hon. L. K. Fuller, of the State Senate, being called on, said the Senate would do its part in all acts to perpetuate our State. We must forget none of the men and none of their deeds. Day by day let us weave them in our hearts and leave them as bright memories to those who come after us.

VI. *The Rank and File*.—A common sympathy and interest binds us.

Sergeant Lucius Bigelow did not know why he should be called on to respond to this toast unless it was because the committee had seen the flattering portraits of himself in the Montpelier *Argus* and St. Albans *Messenger*, and had come to the conclusion that he was the *rankest* man in the State; and as the infirmities of years were coming on apace he believed that he was the oldest *file* in Vermont. A generation of young men are growing up who hardly know what the

war was. It becomes us to do something more for their education in this respect than we are doing. It is a disgrace that Vermont cannot do as much in this way as the South. I don't like the South, but I do admire its fanatic sincerity. They put their story in their school books. There is nothing in our text-books inculcating patriotism. We used to read in our school books that the Revolution was a war for liberty—can't we say as much in them now for the war of the rebellion? But if such a thing is suggested they say it is waving the bloody shirt. Go home and teach your boys something of that which you brag about here. Uniformity of text-books is of little consequence, but the teaching of patriotism ought to be uniform from Derby Line to Pownal.

VII. *The Sixth Army Corps*.—Noble in defeat as in victory. Its achievements will never be effaced. May the memory of Sedgwick be ever green in our hearts.

Responded to by General Martin T. McMahon. The Sixth Corps never was defeated. It had singularly good fortune. More than once it arrived on the battlefield just in time to turn the scales. Alone of all it was never driven from the field. Its greatest misfortune was in the Wilderness, where two of its brigades came to grief. The Sixth Corps was composed not alone of the Vermont brigade, but I am free to say that that was the best brigade in that corps, and in the army of the United States, though it had strong rivals. Your State government did its full duty and the Vermont regiments were unequalled in the physical character of their men. The brigade always considered that the honor and dignity of the State rested on it. There was hardly a man in the five regiments who didn't consider the brigade more than a match for all the rest of the army. They became lax in discipline, but they could outmarch and outfight anything. They were self-reliant, strong and glorious in everything.

VIII. *Our Soldier Governors.*—Wise and patriotic in the administration of public affairs as they were stout and brave in the perils of the field.

Ex-Governor Redfield Proctor, being called on, alluded to the appointment of a State Military Historian and said the resolution providing for the history passed by the present Legislature had very appropriately received the signature of a soldier Governor that afternoon. It is our duty to furnish the Historian with everything of interest that came under our cognizance during the war. Colonel Proctor then humorously alluded to the responsible office of Ex-Governor. The election to it was unanimous. The occupant rose at once into the full dignity of the office. At the close of my term I thought it would be pleasant to remain at the Capital for two or three days; but every one I met said, "When are you going home?" and finally when I met an acquaintance I said: "Excuse me, I'm hurrying to catch the train." The salary of the office is never in any danger of being cut down, and it is a life position. [Laughter and applause.]

Major John L. Barstow was called upon, but briefly excused himself.

IX *Our Soldier Judge.*—He fought to compel obedience to law and now from the bench he expounds it.

Hon. W. G. Veazey, Judge of the Supreme Court, said that a place on the bench was the highest honor a lawyer could aspire to; but he would to-night like to drop the judicial title and take the one to which he had answered for fifteen years. No other honor can equal that I won in the military service of our country. The foundation of this Society ought to be a matter of pride to us and to the State. Vermont was the first State in which such an organization was formed, and many if not all the Northern States have followed our example. I am proud that Vermont soldiers did not consider the termination of their service in the field the end of their service for the Union. They are continuing

it in many ways, and keeping up such an organization as this is equally in the line of duty.

X. *The Ladies*.—Always first in the hearts of their countrymen.

Felicitously responded to by Colonel George W. Hooker, whose remarks kept the company in a continuous roar of laughter. Colonel Hooker said: "I notice most of the ladies have gone. Perhaps they had heard I was going to speak. But if all were gone but one and she and I were alone, I could talk still better. Many were the good deeds the ladies performed and the soldiers will be ever thankful for them. Many men owe their lives to the care and nursing and bandaging of the ladies. I noticed in the war the bravery of the married men. I didn't understand it at first, but I now do. They wanted to be killed. On behalf of the ladies of Vermont I thank the orator of the evening. I think he is a single man. Let him stay here a couple of days, and we will send him home complete."

XI. *Our fallen Comrades*.

Responded to by Chaplain D. A. Mack, who referred to the honor in which our departed soldiers are held. More enduring than marble monuments is a nation's gratitude. As Quintus Curtius threw himself into the breach to save the Eternal City, so did the young men of this country sacrifice themselves to save the nation. Let them be kept in eternal remembrance.

This closed the speaking, and after singing "Auld lang syne," the meeting, at one o'clock, adjourned. The reunion was an extremely pleasant and successful one.

EIGHTEENTH REUNION.

JANUARY 5TH, 1882.

The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Society was held at White River Junction, Thursday, January 5th, 1882.

There was a large and goodly attendance of officers, including not only the steadfast supporters of the Society, who are always to be found at its gatherings, but also a number who had seldom enjoyed the privilege of participating at these reunions; and nine new members were added to the roll. Among the well-known veterans present were Governor Roswell Farnham, Generals Thomas, Wells, Pitkin, Henry and Seaver; Quartermaster-General Kingsley, Adjutant-General T. S. Peck, Colonel W. W. Grout, Member of Congress; Colonels S. E. and S. M. Pingree, Majors Josiah Grout and A. J. Grover; Captains F. E. Smith, Eben Grant, Hugh Henry, U. A. Woodbury, F. S. Stranahan, Herbert Brainerd, C. H. Kinsman, H. E. Taylor and R. J. Coffey; Surgeons S. J. Allen and J. C. Rutherford; Chaplain Mack, Adjutant John C. Stearns; Lieutenants G. H. Bigelow, G. G. Benedict and Eli Holden; Sergeants Warren Gibbs, Lucius Bigelow and S. H. Wood, and others.

Among the invited guests were General J. N. Patterson, U. S. Marshal of New Hampshire; Major R. P. Staniels of the 13th N. H. Volunteers; Prof. Barlow of the Tilden Seminary, and others.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting of the Society was held in the parlors of the Junction House, at 4 p. m. Colonel J. B. Mead, President of the Society, being detained at home by illness, Vice-President R. J. Coffey called the Society to

order, and in the absence of the long-time efficient Secretary of the Society, General J. S. Peck, Captain F. E. Smith of Montpelier, was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

The record of the last annual meeting was read by the Secretary, and the Treasurer, Major L. G. Kingsley, presented his report.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Lieut. R. Farnham,	10th Regt., Col. W. W. Henry,
2d Regt., Col. P. P. Pitkin,	11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury,
3d Regt., Col. T. O. Seaver,	12th Regt., Maj. L. G. Kingsley,
4th Regt., Surgeon S. J. Allen,	13th Regt., Lieut. Albert Clarke,
5th Regt., Capt. B. H. Jenne.	15th Regt., Lieut.-Col. W. W. Grout,
6th Regt., Lieut. G. H. Hatch,	16th Regt., Capt. Hugh Henry,
7th Regt., Lieut. H. G. Stearns,	18th Regt., Capt. F. S. Stranahan,
8th Regt., Gen. S. Thomas,	Batteries, Sergeant W. S. Alden.
9th Regt., Adj. J. C. Stearns,	

The committee reported and the Society elected the following officers for 1882:

OFFICERS FOR 1882.

President—Major J. L. BARSTOW, Shelburn.

Vice-Presidents—Lieut-Col. S. M. Pingree, Hartford; Col. P. P. Pitkin, Montpelier.

Secretary—Adj. J. S. Peck, Montpelier.

Treasurer—Major L. G. Kingsley, Rutland.

Executive Committee—Capt. F. E. Smith, Lieut. J. C. Stearns, Gen. Stephen Thomas.

The chair announced the following appointments for the public exercises and supper: Marshal, Captain T. S. Peck; Chaplain, Rev. D. A. Mack; Toastmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel E. Pingree.

On motion of General Henry, President-elect Barstow, Secretary J. S. Peck and Treasurer Kingsley were appointed a committee to consider the matter of printing, for the use of the members, an abstract of the records and proceedings of the eighteen reunions held by the Society, and its list of

members, and report as to the expense of such publication at the next meeting.

The following telegram from the genial Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives, was read by the Secretary :

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.

To the President of the Officers Reunion Society :

General Stannard and myself send greeting. Remember us to all the comrades present. We should be with you, if the country could spare us.

GEO. W. HOOKER.

To this, later in the evening, the following reply was sent :

To Colonel Hooker, Sergeant-at-Arms, House, Washington, D. C.

We miss you and Stannard at our festival ; but our grief is assuaged by the knowledge that the country is safe.

The Meeting then adjourned to the public exercises of the evening.

EVENING.

At 7.30 p. m., the Society formed by regiments, at the Junction House, and marched to the Methodist church. This had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Large National flags were festooned upon the walls. Behind the platform hung a device of crossed swords and sabres. Regimental standards, crossed, were placed in the corners ; and the portraits of President Garfield and General Hancock (the former draped in black), surrounded by the stars and stripes, indicated the non-partizan character of the Society, and that its test of worth is only brave and patriotic service. The Society occupied seats along the centre aisle, the remainder being filled with an attentive audience of citizens of both sexes. Vice-President Coffey presided, and after music by the Hartford Cornet Band, and an excellent prayer, full of patriotic feeling, by Rev. Mr. Sherburn, introduced the orator of the evening, Lieutenant Albert Clarke, of Boston.

LIEUTENANT CLARKE'S ORATION.

Mr. President, Comrades and Friends :

Seventeen times, in as many years, you have been addressed by orators and soldiers of eminence on the one theme which occasions like this suggest. What can I say that has not been better said before? And yet, it is not what has been said that appals me, as much as the impossibility of any man's saying all that the magnitude of the subject requires. When we glance back from these walks of peace upon the great experience that you had, it appears like a fever-dream, a long pilgrimage over obstacles, through a wild and murky night, guided only by flashes that dazzle and affright. You seem to have been lifted into an atmosphere of endeavor so far above that of ordinary life that common language halts at the portrayal and I find myself musing and despairing with the poet who stood amazed in a thunder storm in the Pyrenees :

"Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me ; could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel—and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were *lightning*, I would speak.
But as it is. I live and die unheard.
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it, as a sword."

I cannot speak to you in lightning. I cannot utter for you one thought that you have not felt, and lived, and wrought. And yet, for the instruction of the youth who now gather about us, and for the expression of our own increasing reverence for the veterans of so many fields, I will refer, in unpretending speech, to a few of the many incidents of our part in the war for the Union. Indeed, that is about all that anybody—even the historian—can do. For an army is so vast, covers such a stretch of territory, moves on so many lines, strikes in so many attitudes and sees from so many standpoints, that every officer and private might speak, and tell a different tale, and every tale be true. Unfortunately, all that are told are not true; but thousands of instances of sacrifice and heroism, that would thrill us, could we hear them told, are kept warm only in breasts that are as modest as they were brave, and so will soon sink into oblivion.

Here I cannot too much commend the thoughtful and not untimely act of the State in commanding one of the most

competent and worthy of your number to write your history. Unless other wars shall intervene to divert attention, this history will be cherished by future generations with ever increasing pride. It will show, as the late lamented Governor Washburn has told us—for as adjutant-general he kept the records and knew whereof he affirmed—that the people of this rural State, then numbering only about 315,000, and with an enrollment of less than 37,000 men, sent to the war *thirty-four thousand, two hundred and thirty-eight*; that with a valuation for taxation of but \$9,706,000,—they voluntarily subjected themselves to a war expenditure of *nine millions and eighty-seven thousand dollars*, and never had a thought of ceasing to raise men and money until the final victory was achieved. It will show that of the men who went forth, 5,124 were lost by death and 5,022 were discharged for disabilities incurred—a ratio of loss greater than that of any other New England or Eastern State and exceeded only by that of Iowa and Kansas, much of whose best fighting material was the product of these hills. It will also show that not only were the families of soldiers aided by public benefactions unexampled in the annals of war, but faith with the public creditor has been kept and the last dollar pledged him by the State has been paid—was tendered even before he was ready to receive it.

Such is the outline of a proud passage in the record of Vermont. It is easy to look back upon it now; it was not so easy to look toward and through it twenty years ago. Time can never efface from my mind the impressions made by observing that memorable special session of the Legislature in the spring of 1861. The First regiment was preparing to go, with overflowing ranks, for three months, and half our people believed they would sooner return, with rebellion baffled at the first serious onset and secession repudiated by all but its mad leaders. Still it was deemed the part of wisdom for the loyal North to make such a show of preparation as would cause treason to halt and retrace its steps. Accordingly, the Vermont Legislature, with great seriousness and with not a few misgivings as to the success of the proposition, authorized the raising of two regiments for two years' service, and four more regiments, *if necessary*. It is said that in the ways and means committee there were grave differences over a proposition to raise money for this purpose, which finally resulted in a majority report, concurred in by all the Republicans of the

committee, recommending an appropriation of half a million. This report was received in the House with great satisfaction, for members and spectators generally considered the sum munificent—more than would be required, and enough to indicate to friend and foe that the State meant business. After the applause had subsided, there arose a short, broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, who presented a minority report, to make the appropriation one million. For a moment there was silence. Every one seemed astonished. At first the man's sincerity was doubted, for he was a Democrat, and less than a year before had been a delegate to that famous Charleston convention where Jefferson Davis was voted for (though not by him), fifty-seven times as candidate for President of the United States. But in a speech of great earnestness and eloquence he proceeded to show the probability that all this money, and all these men, and more, might yet be needed. "I tell you," said he "that we have got to measure our steel with as gallant a foe as ever drew the blade. They are in earnest, they are united, they are prepared. If we raise the money and do not need it, we shall lose nothing. If we neglect to raise it and do need it, we shall sustain a loss of early advantages that will cost us dear. The greatest possible strain has now come upon our institutions. Let us defend them with all our might. I am for upholding the hands of the President with no faltering arm. I am for the Constitution and the Union, if it takes the last dollar and the last man."

I have quoted this little speech only from memory, and so I have not been able to make it appear so powerful as it was. The effect was such as we never see, except when men are aroused to the utmost. The chairman of the committee—an able man and well recognized leader—made a labored effort to sustain his report, but in vain. The old Ethan within the members had been touched and awakened. The million was voted; and within a year from that time, when more money and more men were no sooner needed than supplied, this same sagacious legislator led one of our noblest regiments to the seat of war. Some of you felt his fatherly care along the malarious bayous of the lower Mississippi, heard his reassuring "steady, men," before the batteries of Port Hudson, and saw him, cool and confident, walking along the reinstated line at Cedar Creek, solemnly saying, "Boys, can you pray? This is a time to both fight and pray, especially to fight." I need not speak his name. Most of you have

dropped it into ballot boxes since, and, wherever his beaming face has appeared, none of you have lost an opportunity to testify by cheers that the army of the Cumberland was not the only army that held an "Old Pap Thomas" in filial regard.

Another incident of that special session of the Legislature is worthy to be recalled, as illustrative of the neglect of national song and sentiment which had accompanied the decline of the military spirit in the last generation before the war. Near the close of the first morning session of the House of Representatives it was proposed that all unite in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." One gentleman after another, of known musical attainments, was asked to lead, but the mortifying fact was soon revealed that not one among the two hundred and forty remembered the tune. This, of course, would never do. There was a flutter in Montpelier society that afternoon, and at the evening session of the House, just after the passage of the act to raise troops, Colonel H. D. Hopkins and a select choir of two hundred ladies and gentlemen poured forth from the gallery the grand old national anthem, and during the refrain every one exemplified the fact that the Star Spangled Banner did wave "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and was probably one of many similar revivals of the educational spirit of patriotism that were then transpiring throughout the North.

"Let who may make the laws of the people," said Sir Philip Sidney, "allow me to write their ballads and I'll guide them at my will." At the tocsin of war our people awoke to a sense of their neglect of this philosophical truth. The war-meeting at home and the camp-fire at the front demanded music, and "what shall be our war song?" was the question that thousands of quiet thinkers asked. Fortunately they did not have to wait long. Whittier and Pierpont and Lowell had already sounded the key-note, in those devout appeals for national purification and universal liberty that they had for years been offering up like incense to the throne of God, and forthwith there came upon us, from sources we know not of, and that few of us can ever now trace, the grand, inspiring notes of "Old John Brown," the stirring melody of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and the mirthful racket of "De Year ob Jubilee." Later on came Julia Ward Howe's noble lines, properly dignified as "The Battle Hymn of the Repub-

lic;" as the war progressed, many a weary march was beguiled with the quickening measures of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and when at length it ended in victory, the general joy found happiest utterance in the stride and sweep and abandon of those rollicksome numbers which are supposed to have resounded "From Atlanta to the Sea." All these melodies and sentiments are so familiar now that it hardly seems real to us that we did not know them in our youth. But the fact is, we have seen a revolution. Old things passed away and new came in their places. Our country was not only fought through but prayed and sung through an exodus from slavery to freedom, from general apathy to universal spirit, and from a Union that was likened to a rope of sand up to a nation that enjoys authority at home and respect throughout the world.

The mention of the war melodies awakens memories of the camp and march and field. What a strange nomenclature they introduced. The first time we heard of Bull Run we hardly knew what it meant. You who were there succeeded in ascertaining. The names now familiar to everybody, as mere names, are to you fraught with life and action. Faster than I can refer to them, you are at this moment picturing to yourselves the whole panorama of the Peninsula campaign, Chantilly and Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, Locust Grove, Baton Rouge and Port Hudson, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, Weldon railroad, Petersburg and Appomattox. How long these names will be suggestive to future generations, it may not be worth while to inquire. But as probably not one in fifty of us could at this moment name the terrific battle which occurred in 1704, where the prestige of Louis XIV. of France went down forever before Marlborough of England and Eugene of Austria, and where nearly 25,000 men were killed and wounded, and as perhaps not one soldier or statesman in one hundred remembers where John Hampden—as much the grandfather of American freedom as Samuel Adams was its father—received the wounds that cost England her greatest man in 1643, so we may not expect that the events which are burned into our very souls will be as familiar as household words to even the third and fourth generations of our own children. Shiloh and Ball's Bluff may be as vague to them as Blenheim and Chalgrove are to us. But when they open history they will not fail to note in you those qualities of the sol-

dier and the patriot which are greater than any event. The unfaltering courage, the devotion to principle, the high average of intellect and education, the self-respect that did not feel humiliated by discipline, and the persistency that overcame defeat and endured to the end—these were characteristics of the Union army that no other army ever possessed in so great a degree, and in all these respects Vermont took her position in the front. All through the war you bore her banner high in every post of danger. Always trusted by your commanders, looked to with confidence by troops from other States, never once recreant to duty, not one organization of your twenty-four darkened by the faintest shadow of dishonor, you made for yourselves and State a record of imperishable renown, that is radiant when compared with the most brilliant achievements of ancient or modern times.

Heroes! fast passing into the quiet valley of venerated age, hearing from year to year the history that you made recited by your children in their schools; as I look out upon your whitening heads, I fancy with what greater interest you must be regarded by those who see you now for the first and possibly for the last time. Here they behold a few who were the very first to spring to arms and who belonged to that regiment which afterwards officered all our regiments. Here they see men who plunged through Warwick Creek, staining its current with their blood, and others who led up Marye's bristling heights, driving the entrenched foe before them. First of all they seek a modest presence that we for the first time miss; but we all rejoice at the good fortune that has called elsewhere the honored sleeve that was emptied at Chapin's Farm. Nevertheless they find many a maimed survivor of those four bloody days of the Wilderness, where the old brigade lost more than half its men. They look almost with reverence upon this remnant of the gallant old Second, who at Spottsylvania followed the lamented Dudley to his death, captured an advanced rifle pit, and when ordered to save themselves by retreat, returned that ever-memorable reply: "Send us rations and ammunition enough and we will hold it six weeks." If here they fail to find a stray sharpshooter, it is because those gallant bands, to whom war was a constant battle, were either picked off one by one, or because they saw and heard so much they have no wish to fight their battles over again. But here is that ubiquitous cavalry, its members personally known to all the young ladies of Northern Virginia, and with the names of 72 engagements,

not with the ladies but with the enemy, inscribed upon their banner, while to their credit stands a longer list of captured cannon and the materials of war than any other regiment can show. And here are two or three who stood with the First Battery in that unpleasant place on Pleasant Hill, where Captain Hebard, being ordered to spike his guns and retreat, turned to his men, threw his hat upon the ground and said, "Not by a——sight, boys! These guns are not going to be spiked or captured. Give them double canister!" and they did it, saving the guns and almost saving the day. Finally, the best and bravest will gladly make room for what is left of the Seventeenth—the regiment which began to fight before it was full fledged; which had its third battalion drill upon the battle-field and scarcely had a dress parade but in the presence of the enemy; which, though serving but a little longer than a year, took part in thirteen bloody battles, and out of whose 1,118 men 224 met death, 279 were wounded and only 546 were left to be mustered out. They have not yet ceased to mourn those intrepid officers who fell in battle—their Cummings and Eaton and Reynolds and Davis and Ellsworth and Martin and Needham and Converse and Tobin and Henry; and even now I fancy that I can see reflected on their countenances the lurid light of that dread day at Petersburg, where, like Vesuvius, the bursting mine

"Shook hell's wan lightnings from his blazing cone
And gilded heaven with meteors not its own."

So much remains to be said of every organization from Vermont it seems almost invidious to particularize; but as I conceive it to be one of the objects of these annual addresses to recount incidents that possibly may not be so familiar to all as those to which I have alluded, perhaps the occasion cannot be better improved than by referring to one or two that came under my own observation. At Gettysburg our Second Brigade was stationed, on the morning of the second day, in support of the batteries on Cemetery Hill. That was the centre of the Union line and in the toe of its horse-shoe curve. Shells came in upon us from three directions. The situation was trying, though the damage was slight. A regiment of the Eleventh corps, a little in advance of us, broke and came rushing back. A panic at that point and time would have been fatal to our army; and yet, here was one fast getting under way. Not a moment was to be lost. Colonel Randall of the Thirteenth Vermont put spurs to his

horse, and, with outstretched arms, sword in one hand and hat in the other, dashed in among the fugitives and greatly aided their own officers in restoring them to the line. As he was driving back the lot nearest his own command he took advantage of the opportunity to give them a lecture that I have always thought was designed quite as much for the encouragement of his own men as it was for the rebuke of the stragglers. The proprieties of this place forbid that I should repeat all he said, but I think he called them several names, and I remember that he endeavored to shame them as veterans of a dozen fights for running away from a little noise, while his own boys, most of whom had never seen a fight before, were standing as firm as rocks where the shells were flying thickest. A few opportune words like this are sometimes of immense value in battle. A few hours later another incident occurred, illustrating the truth of this. The corps commanders addressed their troops in obedience to an order from General Meade. General Doubleday, sitting on his horse, spoke to us in a conversational way, somewhat like this: "Boys, will you fight? You look as though you would and I think you will. To-day Vermont looks to you to uphold her honor, and a noble brigade of your brethren is watching to see if you will add lustre to their renown." Nothing more effective could possibly have been said. The allusion to the old brigade fairly electrified the men and they shouted from every company, demanding to be led into the fray.

They had not long to wait. When the Third corps had been driven with severe loss from its advanced position, and the fighting Second on the left center had been riddled and compelled to abandon some of its guns, an order came to the nearest detachment of the brigade, consisting of five companies of the Thirteenth Regiment, to hasten to General Hancock's support. The order was obeyed with great alacrity. Deploying his battalion to the left, under a galling fire that swept the ridge, Colonel Randall paused a moment to greet General Hancock and receive his orders. "Colonel, can you retake those guns?" said the distressed but dauntless hero. "Yes, sir, or die in trying," was the reply overheard by the advancing line. Then, with or without an order to charge—I heard none, except Adjutant James S. Peck shouting "Boys, we must get those guns,"—there was a rush down into the valley of death, where half a dozen cannon were dimly seen through the thickening smoke. The colonel had

scarcely started to overtake the line, when his horse went down, shot through the neck. Quickly extricating himself, he did not stop even to pick up his hat, but sprang to the front of his swift advancing colors, and, with swinging sabre and streaming hair, led on into the very teeth of the foe. It was then discovered that the numbers against us were overwhelming—more than five to one, I have seen it stated since. And I have never understood exactly why they ran—whether it was because, all of a sudden, our line of muskets came down from the right shoulder to a charge, or because they saw other troops coming to our support, or because they had already fought to exhaustion, or what not. But, at any rate, they ran, and our companies seized the guns and drew them back up the hill, amidst the cheers of twenty thousand men. The line was immediately reformed and the enemy pursued. Eighty-three of the sharpshooters, concealed in a house, were captured, but the main body had made good their escape under the cover of woods and the approach of night. I must not omit to add that, as our men were struggling up the ascent with the recaptured guns, a Pennsylvania Buck-tail called out to them, "What troops are you fellows?" Plenty of them were proud to answer "Vermont;" whereupon, with grim humor, he remarked: "Well, I *thought* you must have been green or you never would have gone in there."

The memorable part that this regiment and the Fourteenth and Sixteenth took in the grand repulse and flanking charges in the midst of the carnage of the next day is familiar to every school boy. A few days later, fifty miles south of there, in Maryland, most of the old regiments chanced to march past our bivouac. The opinion they had of the way their expectations (according to General Doubleday) had been fulfilled, was expressed by round after round of cheers. But, as I looked into their war-worn faces and watched their veteran stride, fast taking them on to Funkstown, where they again immortalized their name, I felt how unworthy we even yet were to stand before them save with hats in hand. I never meet one to this day, be he ever so poor and humble, but that my heart goes out to him with respect akin to that of a subordinate for a superior, and when they die, as too fast they do, I feel that what Pericles said of the Athenians who perished in the Peloponnesian war is even more true of them: "For to such men the whole world is a sepulchre; not so much wherein their bones lie buried, as wherein their virtues are treasured up, to be remembered upon all occasions, both of speech and of action, forevermore."

One personal incident of the Gettysburg campaign let me here contribute. We had marched an entire sweltering forenoon without a drop of water. A short halt was made and orders were passed along the ranks to rest in place. Notwithstanding this, the commanding general had taken the precaution to place a safe-guard over a neighboring well, he knowing, what the troops did not know, that the well would prove totally inadequate to the wants of the brigade, and that within an hour Frederick city would be reached, where an ample supply of water could be obtained. Disregarding the order and the safe-guard, Lieutenant S. F. Brown (from Swanton) went to the well, and in face of threatened death obtained some water and took it to a few of his famishing men. He was immediately put under arrest and deprived of his sword. When Gettysburg was reached and all could see that there would be business for every man on the morrow, Brown went to General Stannard and asked for his sword, promising to return it if he survived the battle. The General found himself relieved from an embarrassing position in which his generous sense of gallantry contended with his knowledge of the importance of discipline, by replying that the weapon had been sent with the baggage, twenty-five miles to the rear. But nothing discouraged, Brown armed himself with a hatchet and went into the fight. All through the two terrific days that followed, wherever there was an opportunity near him for conspicuous gallantry, there that hatchet was seen swinging; and all through the live-long nights, while most of us were wrapt in slumber, he was hovering along the front and even penetrating the skirmish line to help off the wounded and minister unto the dying. I hardly need add that after the battle he was allowed to wear a captured sabre. Nothing more was ever heard of the impending court-martial, and after his honorable discharge he again entered the service as a captain in the Seventeenth, but lost an arm at the Wilderness, and is now a prosperous lawyer in Chicago.

The domain of personal experiences, however, is one that the proper limits of an address forbid me to enter very far. One incident more and I return to the general theme. General Wylie of Boston, who was in charge, at one time, of transportation between the army of the Potomac and Washington, told me last year about a Vermont officer who was brought back from the front, shot through one lung. Water, poured into his breast, immediately came out of his back.

Yet he was all pluck, had no idea of dying, and coolly predicted the time when he would return to duty. To General Wylie, however, the attending surgeon gravely shook his head, and when the officer was carried to Washington, directions were sent to an undertaker to embalm his body and forward it to his friends. It affords me unspeakable pleasure to say that the undertaker missed the job, and to-day that officer is a stalwart of the stalwarts, Sergeant-at-arms of the National House of Representatives and high knight of life and laughter behind the scenes.

If what I have said, and what is usually said on these occasions, relates mostly to Vermont troops, let it not be inferred that we consider them braver or better than many soldiers from other States. Let us have no narrow provincialism. There is not an officer before me who will not bear cheerful testimony to the fidelity and valor of almost all the regiments and batteries of the armies in which they served. If a fair estimate of comparative merits as between States were possible, I am not certain that we should be found superior; but if we were, it was probably due to the greater homogeneity of our organizations than existed in the troops from States abounding in large cities and new populations, and also to the mysterious but potent influences to love of country, to bravery and endurance, that came of being reared among the mountains. In respect of fame, however, we were at a disadvantage. The large cities had widely disseminated newspapers and their correspondents in the field naturally wrote most about the troops which they and their readers best knew. Our papers were all of local and limited circulation, not one of them read all over the State and most of them nearly unknown outside. The only way they could have correspondents in the field was for those correspondents to enlist and fight, as did George and Lucius Bigelow and Grenville Benedict of Burlington; and so well did these gentlemen perform their double duties, that the old question of the debating societies, "which is the mightier—the pen or the sword?" remains, so far as they are concerned, an even question still. Candor and gratitude alike require that in this connection "Carleton" Coffin and the Boston Journal should be credited with having done their full and impartial duty by the soldiers of Vermont; and then, as now, the people were numerous all over the State who looked to that source for the earliest, the fullest and the most trustworthy information.

So much for the matter and the means of public knowledge of what the soldiers did. Nevertheless, fame was not what they fought for. Neither did they fight for money. These were no mercenary men. In the language of another, more eloquent than I am: "The soldiers of the republic were not seekers after vulgar glory; they were not animated by the hope of plunder or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the homestead of liberty, and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they saluted the monsters of their time. They finished what the soldiers of the revolution commenced. They re-lighted the torch that fell from those august hands, and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute books the laws that had been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with indignant hands from the Constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellow man. They made it possible for judges to be just and statesmen to be humane. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters, and from the Northern brain. They kept our country on the map of the world and our flag in heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress and found therein two angels, clad in shining garments—nationality and liberty. The soldiers were the saviors of the nation. They were the liberators of man. In written proclamation of emancipation, Lincoln—greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers sing 'mid gathered sheaves—copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with swords. Grandeur than the Greek, nobler than the Romans, the soldiers of the republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others and for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their babes; that arrant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil, and that our country should not be a many-headed monster, made of warring States, but a nation—sovereign, great and free."

Greater cause and better served, the world has never seen. It befits us, as soldiers, though, to recognize the aid we had from the loyal North. Fathers spared their sons, and performed extra labor, and wore old clothes, in order to save enough to meet their heavy taxes. Mothers worked, and wept and prayed, and many died before their time. In every form of kind remembrance and distant care, wives and

sisters and sweethearts cheered our hearts and sustained our strength. The men who made the laws and shaped the politics and loaned the money had conflicts to face and risks to take almost as great as ours. The spectacle of Gov. Morton of Indiana, hampered by a disloyal legislature, borrowing money enough on his own personal credit to keep his State's quota of troops going forward, is one that will be honored so long as patriotism shall be praised or valor sung. In the little town of Rochester, in this State—a town which had more men killed and wounded than any other of equal population in the State, and afterwards honored itself by inscribing the forty-two names of their dead upon the finest monument it could buy—there lived an industrious and modest man named Josiah McWain. His four sons were in the army, and he toiled on alone. They were all at the battle of the Wilderness, and during its progress a lady expressed her sympathy with him and asked if he did not wish that he had kept at least one of them at home. Instantly, and with no little spirit, he replied: "No, and I wish I had twenty there!" So long as our armies are reared and sustained by such fathers as that, you may depend that the country will be safe.

The war has been long ended, and many of these fathers and mothers have gone to their reward. The leaders of our armies, one after another, are fast passing beyond the lines to return no more. Until we hear the roll-call at the reveille that ushers in unending day, no more will answers come from Thomas and Rawlins and Meade and Canby and Custer and Hooker and Garfield and Burnside and Kilpatrick. Those who followed where they led are hastening on to where they lead now. The vast fortifications with which your labor crowned the Potomac hills have nearly disappeared under the hand of agriculture and the healing processes of nature. And so, through tribulation and trial, overcoming stubbornness and hatred, the seeds of Union and Liberty that were dug into the soil with our swords have everywhere germinated and begun to grow. The solid South is breaking and sectionalism is no longer a menace. Public opinion begins to crystalize in new and old groups about new issues. Questions of finance and of transportation, of civil service and of foreign policy, of means of order and the rights of woman, are doing to the old differences what the rains and sunshine are doing to the old forts. The delay has seemed long, but in the light of history it has really been short.

Such an era of prosperity as we now enjoy—marked by invention, applied science, combination of forces, universal enlightenment and immigration—has never before dawned upon any part of the world.

Justly may we rejoice in it, and yet men of our experience in life cannot be blind to the fact that it is fraught with great perils. The chief peril, doubtless, is the greed of gain, the lust of power and the tendency of the strong to oppress the weak. The strong and the weak are no longer Caucasian masters and African slaves; we have outlived the pastoral period of our history. They are rather organized selfishness on the one hand, understanding and adroitly working every part of the complicated machine of highly civilized modern government, while on the other they are the common people, represented by legislatures and courts. These bodies are subject, not only to all the imperfections of human nature, but often to vicious systems of election and of tenure, whereby their independence is destroyed. I see no remedy for these ills but universal education, and a more earnest and constant inculcation, upon all occasions, of the fundamental principles of honesty, fidelity to trust, industry, economy, modesty, temperance, courage and public spirit. The aggregation of these qualities is best expressed by the one word so dear to our hearts—patriotism.

The patriot is always on picket. He battles danger in its beginning. He will not deny to his brother, nor his sister, any of the inalienable rights that he enjoys himself. He will not rob or permit others to rob. He will stand for truth and justice if he stands alone, and will fall for them, if need be, alone. While Athens was governed by the thirty tyrants, Socrates, the philosopher, was summoned to the Senate house and ordered to go with some other persons to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they had determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates positively refused. "I will not willingly," he said, "assist in an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied: "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk in this high tone and not suffer?" "Far from it," replied he, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly." The patriot will always face temptation, whether it be of money, or of rank, or of power, with the sturdy probity of Socrates. The patriot will make a fair return of his property for taxation and pay his taxes like a man. The man who will not do this, we have the high authority of our

soldier-judge (may his tribe increase) for regarding as a sneak and a coward. I knew a man who, during the war, paid taxes on a piece of wild land in a neighboring town, aggregating four times the value of the land. He might easily have let the land go the first year and thus have thrown off the burden; but he said the town needed the money more than he did, and as he would not wish any of his grandsons, one-half of whom were in the army, to drop out of the ranks, so he would not drop out of the ranks of the sustaining force at home. The patriot holds the good character of his State as the immediate jewel of his soul. The Norwegians, proud of their native hills, have inscribed upon their rix dollars the motto: "Honor, valor, probity, and whatever is of good report, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." So let Vermont, in her upper air of vantage ground, not only assume to be, but be, the very eagle's nest of all that makes men noble, great and free. Let her hold up true manhood as first of all the great prizes in life. Thus can she best do her part to preserve our institutions. Thus easiest will she rear a lasting monument to the brothers who fell at your sides. Thus only can she transmit undimmed the lustre of your achievements and make the fame of her heroes resplendent through the ages.

The stirring thoughts and graphic descriptions of the oration were aided by effective delivery. The allusions to Stannard, Thomas, Hooker and other favorite officers, were cordially applauded, and a long and enthusiastic round of applause followed the close of the address.

On motion of Gov. Farnham the thanks of the Society were voted Lieutenant Clarke, for his very interesting, spirited and patriotic oration, and a copy of it was requested for publication. After a series of National airs by the band, the Society filed out and marched back to the hotel, where, at 10 P. M., the annual supper took place.

THE SUPPER.

The dining hall was decorated for the occasion with the National colors festooned on the walls, and hanging in long drapings of red, white and blue, from the centre to the sides

of the room. A table crossed one end of the hall, with two long tables set at right angles to the first, which were well filled. Flowers and ornamental plants adorned the tables. Captain Coffey presided at the centre, flanked on the right by Governor Farnham, Congressman Grout, General Patterson, U. S. Marshal of New Hampshire; General W. W. Henry, U. S. Marshal of Vermont; and Major Staniels of New Hampshire,—and on the left by the Orator of the evening, Toastmaster Pingree, Chaplain Mack, Quartermaster-General Kingsley, Lieutenant Wm. H. Root, City Clerk of Burlington; and S. B. Pettengill of the *St. Albans Messenger*. In due time Toastmaster Pingree rapped to order and proposed the regular toasts.

I. *The President of the United States and the Congress thereof.*

Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout, member of Congress from the Third District, was called on to respond. He alluded to the birth of President Arthur in Vermont, and said that the President had remarked to him that on that particular account he felt under obligation to behave exceedingly well. He alluded to the embarrassing circumstances under which President Arthur took the Executive chair, and to the dignity and fidelity with which he is performing its duties. As to Congress, the new members are considered of small account there. General Grout said he had watched the “rebel brigadiers” some, and alluded particularly to the expected contest over the seat now occupied by Colonel Chalmers, alleged Representative of the “shoe-string district” of Mississippi. Thus far the Southern members of the present Congress had behaved well.

II. *The United States.*—Conceived in the love of Liberty; brought forth amid the throes and convulsions in which tyranny sought to stifle her at birth; purified by the sacrifice of half a million of her sons as an atonement for the bad blood of the family—she enters upon her second century

wiser, stronger and with a grander future before her than any other government on the globe. Proud of her in our generation we will teach our children that "a country is a thing to die for at need."

General Stephen Thomas was called on, and spoke eloquently of the patriotic inspiration and love of freedom of our revolutionary fathers; and of the bloody sacrifice in our day, by which Freedom, Liberty and Union were secured. He alluded to the proposed repeal of the arrears-of-pension act; and expressed confidence that no Vermonter would vote for such repeal. Incidentally he touched on the pending trial of the assassin of President Garfield. He believed that Guiteau was guilty; and expressed a trust that he would not go unpunished.

III. *Vermont*.—The first State wedded to the "Old Thirteen"—through the valor of her men and the abiding faith and sacrifices of her women, she has made historic the value she attaches to the integrity, the unity and the eternity of the Republic.

Governor Farnham was called up and received with cordial applause. He alluded pleasantly to some matters mentioned by Colonel Grout, whom he called the representative of the "shoe-string district of Vermont." In reference to the orator's allusion to some good soldiers who had gone to Chicago and got rich, he said that as good Americans, when they die, are said to go to Paris, so it seems good soldiers go to Chicago. The other kind have to stay at home and be collectors, judges, superintendents of agriculture and education, and members of Congress, and (what are left over) governors. Leaving pleasantries, the Governor spoke of the early history of Vermont as an independent State. Bennington made Saratoga possible and Saratoga led to Yorktown, and thus Vermont, in good part, gave direction to the final result of the Revolution. Our Green Mountain State has much to be proud of; and may she continue worthy of our love and pride.

Lieutenant Dartt, Superintendent of Education, was next called up. He expressed his admiration of the men who have made Vermont honored and honorable in the past. What of her future? On us rests the responsibility for that. When the census tells us that there are 12,000 persons in Vermont who can not read or write, have we no duty to perform? We are training to-day the future citizens of our State. What shall they be? To-day no word means more to our people than the home. The homes and free schools of Vermont must be our reliance for the future.

IV. *New Hampshire*.—The mother of Vermont, who, in 1777, after we became of age and left the parental hearth, promptly resolved to co-operate with the new State, and sent Stark and his men to help us stop the progress of the enemy on our western frontier.

General Patterson of New Hampshire was called up, with an allusion to the fact that New Hampshire spent thirteen millions in the war. He said his State was of about the same size as Vermont and sent about as many men. If the war cost her more than it did Vermont it was because New Hampshire paid so much for men from across her northern border—which was money thrown away. He alluded to Chamberlain, Quimby and other Vermont officers, whom he knew in the service, and called on Rev. T. C. Pease of Lebanon, N. H., to speak further for New Hampshire.

Mr. Pease said that as he was born in New York, bred in Connecticut, educated in Massachusetts and settled in New Hampshire, he hardly knew which State to speak for. He hoped these reunions would be kept up, if for nothing else as educators of the rising generation.

Professor Barlow of the Tilden Ladies Seminary was next called up, as a native and representative of Massachusetts. He spoke of what the men of peace owed to the men of war. Allusions to Governor Andrew, and the service of the Massachusetts Sixth, were cordially applauded. He

said he was proud of his New England birth. All the States are becoming States of which any man might be proud to be a citizen. The question of the last war can never be reopened ; and we are henceforth to be one Nation.

V. *The Surgeons.*—

“Along their front no sabre shines,
No blood-red pennons wave ;
Their banner bears the single line:
‘Our duty is to save.’”

Yet they were always ready to bleed for their country.

Dr. Rutherford of Newport responded. No Vermont surgeon was ever known to shirk his duty in battle, and no troops had better surgical care than ours.

Dr. Allen of White River Junction was called on to endorse Dr. Rutherford's testimony, and did so fully. He told of a case where the Medical Director of the corps instituted a trial of skill (without notifying the surgeons) between three Vermont surgeons and three Pennsylvania surgeons, who had been detailed to operate on a large number of wounded rebels ; and the Vermonters, who were Surgeons Janes, Ballou and himself, came out ahead. Dr. Allen added some interesting reminiscences of the service, showing General Grant's and President Lincoln's appreciation of the old brigade.

VI. *The First Empty Sleeve.*

Captain U. A. Woodbury, who lost his arm at the first Bull Run, said modestly that he attached no special importance to, and certainly claimed no special credit for the fact that he was the first Vermont volunteer to lose an arm in action. He did not regret the arm he gave to the country, and only envied those who had done more and better service in the army of the Union.

VII. *The Press*.—The public voice sounding daily in our ears; more potent for good or ill than an army with banners.

Sergeant Lucius Bigelow said the people make the press what it is. The press is as good as the people and generally better. The papers are a test of the moral quality of the people. If you want to raise the Press put your feet on the dirty papers. Purify yourselves and you will purify the Press. As for himself, he thought he had rendered better service as a soldier than as an editor, and he didn't boast of being a very good soldier, either. Our war experience was about the most decent one we have had. We *lived* it, and so we have a right to talk about it.

VIII. *The Memory of the late President*.—The soldier, statesman and true man—loved in life and mourned in death by mankind.

This toast was responded to by the company rising and standing in silence, while the band played a dirge.

IX. *The Rank and File*.—In the war of the Rebellion as at Bennington, they could not have done better had they all been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden;—they earned for us our bars and our birds and our stars.

Responded to eloquently by Colonel T. O. Seaver and Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Pingree.

X. *The Ladies*.—"For, boys, however we do praise ourselves, our fancies are more giddy and infirm, more longing, wavering, sooner lost and won than women's are."—*Shakespeare*.

Responded to by Major Josiah Grout.

It being now well along into the small hours, and a number of officers having left to take the early morning trains, several of the regular toasts were omitted, and the reunion came to a close in the usual good order, and the members dispersed to their homes.

NINETEENTH REUNION.

NOVEMBER 2D, 1882.

The Nineteenth Annual Meeting was held in Montpelier on Thursday, November 2d, 1882, and ranked second to none that have been held in the history of the Society. The attendance of officers was especially large, nearly equalling the famous gathering when General Sheridan was present at Montpelier.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The Business Meeting was held at 4 P. M., in the large Agricultural Committee Room in the State House, which was filled with officers. Major John L. Barstow, President of the Society and Governor of Vermont, called the meeting to order, with a brief expression of thanks for the honor of his election, at the last meeting, to the presidency of the Society. In the absence of Secretary James S. Peck, the report of the last meeting was read by Major F. E. Smith of the Executive Committee. The Treasurer, Major L. G. Kingsley, presented his annual report, showing that \$85.26 was due to the Treasurer. The hat was thereupon passed and the sum of \$85.00 was realized and handed to the Treasurer.

Lieutenant J. H. Lucia, in behalf of the citizens of Vergennes, invited the Society to hold its next meeting in that city. Colonel Redfield Proctor, in behalf of the soldiers and citizens of Rutland, invited the Society to hold its next meeting there. Lieutenant Geo. H. Bigelow said that the citizens and officers in Burlington had hoped to have the next meeting there; but would yield to the prior claim of Rutland. After remarks by several officers, on motion of Surgeon Geo. Nichols, a ballot was taken, which resulted in

the choice of Rutland as the place of the next meeting, by a decided majority.

On motion, a nominating committee, of one from each organization, was appointed, as follows:

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Adj. J. C. Stearns,	11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury,
2d Regt., Col. J. H. Walbridge,	12th Regt., Lieut-Col. R. Farnham,
3d Regt., Col. T. O. Seaver,	13th Regt., Lieut. A. C. Fay,
4th Regt., Lieut-Col. S. M. Pingree,	14th Regt., Lieut. J. H. Lucia,
5th Regt., Capt. S. E. Burnham,	15th Regt., Capt. C. D. Brainerd,
6th Regt., Capt. J. W. Clark,	16th Regt., Col. W. G. Veazey,
7th Regt., Capt. E. A. Morse,	17th Regt., Surgeon P. O'M. Edson,
8th Regt., Gen. Stephen Thomas,	Cavalry, Gen. Wm. Wells,
9th Regt., Bvt. Gen. E. H. Ripley,	1st Battery, Capt. E. E. Greenleaf,
10th Regt., Bvt. Gen. W. W. Henry,	Sharpshooters, Lieut. M. V. Bronson.

The subject of the publication, in a volume, of the Reports of the previous annual meetings was discussed, and referred back to the committee on the subject, with authority to publish when subscriptions sufficient to cover the expenses should be obtained.

The nominating committee reported, by Lieutenant-Colonel Farnham, the following list of officers for the ensuing year, and the same were unanimously elected:

OFFICERS FOR 1882-3.

President—Major JAMES S. PECK of Montpelier.

Vice-Presidents—Capt. A. B. Valentine of Bennington, Gen. E. H. Ripley of Rutland.

Secretary—Capt. Fred E. Smith of Montpelier.

Treasurer—Major L. G. Kingsley of Rutland.

Executive Committee—Lieut-Col. W. Y. W. Ripley, Col. Redfield Proctor, Capt. E. A. Morse, of Rutland.

Colonel Perley P. Pitkin was appointed Marshal, and Captain U. A. Woodbury, Chaplain, for the public exercises.

On motion, the thanks of the Society were cordially voted to the retiring Secretary, Major James S. Peck, for his long and faithful service.

EVENING.

At half past seven, the officers assembled at the Pavilion, whence, under the marshalship of Colonel Pitkin, and headed by the Montpelier Cornet Band, they marched to the State House. The Hall of the House of Representatives was filled to overflowing by a most intelligent and attentive audience of officers, legislators, public officials and ladies and gentlemen of Montpelier and other towns.

President Barstow took the chair, and introduced the orator of the occasion, as follows:

PRESIDENT BARSTOW'S REMARKS.

In calling this meeting to order I might well content myself by a simple introduction of the speaker, but cannot refrain from an expression of gratification, in behalf of the Reunion Society, in view of the brilliant audience that has gathered to the sound of our long roll. The Society was organized nineteen years since, for social and patriotic purposes. It has never had aught to do with politics or legislation. It has never failed to recognize with gratitude and appreciation the support and honor tendered to Vermont soldiers by Vermont people. It has never felt a reflection or reproach upon those, who for various and sufficient reasons did not muster with them upon the tented field. We are sometimes told that the only way to save and perpetuate our institutions, is to search out those men most learned and those whom nature has endowed with the most shining qualities of mind and brain, and entrust to them the sole administration of affairs. Without denying this, I may safely say that there sometimes comes to a nation a crisis when men of mere abstract knowledge and native capacity fail—when strong arms and loyal, willing hearts are needed—when men are sought for, not so much for their readiness in speech, as for their readiness to face death for their country. The remnants of a band of leaders of such men are here to-night,

and in their behalf I thank this assemblage of ladies, legislators and citizens, for the kindly interest which their presence indicates. The Executive Committee have selected as the orator of the evening, Hon. Geo. G. Benedict, of Burlington, who has for some time past been engaged as the Military Historian of the State. He served on staff duty and rendered faithful service to his country at the battle of Gettysburg; and among the dramatic incidents of his service on the last day of that great battle was that of receiving in his arms the stricken, stalwart form of that heroic officer, General Hancock, as he fell from his horse severely wounded.

I have the honor to present to you Lieutenant Benedict.

LIEUTENANT BENEDICT'S ORATION.

Mr. President and Brothers of the Reunion Society :

The story of the great civil war in which our Society had its origin will in time be told, and that more fully than the story of any great war in human history. But it will not soon be fully told. Covering more land and water than any other modern war; enlisting the services of over three millions of soldiers, who faced each other in nearly a hundred important battles and in lesser engagements without count; seen by more eye-witnesses capable of describing its events than any other war since the world was made; a war about which more was written and printed in the time of it than any other war,—the very abundance of materials for the historian adds immensely to the labor and duration of his task. The four thousand solid pages thus far issued of the Official Records of the War, comprising simply the orders and official reports of military operations in the field, which the government is slowly printing, barely covers the first nine months of the war and but one important battle. Histories of campaigns and passages of the war are appearing year by year, more numerous, more careful and more valuable than in the preceding years. To sift fact from fancy, in all this mass of statement; to clear away the rubbish and let the solid truth appear; to decide the disputed claims, so inevitable and so multitudinous in military matters; to determine the events of absolute importance, amid the world of achievements of lesser and only comparative magnitude—is a work of time, and of not a little time. The latest contribution to the history of the war of 1812 has appeared within the past year,

nearly seventy years after its close. It may be as many before the history of the war for the Union is fully written.

The fermentation of the seventeen years since the close of the war has been in part a process of unsettling. Time has seriously lessened some military reputations. The possession of the Confederate archives and reports, and the labors of southern historians, enable us to see many events from two sides which before were only visible from one ; and as the years go on and facts develop and theories disappear many things take on a different aspect. Yet many things, of course, have been settled—and are now as plain as they ever will be. In the hour which on short notice and with too scanty preparation I have undertaken to fill, I propose to mention some of the points in the war record of Vermont which have passed beyond serious dispute.

First, then, it will never be denied that the response of our Green Mountain State to the call of the imperilled Union was a worthy one.

Vermont was pledged to a prompt and patriotic response by her ancestral fame. It was not a low example of patriotism and self-sacrifice that was set to their descendants by the founders of our State. As you remember, the first announcement to the Continental Congress, of the organization of the independent State of Vermont, was accompanied by the offer to Congress of "the services of more than five thousand hardy soldiers, capable of bearing arms in defence of American liberty." That was the offer of a man from every family, in a new community where the strong arms that had but begun to subdue the forest, could not be spared without sore privation in the rustic homes and households. In her next communication to Congress, Vermont, though not yet admitted to the Union, offered to furnish "from year to year, an equal number of troops in the field, in proportion to their number, as Congress shall estimate the quotas of the several States in proportion to their numbers—which troops shall be clothed, quartered and paid by the State of Vermont." You know how the infant State fulfilled these pledges. Her first regiment (Col. Seth Warner's), like the First Vermont Volunteers in the late war, was organized for temporary service. Her next was a full continental regiment which served throughout the war for independence. The entire militia of Vermont turned out to Bennington in 1777, though only a part could reach the ground in time to take part in the battle. At a later date we find the State in her penury laying a tax

for the support of 1,500 men in the army. Vermonters took the first forts captured from the British; planned and furnished troops for the first invasion of Canada; formed a third of Stark's force at Bennington; defended their own territory and part of New York, without help from the rest of the continental army; fought side by side with their brothers throughout the Revolutionary war, and made the title of Green Mountain Boy a synonym for courage, hardihood, effective fighting and unselfish patriotism. In proportion to means and numbers no State of the old Thirteen gave more or suffered more or accomplished more for American liberty.

In many respects, however, our State was far less ready to answer a call to arms in 1861 than it was in 1775. The eighty years between the Revolution and the Rebellion had made many States populous and wealthy, but had made Vermont neither. For nearly a quarter of a century the State had been stationary in population and nearly so in property. The times when every Vermonter was as handy with the rifle as with the axe, had passed away. The military spirit had become dormant and apparently extinct. The State finally ceased to make appropriations for the militia or to require any military duty of the citizens. The June trainings became a farce and then but the memory of a farce. For ten years previous to 1854 there was not the semblance of any military organization in the State. The few independent military companies organized in the six years following were maintained more for amusement than with any anticipation of actual service. The mutterings of the coming storm were indeed unmistakable, but they seemed to fall on deaf ears. To one who looks back on that time in the light of subsequent events, the unwillingness of our people to believe in the possibility of civil war, even while the southern States were arming and seizing United States forts and arsenals and moving rapidly on in the formation of a separate government, is the strangest feature of the situation. The messenger who came to Governor Fairbanks in the first week in January, 1861, from the one man in New England who was fully alive to the imminence of the war, to say that he was buying overcoats and ball cartridges for the Massachusetts militia, and that he hoped the governor of Vermont would at once commence similar preparations for the defense of the National Capital, took back to Governor Andrew no very encouraging response. When, three weeks later, the first indication that

our State authorities had reached the point of action came, in an order to the captains of the companies of uniformed militia, directing them to ascertain how many men in their companies would respond to a call for troops to maintain the Constitution and the law, but ten captains responded in writing. They reported an aggregate of 376 men, armed after a fashion, partially equipped, and willing to march, if ordered, to the defense of Washington. The captains of three or four more companies probably responded verbally. But at most the State had of citizen soldiers less than enough to form a single regiment, while to arm a levy it had, all told, 957 muskets, most of them smooth-bores and some of them ancient flint-locks, and 503 Colt's pistols, described in the report of Quartermaster-General Davis, as "of no practical use whatever!" If it be true, as General W. T. Sherman has said, that "when the war came no people on earth were less prepared for it than those of the United States," it is also true that the people of no State were less prepared for it than those of Vermont. Yet the unreadiness of our people was not owing to the apathy of stupidity or fear; it was rather the result of a devotion to the Union so absolute that its possessors could not find it in their hearts to believe that it was not shared by any considerable portion of their countrymen, and of a confident trust that the better impulses of the southern masses would yet counteract the traitorous schemes of their leaders.

Unwilling as they were to believe in the possibility of the dreadful alternative of civil war, the attitude of the Vermonters towards treason and rebellion was at no time doubtful. It was a Vermont judge, sitting in the United States Circuit Court in New York city, who more than three months before Sumpter was fired on, electrified the country by a memorable charge to the grand jury, in which he defined the seizure of Federal property by the southern militia as acts of treason, and charged that "any individual owing allegiance to the United States who shall furnish these southern traitors with arms or munitions of war, vessels or means of transportation, or materials which will aid the traitors in carrying out their traitorous purposes, is clearly liable to be indicted, tried, convicted and executed as a traitor—for death is the penalty of treason." This was a bold utterance to be made in a city filled with southerners and southern sympathizers, many of them engaged in supplying ships and arms and ammunition to the traitors—a city whose mayor

had apologized to Senator Toombs of Georgia for the stoppage, by the New York police, of a shipment of arms to arm the militia of that State; and who had hinted a threat that in case of war New York would set herself up as a free city, aloof from allegiance to either government. It was a Vermont Senator, who in January, 1861, introduced the first and I believe the only practical measure of resistance to the rebellion that was proposed in that Congress, in his bill authorizing the President to close the ports of the seceded States, and suspending the United States mail service in those States. And in these expressions Judge Smalley and Senator Collamer but spoke the loyalty and purpose of the Vermonters of both political parties.

When the actual call to arms came, you remember how Vermont rose with the great uprising of the North. We could not, indeed, reply to Sumter, as our forefathers replied to Lexington, with the capture of a walled fortress. We could not send a regiment to march with the Massachusetts Sixth through rebellious Baltimore. But the proclamation of our governor, convening the Legislature to provide men and arms, bore even date with Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, and antedated by at least a day all similar proclamations of other governors; and our first regiment was ready in time to make the first permanent occupation of the soil of Virginia made by the troops of the Union, and to take a hand in the first battle.

As to numbers furnished for the war, it is, I think, not putting it too strong to say that Vermont sent a greater proportion of her able-bodied men into the service than any other State. Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, at the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, in 1876, said proudly of his State: "She furnished [to the war] one in seventeen of her population—a ratio larger than that of the conscription of 1814, in France." Pennsylvania was a great, wealthy and populous State, full of able-bodied workmen, and having an immense pecuniary stake in the preservation of the Union. If our little community, far from the theatre of war and from danger of invasion, did as well as the Keystone State of the Republic, she did well. But, computed on the general basis of all such comparisons, the credits on the books of the Provost Marshal General of the United States, Vermont furnished for the war not one in seventeen, but one in *ten* of her population. One or two other States, perhaps, furnished as large a proportion; but probably no other

had so small a proportion of its citizens liable to and fit for military duty—with the possible exception of Massachusetts, whose large excess of female population must of course be taken into the account. No other State, however—not Massachusetts or Maine or New Hampshire,—had been so depleted of young, able and enterprising men, the very class which supplied the Volunteers, as was Vermont. The census of 1880 shows that there are more native Vermonters domiciled in other States than are now residing within our borders;—and if that was not the case in 1860, the fact could not have come much short of it. Of course every State had many sons who fought in the ranks of the regiments of other States; but not one, I venture to say, had so many as Vermont. A count of the native Vermonters in the Second Minnesota regiment, made on Capitol Hill, Washington, in July, 1861, showed that 170, or one-fifth of the aggregate of the regiment, were born in Vermont; yet there were several Western states in which native Vermonters were more plenty than in Minnesota. If the full statistics could be obtained they would probably show that as many men born in Vermont were included in the rolls of other States, as in our own; while the muster rolls of our Vermont regiments show a very small sprinkling of men of other nativities. The bone and sinew, life, energy, intelligence, of our commonwealth, was under arms or engaged in the support of the troops in the field. No other community, it is safe to say, so nearly approached unanimity in loyal sentiment. No man occupying any official or representative position in our State gave any aid or sympathy to the rebellion. The list of northern traitors consigned to Forts Warren and La Fayette contains the name of no Vermonter. The number of our citizens who by word or thought opposed the war, was the merest fraction.

Our people gave of their means as freely as of their men. A frugal folk, unused to large expenditures for anything, the Vermonters' first appropriation for war purposes was *a million dollars*; and the New York *World* said of it, without contradiction from any quarter, "Many have done nobly, but none, resources considered, have equalled this." Our outlay of money for the recruiting, equipment and pay of troops was *nine millions*. This on a grand list of \$970,690 (in 1861), representing a total valuation of a little over eighty-five millions of property and money, for taxation. The towns of Vermont, in their municipal capacity, expended

for war purposes over five millions. That sum is the portion of our war expenses that was paid without thought or hope of repayment. I have not the means of comparison of this outlay with that of many other States; but if Vermont paid as freely as the noble Old Bay State it will be admitted she did well. The cities and towns of Massachusetts paid for war expenses \$13,010,867, being \$10.74 for each inhabitant. The towns of Vermont expended \$5,215,787, being \$16.55 for each inhabitant. The property of Vermont, as valued for taxation, was, in 1861, \$85,834,209. The taxable valuation of Massachusetts for the same year was \$876,602,264. After all allowances are made for differences in valuations, Massachusetts had at least eight times as much taxable property as Vermont. The war outlay of the State and towns of Massachusetts aggregated forty-two millions. The corresponding outlay of the State and towns of Vermont aggregated nine millions. Massachusetts paid in round numbers five dollars on every hundred of her property, real and personal. Vermont paid ten dollars and a half on every hundred.

The Vermont troops cost the government less than the average of the army and perhaps less than those of any other State. This was because Vermont early adopted the method of strengthening her regiments in the field by additions of fresh recruits, instead of organizing additional regiments, and kept it up more largely, I think, than any other State. The average final aggregate of the Vermont regiments was upwards of 1500. The similar aggregate of the Massachusetts and New Jersey regiments was about 1500; of the Iowa regiments 1400; of the Ohio regiments 1300. The proportion of commissioned officers to the rank and file in the Vermont regiments was thus less than the average; and as the pay of the lowest commissioned officer was equal to the pay of eight privates, the average cost of our regiments to the government was proportionately reduced.

But if the troops of Vermont were cheaper to the government than the average, was the service they rendered less valuable than the average—less effective, less costly of life and limb? Let us look at this. The limits of this occasion will not permit anything like a full review of the services rendered by the Vermont troops. Suppose we select the twelve most prominent campaigns and battles of the war—and see what the Vermonters had to do in them. We may take the first battle, that of Big Bethel, because it was the

first; Bull Run, because, as Mr. William Swinton says, it showed that the war was to be a war and not a sixty days' riot; Shiloh, as the defeat of the first formidable aggressive campaign of the Confederate Armies in the West; the Peninsular Campaign of 1862, memorable for rebel successes; Gettysburg, as the defeat of the greatest rebel invasion in the East; Vicksburg, because it opened Mississippi to the Union; the Wilderness, which inaugurated the "hammering out" of the Confederacy; Cedar Creek, as the most romantic battle of the war; Atlanta and the march to the sea, which showed that the Confederacy was only a shell; Nashville, which annihilated the rebellion in the West; and the capture of Petersburg, which was the capture of Richmond and the collapse of the Confederacy. In three of these great critical campaigns the Vermont troops had no share. We had no regiment at Shiloh or in the Army of the Cumberland or under Sherman. But it is certainly noticeable that in three-fourths of them, the troops of a little State whose quota formed but an eightieth part of the grand Union aggregate, should have been engaged and should have rendered important service.

Let us consider this somewhat in detail. The first actual collision of the war—for Sumter was the bloodless battering down of an almost silent fortress, and the affair at Philippi, West Virginia, was an unresisted rout of a rebel battalion—was at Big Bethel. It is known as the "first battle" of the war, and in its consequences, of encouragement to the South, was really an important battle. Planned in ignorance and folly, intended to be the surprise of an outpost where there was no outpost, and the capture of formidable works, which General Butler and Major Winthrop, the authors of the plan, supposed to be on the south instead of the north side of Back River, it is a comfort to remember that no Vermonter was in any way responsible for the scheme. General Phelps disapproved of the expedition as planned, and Colonel Washburn counselled a return after the night collision of Union regiments. When the enclosed earthwork and rifle pits of Big Bethel—manned by 1,500 men and seven pieces of artillery—were reached, it was of course found that Colonels Magruder and Hill of the Confederate army had not been trained at West Point to put their main works before instead of behind the natural defences. The attack on them as conducted by General Pierce, consisted chiefly in marching regiments to and fro on his side of the

creek and under cover of the woods. The only actual assault by the Union infantry was made by a battalion of Vermont and Massachusetts troops, commanded by a Vermonter. Colonel Washburn's was the only command that crossed the creek or inflicted any damage on the enemy. All in all it was an inglorious affair, but noteworthy for us, because it exhibited at the outset the mettle of our Vermont soldiers; and the declaration of an eye-witness from another State will not be gainsaid: that "if the other troops had done their duty as well and gone as far as those of Massachusetts and Vermont, Big Bethel would not have headed a long list of Federal reverses."

At Bull Run the Second Vermont regiment was not put in till the day was already lost. Its officers found no organized body of Union troops in sight, outside of their own brigade, when they went into action. The regiment rendered very important service in checking pursuit, while our army was withdrawn across Bull Run. The Richmond papers particularized the Vermont regiment as one whose fire inflicted heavy loss on their side; and the remark of Colonel O. O. Howard, their brigade commander, in a subsequent address to the regiment, was a fair epitome of their conduct: "Cool and steady as regular troops," said he, "you stood on the brow of that hill and fired your thirty-six rounds, and retired only at the command of your Colonel." Our Vermont Second appeared to no disadvantage as compared with any regiment that crossed Bull Run on that disastrous day; and it is worth remembering that the brigade of McDowell's army, which, taking coolness and stern determination from their commander, moved last along the Centreville ridge and covered the retreat of our army, was commanded by a gallant son of Vermont, Colonel Israel B. Richardson.

While General McClellan's splendid preparations in the Peninsular campaign of 1862 resulted in a splendid failure, Vermonters may note the fact that the only movement below Yorktown that could be called "rapid and vigorous,"—which are the adjectives applied to it by General Magruder, of the Confederate army—was the assault on the enemy's works at Lee's Mill by a battalion of Vermont troops. Had they been supported by General McClellan, instead of withdrawn, the thin line along which a few thousand Confederates so long held back three times their number would have been pierced, and the whole history of the campaign probably changed. "Regret that the movement was not

pushed," says General Webb, the latest historian of the Peninsular campaign, "is enhanced by General Smith's reflection, that among the four companies of the Third Vermont, who first crossed Warwick Creek, there were more individual acts of heroism performed, than he ever before read of, in a great battle." If more complimentary mention is made of any regiment in that campaign, I have failed to find it. So at Williamsburg and in the battles of the Seven Days' Retreat, the regiments of the old Vermont brigade showed themselves eager in advance, and orderly, though sullen and quick to turn, in retreat.

In the first expedition against Vicksburg, our Seventh regiment, though not engaged in any pitched battle, for in fact there was none, sustained an amount of suffering and loss from hardship and exposure in the swamps and in the digging of Gen. Butler's cut-off canal, such as no regiment endured in battle. The well were not enough to care for the sick and bury the dead, and a regiment over eight hundred strong was reduced to one hundred effective men.

No detailed history of the second Vicksburg campaign can omit the siege of Port Hudson, which was in effect an outpost of Vicksburg, or ought to omit mention of the brilliant service of the Eighth Vermont. It requires a stern and genuine quality of courage to advance where brave men have fallen back, and to restore a failing and desperate assault. This was twice the duty of our Eighth regiment at Port Hudson. In General Banks's first attempt to carry the enemy's works the brigade of Colonel Stephen Thomas formed the third line of the assaulting force, and the Eighth Vermont had the right, and led the advance of that brigade. The sturdy resistance met by the first two lines in front of the outer defences of Port Hudson, had brought them to a stand, when Thomas's brigade was ordered forward. Passing through the broken lines of battle before them, the Eighth and the other regiments of the brigade moved steadily upon the Confederate outworks, drove the enemy from them, pursued them through ravines and fallen timber, killing many and capturing more, and did not stop till they had driven the remainder into their main fortifications. At the second assault, two weeks later, the Eighth led the storming column, which was preceded by a line of skirmishers, a regiment with hand grenades, and a regiment carrying bags of cotton to fill the hostile trenches. The grenadiers and cotton-baggers found the fire too hot for them to face. Stepping through

their broken files and over the bodies of those who were hugging the ground for shelter, the Eighth made a gallant, though hopeless, dash at the Confederate parapets. Eighty men, among them Adjutant Spalding, fell in five minutes, but followed by the brave troops of the brigade, the regiment pressed straight on till a few men touched the opposing breastworks, still crowned by a line of fire. To do more was a simple impossibility; but the Eighth held a position close to the Confederate works all that day. The brigade commander, Colonel Smith of the 114th New York, fell mortally wounded while rallying his command, with the assistance of Major Barstow of the Eighth Vermont, who was acting as his Assistant Adjutant General. The Eighth lost one hundred and forty men killed and wounded, or nearly a third of its number, in those charges, but gained a reputation for bravery which it never lost.

The battle-maps of Gettysburg, prepared by the War Department—the most careful and elaborate maps ever made of any great battle—have ended disputes as to the more important movements and locations of that battle. That of the third day shows upon the flank of Pickett's column, and farther to the front than any other Union force, a Vermont brigade. Southern and Northern historians alike have made it plain that if any one movement on the Union side can be called the decisive movement of the decisive day, and so the turning point of the battle and so of the war, it was the charge of Stannard's brigade. For the honor of originating a movement so brilliant and so famous, it is surprising that there have not been more claimants. But the credit of the order will forever remain due to the brain, nerve and intuition of a Vermont brigadier. That it was executed under heavy fire, with the promptness and precision of battalion drill, was the declaration of Stannard's report;—and it stands undisputed.

I pass on to the Wilderness—perhaps the least understood and most insufficiently described of the battles of the army of the Potomac. The curtain of tangled forest which protected the right of General Lee's army south of the Rapidan, and which still shrouds the slopes and ravines of that bloody field, has seemed to envelope the battle in mystery, and description of many of its details has been and will always be impossible. The title of this battle to prominence, however, is sufficiently clear. It was the first battle fought by General Grant after he took the chief com-

mand of the Union armies and the first in which he had to meet the ablest general of the Confederacy. On it rested the hope of the Summer campaign, and largely Grant's reputation as a general. His problem was to take through a wilderness covered with dwarf evergreens and scrub oak and an undergrowth of bristling shrubs, threaded by narrow roads with which his antagonist was far more familiar than himself, an army, covering nearly a hundred miles of highway with its 110,000 men and 4000 army wagons. Grant knew that one day was his, while as yet his movement was unfolding to his opponent. The next day he must expect to fight, for he had an antagonist on whose want of insight or of promptness in action it would not do to count. General Lee's plan was a simple one, and had probably been long formed in view of the contingency. It was to strike our army on the flank, cut it in two, roll up its halves, divided and unable to support each other, and to drive what he did not destroy back across the Rapidan, as he had driven Hooker a year before. The roads in such a region determined all military movements. In general terms Grant must move by the roads running from north to south, and Lee must strike him by the cross roads running from west to east. On the 4th of May, 1865, Grant plunged into the Wilderness. His army marched unmolested for one day. On the second day of its march, the "Brock road," so called, in the centre of the Wilderness, a north and south road, was "the key of the region." It is so called by General Badeau—who was on Grant's staff, and high in his confidence, and who wrote with the reports and plans and suggestions of Grant before him, so that his account of this campaign may be almost considered General Grant's account of it,—by Swinton, and by other critical historians of the war.

The key point of the Brock Road was the point of intersection of the Orange Plank Road, over which Lee sent the corps which was to strike the outstretched column of his enemy. To this point early on the morning of the 5th, General Meade, (through whom all of Grant's orders were issued), sent a division, with orders to secure that point and hold it at all hazards. The force thus sent, we may be sure, was selected with care. It was not a division of the Second Corps, which corps was to occupy the Brock Road, but a part of another corps. It was the division of the army which in the opinion of its commanders would be surerest to reach the key-point in time, and to hold it against

all comers. It was the Second Division of the Sixth Corps, commanded by General G. W. Getty, one of the bravest, ablest and most modest of the general officers of the army,—or rather it was three brigades of Getty's Division. One of these was the old Vermont brigade. This was the largest of the three, outnumbering each of the others by about 800 men, and was assuredly not second to either or to any brigade of that splendid fighting division, in marching, fighting or staying qualities. The brigade commander was General Lewis A. Grant, and the regimental commanders were Colonel Newton Stone of the 2d; Colonel T. O. Seaver of the 3d; Colonel Geo. P. Foster of the 4th; Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Lewis of the 5th, and Colonel E. L. Barney of 6th.

General Badeau tells us how the trust imposed in Getty and his division was repaid. "Getty," he says, "with a single division first [that is before the corps which Lee had sent to seize the point] reached the critical point and held it afterwards for hours in the presence of double his own force, although Lee in person commanded in front. And when Hancock with the Second corps arrived, it was the National troops and not the rebels who made the first assault." "Held" here means held by the most stubborn and bloody fighting. The troops in turn attacked and repulsed by Getty's division were two divisions of Hill's corps, viz.: Heth's division numbering 8,000, and Wilcox's numbering 9,000 effective men. Getty's division numbered 7,000. General Lee in his report of the battle, says of the fight on the Plank road: "The enemy concentrated upon General Hill, who with Heth's and Wilcox's divisions successfully resisted the repeated and most desperate assaults." General Lee was not given to the use of strong adjectives in his reports, and when he calls the fighting "most desperate," we may be sure it was so. There was, however, no great "concentration" upon Hill's corps. The force which attacked him was simply Getty's three brigades. The importance of this service is thus estimated by Swinton: "This junction of roads was a strategic point of the first importance, and if Hill should be able to seize it he would interpose effectually between the two Union columns [the 5th and 2d corps of our army]. Discovering this danger, General Meade early in the day directed a division of the Sixth corps, under General Getty, to hold stoutly the position until Hancock's junction could be effected. While the latter was still far off, Getty had

begun to feel the pressure of the enemy, and hour by hour it grew more heavy on him. But he held his post immovably, till towards three o'clock in the afternoon the welcome cheer of Hancock's approaching troops was heard."

But before Hancock arrived Getty had struck Hill with the vigor which General Lee characterized as "most desperate." Getty moved against an enemy already moving to attack him. The struggle partook of the peculiar characteristics of the battle of the Wilderness,—unseen movements of troops, terrific volleys of musketry bursting at close range from the thickets; charges through woods so dense that a field officer could scarce see more than the line of a company; sudden appearances and disappearances of bodies of troops through the smoke and jungle; regiments on each side hugging the ground for shelter, not daring to rise for either advance or retreat, yet keeping up incessant fusillades; an almost Indian warfare in the forest. Hill had two men to Getty's one, but he secured no material advantage, and when night compelled a cessation of the struggle our men still held the Brock Road. The desperate bravery and dogged resistance of Getty's division saved the army of the Potomac from tremendous disaster; and the tables of casualties show what share the Vermont brigade had in the work. A thousand Vermonters fell that afternoon, and lay either stark in death or suffering from wounds, till brought in by the searching parties which were seeking the wounded all night at peril of their lives, for the enemy fired at every light or noise. There was little rest and less sleep for our veterans that May night, and at daylight the fighting was renewed.

Longstreet had been marching all night to the support of Hill, and the Ninth corps to the aid of Warren and the Fifth corps; and Grant and Lee had each decided to attack at daylight. Lee's main effort was still to secure the approach, by the Orange Plank road, to the Brock road. At first the advantage was on our side. Hancock had placed two divisions of his own corps, the 2d, in front of Getty's division, and attacked at 5 o'clock with great vigor, while Wadsworth's division of the Fifth corps assaulted Hill's left. His lines gave way at once, and he was driven back a mile or more, and till Lee's headquarters were in sight. At this juncture Longstreet arrived, in force sufficient not only to check Hancock's advance, but to attack in turn, and with superior numbers. Under his vehement attack the divisions in front of Getty gave way and were forced back over all the ground

they had gained. Back rolled the tide of battle till it struck the line in which stood the Vermont Brigade. It was the last line left to guard the junction of the roads, and there was no reserve. The situation was critical in the extreme, for there was still a wide gap on Hancock's left between the 2d and 5th corps, which Burnside with the 9th corps had been expected to fill, but he had not yet arrived. The fate of the day and of the army again depended on the steadiness of Getty's veterans. Wheaton's brigade had suffered seriously the day before, and our Vermont brigade had lost a man out of every three in the ranks, and many of its best officers. Of the regimental commanders of the day before but one was left. Colonel Stone of the 2d had been killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Pingree took his command. Colonel Foster of the 4th had been seriously wounded, and Major Pratt succeeded him. Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis of the 5th had lost an arm and Major Dudley took his place. Colonel Barney of the 6th was shot through the head with a mortal wound, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hale assumed command of the regiment. *Eleven* captains and *nine* lieutenants had been killed, and *thirty* commissioned officers of companies wounded. But the survivors faced the new emergency with as grim determination as ever. Behind a low breastwork of old logs, thrown up by the enemy the day before, they awaited Longstreet's attack. He expected no more serious opposition than he had thus far met that day. "We thought," he said in conversation subsequently with Mr. Swinton, "that we had a second Bull Run on you." He never was more mistaken. Again and again his lines advanced to the attack and as often went back in disorder. Longstreet fell (by a volley from his own side), and General Lee assumed direction of the assault in person. But it was all of no use. On the right of the Vermont brigade Wadsworth's division was driven back, leaving the body of their brave commander in the hands of the enemy. On their left line after line gave way. But facing now to the front and now to the flank, they held their position for three hours, till the enemy had pushed quite past their left flank, and till longer stay meant certain capture, when they fell hastily back to their old stand in front of the Brock road, re-formed their lines behind the breastworks, and from this position, though once more attacked, they were not dislodged. It had fallen to them twice to hold the key of the region, and they held it to the end. The two other brigades of Getty's division were permitted

that night to return to the Sixth corps; but General Hancock declared that he could not spare the Vermont brigade, and it stayed and held its position on the plank road through the third day, and until Lee withdrew his army and Grant resumed his forward march. The value of the service rendered by Getty's division on those two terrible days can hardly be exaggerated, and the list of killed and wounded shows on what part of his command fell the heaviest burden of the fighting. The killed and wounded of the first Vermont brigade numbered 1,232, very equally divided among the five regiments. It was one of *thirty-one* infantry brigades actively engaged in the battle of the Wilderness. Its casualties were *one-eleventh* of the entire casualties of Grant's army, in the battle. There were no captures of any considerable number from its ranks. The number reported missing were but a small fraction, and a portion of them, it is known, belonged in the list of killed and wounded. It was a frightful proportion of loss by deaths and wounds,—the loss of every other man in the brigade. But those lives were dearly sold. Our boys went into the first day's fight with fifty rounds of ammunition in their boxes and pockets, and expended them all the first day. They were supplied afresh for the second. They were cool and fired low. As they fought some of the time behind breastworks, the front of which they piled with Confederate dead, it would be fair to presume that they inflicted heavier loss than they suffered. But though General Lee never made any report of his losses in that battle, this is not left altogether to surmise. The field return of the army of Northern Virginia for the 20th of April, 1864—two weeks before the battle—is on file at Washington. On that date General Hill reported, for his corps, 20,644 enlisted men present for duty. On the 8th of May, the day after the battle of the Wilderness, General Jubal Early took command of Hill's corps, and Early says, in his memoir, that it then numbered 13,000 muskets. If this was so the Confederate corps which received the chief attention of Getty's division, lost over 7,000 men in that battle—or a full third of its number; and as General Longstreet has admitted that the repulse of his corps was also largely the work of Getty's division, a heavy addition of Confederate casualties must stand credited to that noble division. Of that division the Vermont brigade has been rightly called the backbone, and General Getty was wont ever after to speak of the Vermont troops as steadiest of the steady, and brave

as the bravest, and as having no superiors as fighters, among any troops of any country.

Our First brigade was not the only Vermont organization that rendered good service in the Wilderness. The 10th Vermont regiment was in the 3d division of the Sixth corps. The 17th Vermont and the 3d Vermont Battery were attached to the Ninth corps. The First Vermont Cavalry were there under Sheridan, and three Vermont companies of sharpshooters were with the Second corps. All of these, but the battery, were actively engaged; but my limits will permit no fuller mention of their share of the battle.

The oft told story of Cedar Creek need not be here retold. It was one man's victory, more than any other of the war; but even Sheridan might not have been able to pluck victory from the jaws of defeat, without some rallying point—some solid nub of resistance, round which his army could be re-assembled. He found such a nub when he found Getty's division holding a firm front to the enemy while all other portions of the army were in full retreat. He tells us this himself. His report of the battle says that the only infantry he found opposing the enemy when he reached the front, was Getty's division, and that it was on Getty's line he reformed his army for the grand advance. Getty's report says his division had held that position "unsupported for over an hour after all other troops had left the field." When Sheridan rode up to the line of the old brigade he first found things "all right," and they remained right till the First Vermont Cavalry closed the day, in the dusk of the evening, by the greatest capture of rebel artillery ever made by a single regiment in a field battle. It may not be possible to substantiate this proud claim by statistical proof, for no catalogue of such captures, so far as I am aware, exists: but no Vermonter has ever heard it successfully disputed. The captures made by the Fifth New York Cavalry, who accompanied the First Vermont in that charge, which scooped in three miles of Confederate guns and wagons, stood next to those of the Vermont troopers; but were short of those made by our boys, both in the numbers of Rebel guns captured and of Union guns recaptured.

Of course all understand that the *twenty-three* Confederate field pieces taken by the First Vermont Cavalry were not stormed in battery. Our cavalry but gathered in the fruits of the general rout of Early's army; but the First Vermont Cavalry was one of the two regiments selected for

this crowning piece of work. It had done its share of the day's fighting. It was part of the cavalry force which assisted General Wright and the Sixth Corps in holding Early back, and was fighting when Sheridan reached the front. It led the last charge through masses of Confederate infantry. It took and kept and brought in the guns with their caissons and wagons and "a lively sprinkling" of rebel brigadiers and colonels; and it turned them over and took a receipt for them, which is the most eloquent piece of paper held by any regiment that took part in the war.

We come now to the closing struggle in front of Petersburg. Sheridan, at Five Forks, on the first of April, '65, (when the First Vermont Cavalry was again engaged and captured many prisoners,) had cut off and driven westward the right of Lee's army. The final grand assault on the fortifications of Petersburg was ordered for the next morning. It was to be made by General Wright with the Sixth Corps, in the centre, the Ninth Corps under General Parke, and General Ord's Corps from the army of the James. General Wright had told General Grant that he was confident he could go through the lines in front of him, and had promised to "make the fur fly" when he got the order. He had some reasons for his confidence. Several days previous to the assault General L. A. Grant had discovered on the left and front of his position an opening in the Confederate line of works. This was at the bottom of a ravine, the sides of which had been covered with a thick growth of timber. The enemy had been cutting these woods near their front for firewood, and had thus disclosed the fact that their breastwork and abattis did not connect at the bottom of the ravine. The gap was one or two rods wide, and to the right of it was another small opening, made for the teams which had come out for wood. General Grant called General Getty's attention to this. Getty notified General Wright, and Wright consulted Meade, and the four generals went down together to examine the spot, and selected it as the point of attack for an "entering wedge." During the night of the 1st of April the Sixth Corps was formed in echelon, opposite this point, for the assault. At daybreak a signal gun was fired, by the Third Vermont Battery, from Fort Fisher, and the wedge went in. It was led by the Old Vermont Brigade, closed in mass by battalion. The Fifth Vermont was the point of the wedge, and Captain Gould of that regiment, was the first man inside the hostile breastworks, and received a bayonet

wound in the mouth as he sprang over them. The Vermont Brigade took the batteries on each side of the ravine, brushed the enemy right and left, and made a broad opening for the troops that followed. The Sixth Corps, says Swinton, swept "the line of works to its left like a whirlwind, and in less than an hour its advance had struck and torn up the Southside Railroad, the long coveted line of Confederate supply." The Vermont Brigade, as we have seen, supplied a good part of the momentum of this whirlwind, and though the honor of the first entrance through the fortifications has been claimed by troops that passed, hours after, through the opening made by the Sixth Corps, I believe that it belongs to and will stay with our Vermont Brigade. Our regiments followed up their advantage with splendid energy. They stormed redans, took batteries and turned them on the enemy; wherever they fought they led instead of followed; and at nightfall the left of the brigade was at the Appomattox river, and its headquarters were at the Turnbull House, which had been Lee's headquarters all winter, and were occupied by him the night before.

Other Vermont regiments gained distinction on that day. The Tenth Vermont was with the Third division of the Sixth Corps, and its colors were the first planted by that division in the enemy's works. The Seventeenth Vermont attacked with the Ninth corps, and had a share in the capture of Fort Mahone. The Third Battery silenced the guns of Battery Owen before it was taken by the Twenty-fourth Corps. But it cannot be doubted that of all the blows under which the defences of Richmond crumbled, the decisive one was that given by the Sixth Corps. It was called, indeed, by General Meade in his report, "the decisive movement of the campaign." Next morning all that was left of Lee's army was in full retreat, and close to the head of the blue column which bore the stars and stripes through the blazing streets of Richmond to the Confederate Capitol, was a Vermont regiment—our Ninth, of Weitzel's command. Our Vermont regiments joined in the pursuit of Lee, fought him at Sailor's Creek, helped bring him to bay at Appomattox, and the First Vermont Cavalry was actually in motion for a charge upon his rear, when word came of his surrender. Four days after, on the 13th of April, the Seventh Vermont was engaged with Confederate cavalry at Whistler, near Mobile, in a skirmish which is called by General Richard Taylor, the Confederate historian, the last engagement of the war. So the Vermont troops fought from first to last.

If I were attempting an epitome of the services of our Vermont soldiers, of course I could not omit mention of the splendid charge on Marye's Heights, still the admiration of all who beheld it, or the holding of the skirmish line, two miles long, at Funkstown, against repeated attacks of a rebel line of battle, or the fearful fighting of our men in the bloody "Angle" at Spottsylvania, or many other lustrous achievements of the Vermont boys in blue. I have been merely running over the prominent battles named, and noting the specially prominent pieces of service of the Vermonters in them. It must certainly be considered remarkable that in so many of them the troops of one of the smallest States—a State whose entire quota was but one-eightieth of the aggregate of the Union armies—should have taken a distinguished part; that in so many crises of the war the result should have so largely rested on their valor, steadfastness and skill; and that in none of these did they fail.

The cost of one of these battles to our State, in life and blood, has been mentioned. The aggregate of such sacrifice is equally worthy of note. A report of the Provost Marshal General made after the close of the war, gives a table of the deaths in action, or from wounds received in action, of the troops of the various States. Entire accuracy is not claimed for this table; but the causes of error were common to the States, and there is no reason to doubt that the percentages afford an approximately accurate basis of comparison. The significance of such a table, as indicating the fighting character of the troops, will not be questioned by any soldier. The greatest losses will, as a general rule, be found among the troops which are oftenest put in places of danger, the troops that fight when others fly, and that do not know when they are beaten. In this table the States of Kansas and Vermont largely exceed all others in the proportion of soldiers killed and mortally wounded. This ratio in the Kansas troops exceeds the average of the troops of the Union by 25.91 in each thousand. The ratio of Vermont exceeds the average by 23.12 in each thousand. Massachusetts and New Hampshire come next; but each lost ten men less than Vermont in every thousand. All other States had still lower proportions. Vermonters are content to share the honor of giving life and blood most freely to the Union, with Kansas, a State whose regiments were full of sons of Vermont.

It is not surprising that a part so truly brilliant as that

of our Green Mountain State should sometimes have been exaggerated. We may not assert, though it has often been asserted, that no Vermont flag ever fell into the hands of the enemy. The State flag of the Ninth Vermont, supposed to have been destroyed at Harper's Ferry, but found at Richmond among the captured Union colors and now preserved in this State House, disproves the statement. But it was not yielded to hostile hands in battle, and for its surrender, with the other colors of the garrison of Harper's Ferry, no Vermont soldier was in the least responsible. We cannot claim, as has been claimed, that Vermont had fewer deserters than any other State. At least the tables of the Provost Marshal General do not support that claim, though they do show that Vermont was less disgraced by desertions than any other New England State, and that she had a much smaller ratio of deserters than the general ratio of the army. It may not be just to claim, as has been claimed, that Vermont paid her soldiers better than any other State. As to regular State pay, doubtless this is true; but other States paid largely in aid to families of soldiers and enormously in bounties; and which paid most is not yet determined.

But we can claim, without fear of successful contradiction, that the people of Vermont were more nearly unanimous in the support of the War for the Union than the people of any other State. We can claim that in proportion to her taxable wealth, Vermont paid more for the support of the government than most of the States. We can say that in proportion to population Vermont had more sons in the army of the Union and fewer in the Rebel army than any Northern State. We can say that our State was one of three, Massachusetts and New York being the other two, whose troops fought from Big Bethel to Appomattox. We can claim that in proportion to numbers, Vermont gave more lives to the Union than any other State. We can say that no Vermont regiment ever lost a flag in action. We can say that the soldiers of Vermont had at least as much to do in the accomplishment of the grand result, as any equal number. We can say that our citizens made less out of the government in its extremity than those of most of the States; and that no man can point to any colossal fortune in this State acquired by army contracts. If these things can be said, without desire to lower by a hair's breadth the credit due to any other commonwealth or to take a single laurel from the chaplets of our brothers in the Union Army, why

should they not be set down for the instruction of posterity?

My friends, brute courage is not a very admirable quality. Military glory, surely, is not the highest glory. If the war record of our State illustrates no higher quality, and shines with no brighter lustre than this, let us say nothing about it. It is because the service was *patriotic* service, that it is worth commemorating. True patriotism is a noble virtue, for at its root is the ennobling principle of *self-sacrifice*, praiseworthy on Earth and in Heaven. That we may commend this principle to those who follow us: that our children, in time of need, may exhibit in lofty exercise, as did our forefathers, the virtue which Webster defines as "the *passion* which aims to serve one's country,"—the passion which in the words of the Latin poet makes it "sweet and honorable to die for country,"—for this we do well to meet, and to fight over the battles of the soldiers of the Union.

The address was received with prolonged and hearty applause, and a resolution of thanks and requesting a copy for publication was adopted.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet at the Pavilion followed, and was one of the most brilliant in the history of the Society. The large dining hall of the Pavilion was completely filled, plates being laid for 200 guests. Every chair was occupied. The presence of some forty ladies, the wives and friends of officers and State officials, lent grace to the occasion. Governor Barstow presided, flanked on either hand by Lieutenant-Governor Pingree, Speaker Martin, Congressman Grout and Congressman-elect Poland, Ex-Governors Proctor and Farnham, Judge W. G. Veazey, Adjutant and Inspector-General Peck, Quartermaster-General Kingsley, Colonels Goulding, Woodbury and Gilmore of the Governor's staff, Secretary of State Nichols, State Auditor Powell, a number of leading members of the Senate and House, and other prominent gentlemen. Among the well known officers present were Generals Stannard, Thomas, Wells, E. H. Ripley and

Henry; Colonels Walbridge, Seaver, Mead and Holbrook; Lieutenant-Colonels Walker and S. M. Pingree; Quartermasters Pitkin, Smith, Dewey, Clark, Brainerd, Bigelow, Gilmore and Valentine; Surgeons Edson, Janes and Allen; Captains Ormsbee, Stranahan, Ide, Moseley, Brainerd, Pierce, Lonergan; Adjutant C. D. Gates; Lieutenants Wheeler, Gibbs, Albert Clarke, Wood, Taylor, and many others. The tables were decorated with flowers and fruit and the supper was served in the best style of the Pavilion. After due attention to the abundant substantials and delicacies President Barstow rapped the tables to order for the customary "feast of reason." He said humorously that he happened to know that the executive committee had been much embarrassed by the importunities of various officers (naming several of the commonly "silent partners" of such occasions) for chances to make a speech; but as all could not talk in one night, they had been obliged to deny many. He had himself made a fruitless request to be permitted to respond to the toast to our State; but as the committee thought that honor was only due to one who had served through his term and graduated with honor from the executive chair, he would call on his predecessor to respond to the first sentiment:

I. *The State of Vermont.*

Ex-Governor Farnham responded handsomely, alluding to the war record of Vermont as set forth in the address and to her unique history.

II. *The President of the United States.*

Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Hooker, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, member of the National Republican Committee, and chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the Vermont House, was invited to respond to this toast. He handsomely eulogized President Arthur, as the first Vermont President, and as doing honor to the office and to his native State.

The subsequent regular toasts were announced by toastmaster Hooker, who called up the various speakers with apt and humorous allusions.

III. *Our Country.*

Ex-Governor Proctor, after various witty remarks, suggested that the fact that we have a country to toast was owing to the work of the soldiers of the Union.

IV. *The Congress of the United States.*

Hon. W. W. Grout, M. C., alluded to the river and harbor bill, the anti-Mormon legislation, and other work of Congress, and gave way to his "distinguished successor," Judge Poland.

Hon. L. P. Poland, M. C. elect, suggested that perhaps enough had been said for Congress by his friend General Grout, and went on to speak very impressively of the honor due the soldiers for the service they performed in preserving the Government.

V. *The Legislature of Vermont.*

Lieutenant-Governor Pingree, as President of the Senate, and Speaker Martin, responded fittingly to this toast.

VI. *The Sword and the Pen.*

Colonel Wm. C. Holbrook, of the 7th Vermont, now of New York city, told the story of the unjust censure of the 7th regiment by General Butler and the reversal of his condemnation by subsequent courts of inquiry.

VII. *The Army of the Potomac.*

Sergeant Lucius Bigelow quoted aptly and effectively, from Shakspeare, part of Henry the Fifth's address to his soldiers before the battle of Agincourt, and rebuked with much vigor the recognition of copperheads by conferring offices and honors on men who spit upon the flag our soldiers gave their blood to save.

VIII. *The Old Brigade.*

Colonel T. O. Seaver paid an eloquent tribute to the Old First Vermont Brigade, and eulogized its first two commanders, Generals Smith and Brooks.

IX. *The Second Brigade.*

Briefly responded to by Colonel W. G. Veazey, whose own gallantry and effective service contributed so largely to the fame of that brigade.

X. *The Ladies.*

Briefly and fittingly responded to by Colonel Aldace F. Walker.

In response to an added sentiment to the inmates of rebel prisons of war, Sergeant Warren Gibbs and Captain H. K. Ide, spoke of their experiences in Libby prison, at Belle Isle, etc.

The speeches were generally excellent, and some of them especially spirited and witty. They were varied by the singing of "Marching through Georgia," (Dr. Sherar of St. Albans giving the song and the rest joining in the chorus,) and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the occasion closed, in the small hours of the morning, with "My Country 'tis of Thee," sung standing by all. The reunion was highly enjoyed by all present, and must be set down as one of the most successful in the history of the Society.

TWENTIETH REUNION.

OCTOBER 28TH, 1883.

The Twentieth Annual Meeting was held at Rutland, Thursday, Oct. 28th, 1883. About one hundred officers were present, among the number being Governor Barstow, Eighth Vermont; Lieut.-Governor Pingree, Third Vermont; Lieut. Col. W. W. Grout, Fifteenth Vermont; ex-Governor Roswell Farnham, Twelfth Vermont; General Geo. J. Stannard, Second Vermont; Bvt. General W. W. Henry, Tenth Vermont; Colonel P. P. Pitkin, Second Vermont; Colonel J. H. Walbridge, Second Vermont; Colonel W. C. Holbrook, Seventh Vermont; Major James S. Peck, Seventeenth Vermont; Captain Franklin Moore, First Vermont Cavalry; Major A. B. Valentine, Tenth Vermont; Captain H. H. Brooks, Brattleboro; Captain Fred E. Smith, Eighth Vermont; Captain Geo. K. Russell, Bellows Falls; Captain E. J. Ormsbee, Twelfth Vermont; Captain C. H. Forbes, Fifth Vermont; Captain P. D. Blodgett, Tenth Vermont; Captain T. S. Peck, Ninth Vermont; Captain John C. Stearns, Ninth Vermont; Captain R. B. Stearns, Seventh Vermont; Captain John W. Chase, First Vermont Battery; Major N. P. Bowman, Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Pingree, Fourth Vermont; Lieutenant G. H. Bigelow, Twelfth Vermont; Sergeant S. H. Wood, First Vermont Cavalry; Sergeant H. E. Taylor, Fourth Vermont; Sergeant Warren Gibbs, First Vermont Cavalry; Captain John Lonergan, Thirteenth Vermont; Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. W. Hooker, Fourth Vermont; Captain N. F. Dunshee, Fourteenth Vermont; Sergeant Casius Peck, United States Sharpshooters; Captain U. A.

Woodbury Second Vermont; Sergeant E. A. Morton, Fifth Vermont; Commander E. T. Woodward, U. S. N.; Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, Twelfth Vermont; Lieutenant Hugh Henry, Sixteenth Vermont; Captain Geo. A. Marden, quartermaster of the First United States Sharpshooters, the genial editor of the Lowell (Mass.) *Courier*.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was organized at 4 P. M. In the absence of the President, Vice-President Major A. B. Valentine took the chair. The Secretary, Captain Fred E. Smith, read the report of the last business meeting, which was approved. The report of the Treasurer, General L. G. Kingsley, was also read and adopted.

On motion of Colonel Veazey, it was voted that the Secretary be authorized to issue a circular asking subscriptions to pay the cost of publishing, in permanent form, the records of this Society and the addresses delivered at its annual reunions since its organization.

The following committee of one from each organization was appointed to nominate officers for the next year:

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

2d Regt., Gen. Geo. J. Stannard,	13th Regt., Major J. S. Peck,
3d Regt., Lt.-Col. S. E. Pingree,	14th Regt., Capt. W. C. Dunton,
4th Regt., Lt.-Col. S. M. Pingree,	15th Regt., Lieut.-Col. W. W. Grout,
5th Regt., Capt. S. E. Burnham,	16th Regt., Lieutenant Hugh Henry,
6th Regt., Lieut.-Col. W. J. Sperry,	17th Regt., Lieut. D. Conway,
7th Regt., Capt. Charles Clark,	1st Cavalry, Capt. F. Moore,
8th Regt., Surgeon O. E. Ross,	1st U. S. Sharpshooters, Capt. C. D.
10th Regt., Gen. W. W. Henry,	Merriam,
11th Regt., Capt. U. A. Woodbury,	Army Staff, Major N. P. Bowman.
12th Regt., Lieut.-Col. R. Farnham,	

The committee reported the following list of officers, who were duly elected:

OFFICERS FOR 1883-4.

President.—COL. T. O. SEAVER.

Vice-Presidents.—Col. W. C. Holbrook, Capt. T. S. Peck.

Secretary.—Capt. Fred E. Smith.

Treasurer.—Major L. G. Kingsley.

Executive Committee.—Col. P. P. Pitkin, Capt. J. W. Clark, Lieut. J. C. Stearns.

The following officers availed themselves of the opportunity to join the association: J. D. Hanrahan, Rutland; J. W. Parkhurst, Fairhaven; G. P. Phalen, Bristol; Will F. Lewis, Rutland; O. P. Murdock, Rutland; Geo. K. Russell, Bellows Falls; W. H. Edmunds, Gayssville; W. H. H. Fisher, Rutland; Commander E. T. Woodward, Saratoga, N. Y.; W. E. Baldwin, Rutland; J. Dunham Green, Rutland; O. W. Sterl, Rutland; P. R. Kendall, Rutland; Charles L. Allen, Rutland; Carlos W. Nichols, Rutland; C. D. Merriam, Hinsdale, N. H.; Charles Clark, Rutland; G. E. Post, Rutland; Geo. E. Graves, Rutland; C. R. Boorum, Sandusky; C. W. Haskell, Grafton; W. J. Sperry, Cavendish; Dan. K. Hall, Rutland.

Colonel Veazey was appointed Toastmaster for the banquet, and Captain C. C. Kinsman, Marshal. The Society then adjourned until 7.30 P. M.

EVENING.

At 7.30 P. M., the veterans marched to the Opera House, which was handsomely ornamented with martial emblems, composed of muskets, drums and national colors. The house was well filled with members and citizens of Rutland. The assembly was called to order by the President, Major James S. Peck. Music by the Rutland cornet band was fol-

lowed by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Lowell, of the Methodist church. A fine double quartette, under the direction of Prof. Mietzke, then sang "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground." The President then introduced the orator of the evening, Colonel Wm. C. Holbrook, Seventh Vermont, who spoke as follows :

COLONEL HOLBROOK'S ORATION.

Mr. President and Comrades :

In reading of great campaigns and battles we learn of the movements of large bodies of troops such as corps, divisions and brigades, and of the actions of prominent generals. But it is seldom that more than a casual allusion is made to the conduct and operations of a regiment or its officers, except something of a remarkable character is accomplished or performed. This is unavoidable, for the general historian cannot enter so much into particulars as to give the part taken, in large actions, by each regiment and detached company without making a story so voluminous as to be unreadable.

It is the province of regimental histories to treat of individual achievements, and to deal with the interesting and important details incident to the movements of the battalion and company. In this connection I cannot refrain from saying that it is to be regretted that we have such a meagre list of regimental histories of our Vermont troops, for to my mind it is of vast moment, to those who shall come after us, that the personal services rendered by our officers and soldiers in the greatest conflict of modern times, should be fully and perfectly understood by the present and future generations, some of whom may—God alone can tell—follow in as bloody furrows as any we ever traced. All of our Vermont officers, I believe, except those attached to light batteries, at one time belonged to the different regiments; all save these, and a few others, received their training in regimental schools, and acquired a considerable share of their experience with their regiments, so that a complete history of each regiment would necessarily cover a large part of the record of nearly all our officers.

The officers of our Vermont organizations, I am happy to say, proved themselves staunch soldiers. This is attested

by the magnificent reputation won by our State troops. The superior fighting and wonderful staying qualities of our Vermont boys is evidence not only of their own mettle, but illustrates as well that they were commanded and led by officers of no ordinary merit.

When we think how quickly these officers, drawn almost exclusively from peaceful pursuits, became proficient in soldierly duties, and how readily they took to leading the "long blue crested waves of fight," ere they had fairly mastered the rudiments of their new profession, it seems almost incredible that so complete a transformation in their lives should have been so soon effected. The summons which called them to arms came like a thunderbolt and gave no time for preliminary drill or preparation, and they entered the service, as a general thing, wholly uneducated in the principles and art of war. It was in the early gray of the morning of the memorable 12th of April, 1861, that a flash was seen, and an instant afterwards a bombshell rose in a slow, high curve through the air and fell upon Fort Sumter. It was the opening gun of the Rebellion; its heavy reverberations echoed through our green hills and valleys, penetrating the workshop and counting room, and reaching the remotest hamlet and field. It roused you and me, as it did all those who afterwards followed their country's flag through crimson streams of blood to death or final victory, or until they sank through the hardships and privations of the service.

In the first burst of patriotism more offered their services than the government knew how to use. How little we then understood the work that was before us. At first we supposed we had a mere insurrection on our hands which would not last over ninety days, and Mr. Seward so predicted. Had any one been hardy enough at that time to have asserted that to maintain the supremacy of the constitution and laws, armies would be required such as, in size, had not been seen since the days of Napoleon, he would have been pronounced insane, as General Sherman was, at a later period, when, with true military sagacity, he declared that to open the Mississippi valley at least 200,000 men would be required.

In response to President Lincoln's first call, Vermont promptly furnished the first regiment. It was organized from the uniformed companies of militia existing in the State. It served faithfully its term of three months, during which a portion of the regiment participated in the action of Great

Bethel, fought June 10th, 1861, and for good conduct received honorable mention. Its term of service, although short, was highly advantageous in that it gave its officers and men some little practical experience in camp life; familiarized them with the duties of soldiers in time of actual war, and fitted them for higher positions in the regiments subsequently formed. Of the thirty-eight commissioned officers who served in the First, thirty-two subsequently received commissions of a higher grade than they held in that regiment, and in addition a large number of enlisted men also received commissions in the later organizations.

The Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments were raised and put into the field before the 1st of November, 1861. Composing the Old Brigade, and serving together throughout the war, their history is, to a large extent, a common one. The Old Brigade! What memories the mention of it recalls! With what supreme satisfaction, and thrilling sensations of admiration do we contemplate its glorious record, its deeds of valor, its steadiness and fortitude when encompassed by dangers, its endurance on the march, and the sublime patriotism of its members which kept it intact to the end. Its history is written on every page of that of the noble old army of the Potomac. No brigade in that grand army performed more brilliant service, or received greater honor, and none gained or deserves greater renown.

Fortunate at first in having the benefit of a thorough course of drill and training under that rugged soldier and disciplinarian, General Wm. T. H. Brooks, it entered upon the Peninsular campaign well versed in everything except actual field service against the enemy. In that service, however, it was destined to have an early experience, for the first affair of importance took place at Lee's Mills, where the Brigade greatly distinguished itself, receiving praise not only from corps, division and brigade commanders, but special mention from the commanding general of the army as well. From this time on there was no lack of fighting and in all the terrible conflicts which followed, there is no instance in which the Old Brigade, if engaged, did not win fresh laurels. After Lee's Mills it participated in the battles of Williamsburg, Golding's Farm, Savage's Station and White Oak Swamp, on the Peninsula, and returned from that luckless campaign veterans in very deed as well as name. We next find it fighting manfully at Crampton's Gap where the Fourth regiment, supported by the Second in second line, gallantly

assaulted and drove the enemy from behind a stone wall up the sides and over the crest of a mountain, capturing numerous prisoners. A few days later the Brigade took part in the great battle of the Antietam. From there it accompanied the army to Fredericksburg, where it participated in the ill-planned and fruitless assault of the 13th of December on Lee's formidable fortifications, of which it has been said that "no such useless slaughter, with the exception perhaps of Cold Harbor, occurred during the war."

On the 3d of May, 1863, the Brigade was again called upon to assault these same works, and being more fortunate carried Marye's Heights by storm. In this gallant service the Second led the charge and was the first regiment to reach the principal works on the highest range of hills, while the Sixth, passing in the race two other regiments in its front, was the second regiment to reach the lower range of hills. The conspicuous bravery here displayed deserves more extended notice, but my time is too limited to give further particulars. The next day at Salem Heights the Brigade was again heavily engaged, and at Bank's Ford performed prodigies of valor in resisting repeated attacks of the enemy directed by Lee personally, and consisting of largely superior numbers. The duty devolved upon it there was to cover the retreat of the Sixth Corps, and nobly did it execute this trust. General L. A. Grant tells us in his report that "not an officer failed to discharge his duty, not a man straggled, and when the regiments moved it was with almost the precision of an ordinary drill." Not until the rest of the Sixth Corps had crossed the Rappahannock did the Old Brigade retire. Then, and not till then, under the skillful management of Colonel Seaver and Major Dudley, it sullenly and successfully withdrew. On the 5th of June the Fifth regiment, with the Twenty-Sixth New Jersey, was sent across the river in boats at the old crossing, and very brilliantly stormed and captured the enemy's rifle pits, from which the rebels had prevented the laying of our pontoons.

At Gettysburg the Old Brigade was not actively engaged, being held in reserve, with the balance of the Sixth Corps. It was through no fault of its own that this was so, for it had made herculean efforts to reach the scene of action, having marched fully 32 miles in an unusually short space of time, that it might take part in the engagement.

It was the good fortune, however, of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth regiments of the Second Vermont

Brigade—the other two regiments, the Twelfth and Fifteenth, having, we may be sure, to their utter disgust, been ordered to stand guard over the trains, some two and one-half miles from the field—to render most efficient and telling service at a particularly critical stage of the engagement. To most of them it was their first action, but the steadiness and bravery which they displayed were not excelled by any troops in that famous battle, no, not even by the war worn veterans of the far famed army of the Potomac. I shall not attempt to describe the elan and dash with which a portion of the Thirteenth, under Colonel Randall, re-took the guns of a regular battery on the second day, or the heroic behavior of these gallant regiments on the third and last day. All this has been ably done by others, and especially by an eye-witness on the staff, who himself was highly commended for his coolness and courage. Suffice it to say that the good conduct of these regiments is conceded universally, and it is, moreover, understood and admitted by all that their intrepid commander showed the “divine military spark” when he directed the flank movement which broke and destroyed the momentum of Pickett’s furious onset on our left centre. Indeed, to no one man is more credit due than to General George J. Stannard for the repulse of that desperate and well nigh successful assault led by “the Ney of the rebel army.”

Returning to the Old Brigade we follow it next to Funkstown, where a large part of it was deployed to hold a skirmish line of from two and one-half to three miles in length, against which, as at Gettysburg, a terrible fire of artillery was first directed, followed by repeated assaults of the enemy in heavy columns of infantry, in line, against different points, but all to no purpose, for that skirmish line was like one of finely tempered steel—it might bend, but it would not break.

I pass on to the breaking of camps at Brandy Station, on the 2d of May, 1864. A few restful months in winter quarters were to be followed by a long season of continuous toil and fighting such as the army had never before seen. All must have realized that they were about entering upon the life and death struggle, and that many a brave boy must “sleep his last sleep” e’er Lee and his legions could be discomfited. Sad indeed must have been the reflections of those about to cross the dark river which divided the two armies—whether to an honorable death, or to glorious vic-

tory, they knew not. But whatever forebodings may have clouded their minds it is certain there was no outward indication that they shrank from their duty or their fate. While not courting death, no doubt many could truthfully say—

“If on the red field our bell should toll
Then welcome be death to the patriot's soul.”

The Old Brigade did not alone share the glories and hardships of this memorable campaign. The Tenth formed a part of Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, and the Seventeenth, or rather, in the first instance, a portion of it, was attached to the Ninth Corps. Both regiments gained great distinction in all the principal battles which followed. At Spottsylvania the Old Brigade was reinforced by the Eleventh, and a welcome addition it must have been to its sadly decimated ranks. From that time the Eleventh remained with and formed a part of the Old Brigade, and marched and fought as though it had ever been a part of it. With only garrison experience when it joined, it is greatly to its credit that its members could stand up with the old veterans and acquit themselves so nobly. The sharpshooters, too, bore a most honorable part in this campaign, as they had in those which preceded it, being always at the front and occupying posts of great danger. The cavalry also had a hard experience, and did faithful and important work, although, as a rule, operating with their own corps independently of and apart from the main army. The Third Battery, although attached to the Ninth Corps and performing faithful service, was not in a position to take part in the larger engagements until Petersburg was besieged.

I shall not pause to detail the terrible fighting, the awful carnage or the toilsome marches of this extraordinary campaign, which ended only with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox nearly a year later. I have been so impressed, however, with a description given of the every day experience of the army by an officer of high rank, who participated in the campaign, that I cannot refrain from quoting a part of his language. He says: “During Grant's overland campaign, that blood-bath from the Rapidan to the James, that blood-sap through the wilderness, that march corduroyed with corpses, tessellated with slaughtered heroes, throbbing

with wounded, absolutely realized the vivid conception of the poet :

'Who held their way with falchion force,
Or paved the way with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone the last who dies.'

"It was one battle, day and night, without cessation. Often we wished for darkness to close around us that we might have rest. But alas! with that darkness came not the rest so ardently desired, but work, march and fight. Our thinned ranks told us the sad story of the deadly conflicts through which we were passing. The long line of graves told the stranger the direction of our marches. At each morning roll-call fewer and fewer numbers responded to well-known names. Where are they? The reply came from the newly made graves."

If this be a true picture, as I believe it is, then no campaign in history equals this in continuous and protracted fighting, or transcends it in the horror of its details.

Glorious as the subsequent career was of the Old Brigade, and our other troops in the Army of the Potomac; while under Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley; at Petersburg, and in pursuit of Lee, time presses and I must pass on to speak briefly of the doings of other Vermont organizations.

Our State furnished three companies of sharpshooters. The first company was mustered October 31st, 1861, and was attached to the First Regiment of United States Sharpshooters, as Company F. The other two were raised and put into the field in the latter part of 1861, and were attached to the Second Regiment of United States Sharpshooters, as Companies E and H respectively. These companies were recruited expressly for service as sharpshooters, and each recruit, before enrollment, was obliged to demonstrate in public competition his ability to hit a target, in the shape of a ring ten inches in diameter, ten times in succession at a distance of two hundred yards.

The aggregate of Company F, including recruits, was 177. It served in the Second, Third and Fifth Corps, and was engaged in thirty-seven battles, besides numberless minor affairs in reconnoissances, on the picket line and in siege operations; some or all of the men were almost constantly on duty, detailed here and there, as necessity for real sharpshooting was felt on one part of the line or another. The company lost in killed and from those who died of

wounds thirty-two, and had forty-five wounded, not counting those hit more than once, or nearly 43 per cent. of the whole. The aggregate of Company E, including recruits, was 239 men. It was in twenty-four battles, and lost in killed and from those who died of wounds, twenty-two, and had fifty wounded, or nearly 31 per cent. of the whole. The aggregate of Company H, including recruits, was 191 men. It was also engaged in twenty-four battles, and lost in killed and from those who died of wounds, eighteen, and had forty wounded, or 30 per cent. of the whole. Both of these companies, like Company F, were also engaged in numerous skirmishes, and other minor affairs. All of these companies not only rendered important service, but the nature of the duties they were required to perform were peculiarly hazardous, and while the public at large may not fully understand or appreciate all they did, every soldier knows how constantly they were in demand on the skirmish and picket lines, and especially during siege operations, and how promptly they responded to these calls.

The First Vermont Cavalry left the State in December, 1861, and served in the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war, winning, as it deserved, much credit for its fearless and dashing conduct.

Until General Hooker took command of the army, the cavalry had been scattered here and there, and in general organization was inferior to the enemy. General Hooker realized the importance of increasing the efficiency of this arm of the service, and accordingly formed the cavalry corps; and he struck the key-note of its subsequent career, in his first order to its chief, when he said, "Let your watchword be fight, and let all your orders be fight! fight!! fight!!!" Up to this time—possibly a little later—the First Vermont had been employed principally in performing picket duty, with the restless and ubiquitous Mosby in their front. It had taken creditable part in several successful combats with his partisan band, and with other forces, sufficient to give its officers and men stomach for larger contests. It was not long before their wishes were gratified, and from the time they joined the cavalry corps, until the end, they participated in its chiefest battles. At Gettysburg the First Vermont led the advance made by Kilpatrick on the right flank of the enemy, and charged with the heroic Farnsworth in the evening of the third day on Hood's division, strongly posted in the woods and behind stone walls. Vaulting one wall, under

a severe fire, they drove the enemy in all directions, over still another, and through fields swept by rebel batteries, and succeeded in piercing the enemy's second line. Surely this was an evidence of resolution of no common order. During the retreat of Lee, indeed until the army went into winter quarters, there was a continual succession of notable cavalry combats, in most of which the regiment took a conspicuous part. Probably the largest cavalry engagement of the war occurred at Brandy Station on the 10th of October, 1863, nearly the entire cavalry force of the opposing armies being confronted. I have been told by a distinguished cavalry general who was present and who participated in nearly all of the engagements of the cavalry corps, that no such genuine cavalry contest was had in all his experience. We are told by our own officers that charges and counter-charges in columns by regiments, battalions and squadrons, took place all over the field, leading to innumerable hand-to-hand conflicts, and it would seem that the gleam and clash of the sabre was seen and heard in every direction as the opposing forces "with incredible velocity and in a blaze of rapid steel" came into collision.

"They smote the glistening armies as they met
With quivering beams, which dazed the wondering eye."

In this action, the First Vermont, according to General Kilpatrick, "greatly distinguished" itself.

The regiment took part in the celebrated raid against Richmond under Kilpatrick, and under Sheridan was in most, if not all, of the severe cavalry conflicts of the overland campaign, chief among which may be mentioned Yellow Tavern, where the rebel cavalry chief, General J. E. B. Stuart, was killed, and Hawes' shop, where the gallant and lamented Preston and Cushman of the First fell mortally wounded. Perhaps the regiment never had a harder fight than at Hawes' shop, at least I judge so from the reports I have of the action. Nearly the entire command fought dismounted, the enemy being strongly entrenched behind earthworks. After this the career of the regiment was a most active and glorious one, particularly in Sheridan's valley campaign. The regiment remained with him throughout the war, and the remark of the gallant General Wells, in one of his reports, that no "regiment in the division had marched more miles, fought more battles" (and he might have added shown more genuine pluck) "than the First Vermont Cavalry," was as

true at the close of the war as it was when his report was made.

Of the troops sent to the Department of the Gulf but little, I suspect, is generally known. They were so far from home, and the rapid succession of momentous events transpiring in the Army of the Potomac so absorbed the public mind that their operations were dwarfed as it were, and passed by comparatively unheeded; and yet these troops not only encountered, with unflinching bravery, the perils of numerous battlefields, but they were also required to endure certain phases of service, in the way of facing pestilence and disease, which under the circumstances called for as high an order of fortitude as any to which soldiers can be subjected.

The troops sent to this department consisted of the Seventh and Eighth Regiments, and the First and Second Light Batteries. It was expected when they left the State, that the regiments, at least, would be kept in the same brigade. But shortly after reaching the department they were separated and did not afterwards serve together.

The experience of the Seventh during the first year of its service was a peculiarly hard and sad one. With no opportunity to become acclimated it was sent up the river to Vicksburg, where it was obliged to bivouac in swamps from which highly poisonous exhalations were emitted, and to subsist on inadequate and unwholesome rations. The result was that fatal forms of sickness appeared, and in a short time nearly every man in the regiment was prostrated by disease. During eight months of the year 1862, out of the 1,014 officers and men who left the State in the month of February, 295 men died, mostly of disease, and ninety-four were discharged for disability. The next year thirty-one deaths occurred and 100 were discharged for the same cause, nearly all of which casualties occurred in the first quarter of the year, and were mainly due to the severity of the hardships encountered on the Vicksburg campaign. It will thus be seen that the Seventh, in a little over one year, lost over one-half of its original number. In the midst of sickness and while the gloom caused by the high and increased rate of mortality was deepest, the regiment was subjected to its sharpest trial, and that was when it was compelled to stand "four square" to Butler's rotten breath of calumny. But it was equal to the emergency, thank God, and alone and unaided demonstrated that his aspersions were as unjust as they were *false and malicious*. The regiment performed all

duties assigned to it manfully and with credit. It fought well at Vicksburg and at Baton Rouge, where it had the misfortune to lose its heroic colonel, George T. Roberts, who now rests beneath the sod of yonder beautiful cemetery, and of whom it may be said that no braver man ever led troops to battle. He fell, but he won "triumphal laurels and immortal fame." Later, at Gonzales, Spanish Fort and Whistler, besides several other affairs, in which detachments of its officers and men participated, it received much praise for its valor and good conduct.

The Eighth Regiment was first assigned to the duty of guarding the right bank of the Mississippi, opposite and above New Orleans, and in so doing and in opening railroads rendered most valuable service. Numerous skirmishes were had with the enemy, in which the members of the regiment acquitted themselves with great credit. At Cotton the regiment spiritedly stormed a line of rifle pits, driving out the enemy in hot haste and saving one of our gunboats from capture, for which act of "intrepid gallantry" it received special mention from the commanding general. At Bisland, a few weeks later, it displayed equal courage. At Port Hudson no regiment gained greater distinction; always occupying exposed positions, never faltering and always getting to the extreme front in every assault, although sometimes placed in the rear assaulting column, its officers and men may well feel proud of the splendid record they there made. In addition to heavy losses in killed and wounded many men died or were prostrated by disease. The surrounding country was highly malarious, and losses by sickness, we are told, "exceeded vastly the casualties of the siege," and that "the army left to General Banks, after the surrender, mustered barely one-third for duty which had appeared on the rolls two months before." In the Shenandoah valley the regiment took part in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek and Newtown, in all of which it showed its accustomed heroism.

The First and Second Batteries were among the best in drill and discipline of any in the department of the gulf. At Port Hudson they rendered good service during the assaults, by advancing in line with storming parties and drawing the enemy's fire from the infantry, and during the entire siege their conduct was excellent. Their firing was accurate and effective. They also gained merit on other occasions and stood high in the esteem of their superiors as capable artillerymen.

The Third Light Battery did not leave the State until January, 1864. Soon afterwards it was attached to the Ninth Corps. It was actively engaged in the siege and operations about Petersburg. Its officers and men are highly spoken of for their courage and efficiency and proved themselves competent to compete with any of the light batteries engaged in the siege.

The Ninth Regiment was unfortunate in its early experience in being among the troops surrendered at Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862. It was no fault of the brave officers and men of that regiment, however, that they were cooped up and left to be captured at the will of Stonewall Jackson. Indeed they did all in their power to effect their escape, but without avail. A greater blunder than that of attempting to hold Harper's Ferry under the then existing circumstances could not have been committed. As has been well said: "Harper's Ferry, with Lee in Maryland, was worse than useless to us. It was a mere key to gates already broken down. Lee expected to see it evacuated. But to Halleck's soul this position was always dear, and he ordered it held at any sacrifice."

While the neglect of Col. Miles, the commandant of the post, to provide for the holding of the surrounding heights was inexcusable, yet but for the inertia of McClellan the place need not have been captured, for on the 13th one of General Lee's orders fell into his hands, whereby he was informed, among other things, that Jackson had been sent to capture the garrisons at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg. By the exercise of due activity he could have struck Jackson with a force sufficient to have defeated the scheme, and might have cut him off from the main body under Lee. But he let the golden opportunity slip by, and before his relieving force reached a point to be available Harper's Ferry had fallen into Jackson's hands. Thus through the fatuity of Halleck, the incapacity of Miles, and the lack of alertness on McClellan's part, 11,000 men, including the Ninth Vermont, with seventy-three pieces of artillery and many small arms and stores, needlessly fell into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Stannard, then colonel of the Ninth, protested most vehemently against sticking to such a trap as Harper's Ferry, with the adjoining hills inadequately defended. And when the rebels under McLaws possessed themselves of Maryland Heights he entreated Col. Miles to allow him, with his own regiment, to attempt its recapture.

But his request was denied. Vigorous as were his objections to the methods of defence adopted, his indignation reached its highest pitch when the intelligence was brought that a capitulation was to be made, and it is said that his denunciation of the commander, who lowered the flag ere the battle had fairly begun, reached the sublime for force and originality.

The Ninth afterwards, however, gained high honor, not only as a fighting regiment, but for the superior discipline and soldierly bearing of its officers and men. At Newport barracks a force of the enemy, consisting of three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and from eight to twelve pieces of artillery, in vain attempted to overwhelm and capture it. At a later date it also gained distinction for gallantry at Chapin's Farm and Fair Oaks.

The Tenth, besides taking honorable part in Grant's overland and Sheridan's valley campaign, was engaged at Orange Grove, November 27, 1863, and at Monocacy, July 9, 1864. In the latter action, holding the left and stretched out in a line "as thin as a blue ribbon," it fought with great valor and steadiness. The desperate stand there made by Rickett's division materially delayed Early's advance upon Washington, and contributed largely toward, if it was not the direct cause of, saving the capital.

In connection with the Eleventh, beyond the mention I have already made of it, I pause only to refer to the affair at or near the Weldon railroad, June 23, 1864, and to say that the heroic acts there displayed by Majors Fleming and Walker, as well as by Lieutenant-Colonel Pingree of the Third, and Major Pratt and Captain Tracy (who lost his life) of the Fourth, were especially conspicuous and praiseworthy.

The Seventeenth, the youngest of our Vermont regiments, was sent to the front in detachments, and, with no field experience, was required at once to take part in the severe battles from the Wilderness to the fall of Petersburg. Its list of officers killed, or who died of wounds, exceeds that of any other single Vermont organization. On all occasions its officers and men evinced the coolness and courage of veterans.

The staff officers of the various regiments, and those officers who were detached on, or regularly appointed to, staff service, discharged their duties zealously and well, displaying marked ability and courage in posts of great difficulty, and on numerous hard-fought fields.

By the Adjutant-General's reports the casualties by death among the officers from those who were killed and who died of wounds were 101, or a little over 7 per cent., and the number wounded, not including those who died of wounds, was 295, or a little over 20 per cent. of the whole number of officers.

The total number of officers and men furnished by the State was 34,228, and the number lost by death and by discharge for wounds and disability, was as follows: By death 5,124, by discharge 4,566, or a little over 28 per cent. of the whole.

I have thus in brief retrospect reviewed a few incidents in the career of our Vermont troops in each arm of the service. Incomplete as the summary is we can see how faithfully they served their State and country. No words which I can utter, however, are adequate to describe the patriotic fervor, the quenchless ardor and courage, and the exalted self-sacrifice of these heroic men.

"Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine."

They patiently endured toil, privations and sickness, and nights of weary watching in the trenches and on the picket line. They faced unflinchingly the perils of the battlefield and many of them consecrated their duty with their blood to maintain their convictions that the Union was indissoluble, and that no State by its own sole act could secede from or destroy it.

Many reflections crowd upon us, but I shall only detain you to briefly refer to one or two thoughts suggested to my mind. And first I would observe that no one can read the history of the war without gaining fresh confidence in our institutions and in the Northern people, for if our soldiers fairly represented their race and time, then the work of our fathers is safe in the hands of their descendants.

To Vermont the war also furnishes indubitable evidence that her sons have not degenerated or lost any of the prowess for which their ancestors were so pre-eminently distinguished. They served in all our armies, and worthily represented the State on all the principal battlefields, in Virginia, at the West and in the far South. Well, therefore, may we say:—

"Here patriots live who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood."

Besides proving the fortitude and innate courage of our Northern folk, and their ability to become efficient soldiers, the war developed several officers who, for capacity and skill, rank with the first captains of modern times. They originated many new principles in the art of war, chief among which may be mentioned the methods they initiated for coping with the growing destructiveness of small arms and artillery, both in attack and defence, and especially in the formation of assaulting columns.

Indeed our war marked an epoch in tactics almost as great as that introduced by the advent of Gustavus Adolphus, who is conceded to have been one of the greatest tacticians of any age. The war of the Revolution did much toward effecting a change in rifle tactics by causing the abolishment of the complicated evolutions which made infantry almost useless in a thickly wooded country. But the war of the Rebellion did far more, for it was fought upon a more extensive scale, upon a terrain equally difficult, and with greatly improved weapons, and consequently was more fruitful in valuable suggestions touching the organization of each arm of the service. So important in fact were the alterations and improvements introduced into our service that foreign nations hastened to profit thereby, and we are told by military men that the principal European armies of to-day are modeled largely upon the system of tactical formation put in practice by us during our civil war.

General Sherman tells us that "at the close of the war some of the best corps and division generals, as well as staff officers, were from civil life," and General Grant, in one of his last orders, says of our officers and soldiers: "Your battles, sieges and marches have dimmed the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right for all time to come." No higher tribute could be paid to the intelligence and character of our volunteer soldiery, and coming from such illustrious leaders will hardly be gainsaid. But it was not alone in commanding troops, and for good conduct on the march and in action, that our volunteer officers and soldiers gained distinction; for there was scarcely a measure adopted during the war which, to effectuate, required ingenuity and inventive resources, that did not bear the impress of their genius.

The lessons to be drawn from the war are many. If the young men of our time would glow with a healthy pride of

race, if they would kindle with the inspiration of patriotism, let them read its story, for they will there find innumerable examples of resolute endurance and courage worthy of remembrance and imitation. And to all who believe in devotion to one's calling unto death there can be found no more sublime or soul-ennobling records than those which relate to the heroic deeds of our fallen comrades—those hero-martyrs who gave their lives to their country and paved the path to immortal glory.

“Beautiful is the death sleep
Of those who bravely fight
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the right.”

General Sherman has earnestly admonished his countrymen “to cherish all that is manly and noble in the military profession, because peace is enervating, and no man is wise enough to foretell when soldiers may be in demand again.” These words of counsel have peculiar force to us, as they must have to every person of reflection who recalls the condition of our military affairs when unexpectedly the clouds of war broke over our heads in the spring of 1861. What lives and treasure would have been saved had we been better prepared? We may not be able to prevent our busy people, intent—and properly so—in the pursuit of peaceful avocations, from again lapsing, in the course of time, into a similar comatose state concerning military matters. But we can at least urge upon them the importance of encouraging in our young men a desire to acquire the rudiments of a military education, which can be had by a reasonable course of training in the National Guard. At present no fault can be found with the interest manifested in promoting the efficiency of our citizen soldiery. Let us hope it will continue, and to the end that those who follow us may be endued with the same high ideas of patriotic duty and unfaltering devotion to it which animated the boys who wore the blue in our day and generation, let us on all proper occasions set forth whatever was “manly and noble” in our own experience that they may receive profit thereby.

The years come and go so rapidly that we can hardly realize that it is over twenty-two years since the first regiment of Vermont volunteers rendezvoused at this place. In casting a look at the past we see many a sad change. Where are our friends and comrades of those days? Many, alas!

most of them, have fallen asleep until the sounding of the last great reveille.

Comrades, our faces are turned toward the setting sun; we

“Hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of time.”

Let us make the most of these reunions, for shortly none will be left to call or answer to the roll. And while we re-establish old friendships, let us also renew our vows of allegiance to our country—we shall never be too old for that; let us, as we did when we entered her service, swear to hold her, next after God, first in our heart of hearts, and to defend her against all assaults.

“O, beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore.

* * * * *
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare.”

The oration was received with prolonged applause.

The Society then marched to Baxter Hall, where the annual supper took place.

THE SUPPER.

This was provided by Landlord Carpenter of the Bardwell House, and was a handsome affair. The hall—the most elegant public hall in Vermont—was brilliantly lighted. Two long tables with other smaller tables at the sides, had plates for two hundred guests. The tables and window seats were handsomely decorated with flowers. The gathering was a distinguished one. The Rutland Cornet Band furnished instrumental music, and the Rutland Glee Club, of eight voices, under Mr. Mietzke, sang the patriotic glees of the war time. A number of wives of officers graced the tables, and the usual round of sentiments and speeches filled the time into the small hours. At a proper time Colonel Veazey alluded to the presence of the gifted daughter of Vermont,

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, applying to her the apt quotation: "Like a river swift and clear flows her song through many a heart." The following beautiful poem, written by Mrs. Dorr, was then read by her son, Mr. Russell Dorr. It was received with enthusiasm and applause:

MRS. DORR'S POEM.

I.

No more the thunder of cannon,
No more the clashing of swords,
No more the rage of the contest
Nor the rush of contending hordes!
But instead the glad reunion,
The clasping of friendly hands,
The song, for the shout of battle,
Heard over the waiting lands.

II.

O, brothers, to-night we greet you
With smiles half sad, half gay,
For our thoughts are flying backward
To the years so far away,
When with you who were part of the conflict,
With us, who remember it all,
Youth marched with his waving banners
And his voice like a bugle call.

III.

We would not turn back the dial
Nor live over the past again;
We would not the path retravel,
Nor barter the Now for the Then;
Yet oh for the bounding pulses
And the strength to do and dare
When life was one grand endeavor
And work clasped hands with prayer.

IV.

But blessed are ye, O Brothers,
Who feel in your souls always
The thrill of the stirring summons
You heard but to obey;
Who whether the years go swift
Or whether the years go slow
Will wear in your hearts forever
The glory of long ago.

The Maples, October 18, 1888.

Judge Veazey acted as toast master, and called up the speakers with humorous and happy remarks. The toasts were as follows:

I. *The State of Vermont*.—Her motto is: First, Honor, then Peace; first, Right, then Power.

Governor Barstow, at the call of the toast master, rose and was greeted with hearty applause. Among other good things the Governor said: For the twentieth time, in the twenty meetings of the Society, you have expressed as in this sentiment, our love for our State. We do well to honor her,—and she may in a degree return the honor; for in the future she will be largely remembered by the valor of her soldiers. It was a matter of doubt in 1861, whether Vermont could maintain the rank as fighters established by her sons in the wars of the Revolution, of 1812, and with Mexico. The war ended; and we find that the story of Lee's Mills, of Fredericksburg, of Gettysburg, of the Wilderness and others of the most memorable battles of the war, can no more be written without mention of Vermont troops, than could that of Ticonderoga. It is matter for honest pride that we were Vermont soldiers.

II. *The Patriotism of 1861*.—"Patriotic memories are the strength of a Nation."

Lieut. Gov. Pingree was called up with a complimentary allusion to his gallantry at Lee's Mills. He remarked that the toast committee appeared to have been of the mind of an old citizen of the town of Salisbury, N. H.,—memorable as being the place where the speaker and Daniel Webster were born—who, many years ago, in a town meeting, where the subject of French spoliation (recently set at rest by Congressman Grout) was under discussion—arose, with some difficulty, being pretty full of "chemicals," and declared that they had heard a good deal about Russian pa'rio'sm and

French pa'rio'sm; and he thought it was about time they heard a little about 'Merican pa'rio'sm. After this humorous suggestion Colonel Pingree spoke earnestly and well of the unselfish character of the patriotism of 1861.

III. *The President of the United States, and the National Congress.*

Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorable W. W. Grout was introduced by Judge Veazey as a man who had just had a term in Congress, and he (Judge V.) predicted would be in Congress again before long.

Colonel Grout thought a pretty big toast had been allotted to him. If the Supreme Court had been added he should have had all branches of the government to speak for. He recalled the fact that one hundred years ago that day, at Newburg, General Washington took his farewell of a victorious army, and went into private life. The era of hereditary power and divine right to rule, had ended for this country, and in place of kings we have had a line of honored presidents coming down to our present chief magistrate, who was borrowed by New York from Vermont. Colonel Grout further spoke of the character of our American institutions, closing with a humorous anecdote.

IV. *The sons of Vermont who fought at the front, and fell where they fought.*

Colonel T. O. Seaver among other eloquent words said: "You will never forget the comrades who fought and fell at your side. They are not, indeed, as we so often call them, our fallen comrades—they are rather risen to the heights where sit the martyrs of all time. They were soldiers whose work is immortal."

V. *The Old Brigade.*—In the words of their old division commander, General Howe: "Such troops are an honor to any State."

Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen M. Pingree thought it was about time some one else, and some one not of the brigade,

responded to this toast. Thirteen thousand of the 34,000 Vermont soldiers were members of that Old Brigade; and five-ninths of all who fell, in the field, fell in her ranks. She was the training school for officers of all other organizations, and from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, there was no battle of the Army of the Potomac in which more than two corps were engaged, in which that brigade did not have an honorable part. It was the brigade of which Gordon's rebel division used to say that they hoped sometime to get into Maryland, or somewhere near Washington, without meeting that brigade with the white crosses.

VI. *The Old Bay State.*

Honorable George A. Marden, editor of the *Lowell Courier*, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and formerly Quartermaster of the First Regiment United States Sharpshooters, was called on as one who combined the qualities of a wit, poet and speaker. Mr. Marden proved this to be so, in a very witty and effective speech. Among other things he said that he "well remembered that Vermont brigade of which you speak so modestly," and he remembered a time, at Gettysburg, when its arrival with the rest of the Sixth Corps gave some of the troops in the lines on the left, a feeling of relief, hardly equalled since Lucknow. He had come here chiefly to see his old comrade, Colonel Ripley, by whom he stood as he was borne off on a stretcher at Malvern Hill. He was glad he had come to Vermont. There is no State, said Mr. Marden, that ranks the State of Vermont. There is no country like New England, and Vermont, with its lovely landscapes, and thrifty people, and home circles like gems, is but a part of New England. This was the first army meeting he ever attended at which any mention was made or any justice done to the sharpshooters, who, from first to last, had a greater percentage in killed and wounded

than any corps in the army. Mr. Marden's humorous allusions, as to the "carbonate-of-lime air of Rutland," and his funny stories, would be spoiled in reporting. His speech repeatedly brought down the house.

Lieutenant Albert Clarke, now of the *Boston Times*, formerly of St. Albans, was next called up. He said he was never ashamed to be introduced as a citizen of Vermont, but did not feel quite so about Massachusetts, under Butler rule. Sixty-five per cent. of the population of Boston is now of foreign birth, and the Bay State, though he was confident it was to be redeemed, is in danger of becoming a doubtful element in politics. Lieutenant Clarke quoted aptly from Byron and Saxe.

VII. *The State of New Hampshire.*

Captain H. B. Atherton of the Fourth Vermont, (who was severely wounded at Lee's Mills,) now of Manchester, N. H., responded. New Hampshire, he said, has spoken here, in her sons, Pingree and Veazey and Marden. The men of New Hampshire are glad to come to Vermont, even those who don't get to be Lieutenant-Governors and Judges of your Supreme Court. Between the hearts of the people of the two States, there is no boundary line, and the sons of the two States, who touched elbows in the war, will be found side by side in the future.

VIII. *The Women of Vermont, in the War.*

Responded to by Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, who quoted the remark of the late Governor Alexander H. Bullock, of Massachusetts, that "No former generation of Spartan or Roman fame, better illustrated the whole circle of grace and beneficence than the women of America throughout that dark and troubled period."

IX. *The Vermont Militia.*

Responded to by Captain U. A. Woodbury, who gave a

mirth-provoking account of the celebrated Vershire campaign, full of a dry humor, which convulsed the audience with constant laughter. He added a few words of earnest appreciation of the efficiency of our citizen soldiery, and of the really serious character of the emergency which occasioned the recent call for their services by the Governor.

This ended the regular toasts. Judge Veazey now yielded the chair to Colonel Roswell Farnham, who called up in turn Colonel Aldace F. Walker, of Rutland, who made a brief and effective speech, alluding to the disbanding of the Sixth Corps and of the First Brigade, of which he was the youngest officer at the close of the war, and the celebration of the anniversary of the disbandment of the Revolutionary army; Comrade Redfield Kendall, Captain John Lonergan, who told once more how he found the Monocacy; and Captain H. C. Parsons, formerly of the Vermont Cavalry, now of Virginia, where he is the president of two railroads, and a large landowner—the famous Natural Bridge and the land around it being among his possessions. Captain Parsons made a very interesting speech. He said this was the first gathering of Vermont officers he had had the privilege of attending since the war. His present neighbors, connections by marriage, and associates in business all fought on the other side. He had been in gatherings of Confederate soldiers, and at a notable one recently, at the dedication of the mausoleum and reclining statue of General Lee. There were twenty thousand people in Lexington, Va., that day; and not a flag floated in the sunlight. He met there General Jubal Early, General Joe Johnston, (who he said strongly resembles General Stannard in face and feature,) General Fitzhugh Lee, General Harry Lee, General Kemper and others. "They were friends of mine," said Captain Parsons, "but I was a stranger among them." But it is not in all places or at all times in Virginia that the stars

and stripes can not be flung to the breeze. The highest of the mountain peaks which surround the Natural Bridge, he had named "Lincoln Height," and from it, from the top of a tall flag-pole, floats the National colors, every day in the year. In the seventeen years that he had spent in the South, and hearing often the judgment passed on us by Southern soldiers, he had reached the conviction that the war was won for us by the line officers and the common soldiers. He had also become convinced that the Southern armies contained many more men than was commonly reported, large numbers sometimes swelling the ranks at the battles and then scattering to their homes. The losses of the Southern armies, from battle and disease, were also much larger than were reported, thousands dying unrecorded. The Southerners admit that it was better for them that the war ended as it did. But it is a mistake to undertake to make them admit it was wrong, or to expect that they will do so. They have our character in many respects. They are a more religious people than we are. In time they will be more absolutely one with the people of the North than ever. But we must not expect that they will soon forget the war, or cease to tell their children of the deeds they accomplished in it. In conclusion, Captain Parsons extended a cordial invitation to every officer present to visit him in his Virginia home. He was cordially applauded.

General Stannard supplemented some of Captain Parson's remarks, by saying that he knew General Joe Johnston well, having often met him in Baltimore after the war. He told how on one occasion General Johnston severely rebuked some young Southerners who were claiming that the South had been overpowered but not whipped, and that they wanted to try it over. General Johnston called them fools, and said they had been fairly whipped, and ought now to

take hold with the Northern men and make this one of the best governments on earth.

About 2 o'clock A. M., the speaking ended, and the members left the hall.

The arrangements in all respects did credit to the taste and care of the local committee, consisting of Colonel Proctor, General William Y. W. Ripley and Captain E. A. Morse, and the reunion was voted one of the pleasantest in a long series of successful and memorable meetings of the Reunion Society.

The following notice of the Twentieth Reunion appeared subsequently in the Lowell (Mass.) *Courier*:

The annual reunion of Vermont officers who served in the war of the rebellion suggests a comparison between the way they do things in the Green Mountain State and in other States—notably Massachusetts. The men who are at the front in political, social and business life, are largely men who were at the front during the war. The soldier element is a power in Vermont; and while the association of officers is in no sense political, and never meddles in party contests, its members are in the main prominent Republicans, and are largely influential in party councils. There are some reasons for this which are plain to be seen, and some which do not lie on the surface. Among Vermont's 35,000 troops furnished to the Union armies were a very large share of the younger and more vigorous men of promise in all walks of life. They have naturally grown up, since the war, into the positions which they now occupy, and they fill a large space in the working of all the affairs of life. No State has a more admirable *esprit de corps* among its soldiers than Vermont. They seem to have no bickerings or jealousies. They are generous to each other, proud of their record, and are the jewels of their State. Their example might well be copied elsewhere.

TWENTY-FIRST REUNION.

NOVEMBER 6, 1884.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Reunion Society of Vermont officers, was held at Montpelier, November 6, 1884.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting took place at the State House in the afternoon, about a hundred members being present. The meeting was called to order by the President, Colonel T. O. Seaver, and the record of the last meeting was read by the Secretary, Captain F. E. Smith.

The subject of printing a volume of Proceedings of the Society, with the annual addresses, etc., was brought before the meeting. The Secretary reported that subscriptions for something over 300 copies had been received, but that that number would not be sufficient to warrant the printing of the volume.

Captain U. A. Woodbury said that he would be one of twenty or more, to take the list of subscriptions, and guarantee the Society against loss in the publication, reimbursing themselves by sales so far as may be practicable. Twenty additional officers present promptly handed in their names as guarantors. Whereupon, on motion of Lieutenant Benedict, it was voted that the Society proceed to publish a volume of Proceedings and Addresses, as soon as arrangements can be made to print and publish the same without expense to the Society.

A committee to nominate officers was appointed as follows:

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

1st Regt., Capt. E. A. Morse.	13th Regt., Lieut. Col. R. Farnham.
2d Regt., Col. P. P. Pitkin.	18th Regt., Lieut. Frank Kenfield.
3d Regt., Surgeon H. Janes.	14th Regt., Capt. N. F. Dunshee.
4th Regt., Lieut.-Col. G. W. Hooker.	15th Regt., Surgeon G. B. Bullard.
5th Regt., Lieut. E. A. Hamilton.	16th Regt., Lieut. Hugh Henry.
6th Regt., Capt. C. S. Shattuck.	17th Regt., Lieut.-Col. L. E. Knapp.
7th Regt., Capt. R. B. Stearns.	1st Cavalry, Gen. W. Wells.
8th Regt., Major J. L. Barstow.	Batteries, Lieut. E. E. Greenleaf.
9th Regt., Gen. Geo. J. Stannard.	Sharpshooters, Sergt. C. Peck.
10th Regt., Bvt. Gen. W. W. Henry.	Staff, Capt. T. S. Peck.
11th Regt., Capt. E. P. Lee.	Navy, Commander E. T. Woodward.

The committee reported the following list of officers, and the same were duly elected:

OFFICERS FOR 1884-5.

President.—Colonel William C. Holbrook.

Vice-Presidents—Lieutenant-Colonel Aldace F. Walker, Lieutenant F. S. Stranahan.

Secretary—Major Frederick E. Smith, Montpelier.

Treasurer—Major L. G. Kingsley, Rutland.

Executive Committee.—Capt. T. S. Peck, Capt. U. A. Woodbury, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. W. W. Henry.

General W. W. Henry, in behalf of the soldiers of Chittenden County and citizens of Burlington, invited the Society to hold its next reunion at Burlington. Colonel Hooker in behalf of the citizens of Brattleboro, invited the Society to hold its next meeting at that place. The Society voted to hold its next annual meeting at Burlington.

It was voted that a committee of three be appointed to prepare and publish the proposed volume of Proceedings and Addresses, and the President appointed as such committee General William Wells, Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, Captain Frederick E. Smith.

It was subsequently voted that a committee of three be appointed by the President to prepare resolutions in honor

of the memory of the late Major James S. Peck, for many years secretary and one of the presidents of the Society, and to cause the same to be spread upon the records of the Society and furnished for publication. The President appointed as such committee: Lieutenant G. G. Benedict, Sergeant Lucius Bigelow and Lieutenant T. S. Peck.

The meeting then adjourned, many members lingering to look at an excellent portrait of the late lamented Major James S. Peck, which stood on an easel in the room.

THE PUBLIC EXERCISES.

At half-past seven in the evening the officers assembled at the Pavilion, and under the marshalship of Gen. W. W. Henry, and headed by the Montpelier band, marched to the State House, where the annual address was delivered by Lieutenant-Colonel Aldace F. Walker of Rutland. The hall of the House of Representatives was filled to overflowing with a large and brilliant audience. General Seaver presided with dignity and grace; the Chaplain, Rev. E. P. Lee, of Castleton, offered prayer, and Eichberg's hymn, "To thee, O, Country," was finely sung by the St. Albans Glee Club. The orator of the evening was then presented, as one who needed no introduction to the Vermont soldiers.

COLONEL WALKER'S ADDRESS.

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Vermont, as we all know, is the only New England State without a sea-coast. At the present day maritime affairs attract our interest but little. Yet there was once a time in the history of Vermont, which is perhaps within the memory of some of our guests upon this occasion, when a fleet was built, fitted out and manned within our own borders, and a naval battle of great importance was fought in sight of thousands of our citizens.

In the summer of 1814 the English attempted to invade the United States from Montreal; a force of about 14,000

men under Sir George Prevost was assembled with the purpose of marching southward along the westerly shore of Lake Champlain. The British at that time had also a considerable fleet of armed vessels near the Canada line, commanded by Captain Downie, an officer of distinction. The only opposition which confronted them was a force of 1500 men at Plattsburgh under Brigadier General Macomb. There was nothing in the likeness of a fleet upon the American waters of the lake. The general situation of the war was at the same time extremely serious. The campaign which resulted in the burning of the public buildings at Washington was then in progress. In the north the control of Lake Champlain was the vital point. Having command of its waters the English army could be supported at all points in its southward progress, and could be supplied or reinforced at will. Without it the attempt at invasion could not be expected to succeed. Every nerve was therefore strained upon both sides to create an efficient naval force. The enemy had every advantage at the outset. But Vermont was never laggard in emergencies. The Saratoga, which became the flagship of our squadron, was built at Vergennes, and was launched in forty days from the time when the first tree used in her frame was felled in the forest.

She was a ship carrying twenty-six guns and 212 men. It would, I imagine, be very difficult to find a citizen of Vergennes who would undertake to duplicate the contract at the present time, even with the assistance of the State Reform School. We must remember that there were then no railroad facilities, and the guns, ammunition supplies and equipment of the fleet all had to be brought from the seaboard by wagon. Yet a fleet was assembled in an incredibly short space of time, upon the waters of our placid Lake, consisting, besides the Saratoga, of the brig Eagle, twenty guns; the schooner Ticonderoga, seventeen guns; the sloop Preble, seven guns, and ten gunboats carrying one or two guns each. Our total force was fourteen vessels of war, mounting eighty-six guns, and carrying about 850 officers and men. If the same fleet were to come to anchor off Burlington to-day it would excite considerable astonishment.

The fleet of the enemy was, however, still larger, comprising the flagship Confiance, thirty-seven guns; the brig Linnet, sixteen; the sloops Chubb and Finch of eleven guns each; with twelve gunboats;—in all sixteen vessels, carrying ninety-five guns and about 1,000 officers and men.

Commodore Thomas Macdonough, a young naval officer from Delaware, only twenty-eight years of age, was in command of our little squadron, and at the earliest possible moment it was assembled in Plattsburgh Bay. The British squadron rendezvoused at Isle La Motte, and the action took place on September 11, 1814.

The British army had already advanced to the front of the slight defences of Plattsburgh, and after considerable skirmishing had prepared to storm the works as soon as the naval engagement should commence.

Macdonough meanwhile had anchored his vessels in line across the entrance to the bay, with their broadsides toward the open Lake, from Cumberland Head to the shoals off Crab Island, on which was erected a battery with a single gun. His arrangements are described as having been made with great skill and discretion, including the placing of kedges off each bow of the *Saratoga*, attached by hawsers which hung under water out of the reach of shot, to which precaution he owed his victory.

As the British fleet appeared around Cumberland Head, bearing down upon the American broadsides in line abreast, being compelled to approach our vessels with bows on, Commodore Macdonough knelt among his men and offered public prayer for the blessing of God. The American vessels opened fire as soon as the enemy were within range, and the English ships returned it with all their available guns. A cock confined in a hen-coop on the *Saratoga's* deck was released by a shot which shattered the coop, whereupon he flew into the rigging, clapped his wings and crowded lustily, to the great encouragement of the sailors, who responded with three hearty cheers.

The *Confiance* reserved its fire until about 300 yards from the *Saratoga*, when it suddenly anchored, swung into line, and fired its full broadside, most deliberately, and with terribly destructive effect. Forty men upon the *Saratoga* were killed or wounded by that first discharge. The engagement was now at close quarters all along the line, and was exceedingly animated and sanguinary. The *Finch* presently became disabled, drifted down upon Crab Island, and was captured by the one gun battery, manned by invalids from the hospital. The *Chubb* struck to the *Ticonderoga*. But the *Saratoga*, the chief reliance of our fleet, was out of the combat, all her guns in the starboard battery having been dismounted or disabled, and she was lying abreast of the

Confiance, without a single available gun, receiving the fire of her more powerful antagonist. Commodore Macdonough at this moment decided to wind, or turn his ship, and endeavor to bring his larboard battery to bear. With the aid of the kedges previously planted this was successfully accomplished, and the guns upon the other side of the Saratoga one by one opened upon the enemy as the ship swung round, until the uninjured larboard battery was at last in full play. The Confiance attempted the same manœuvre, but failed, and having fought until she had scarcely a gun remaining that could be used, after a combat of more than two hours at close quarters, she struck her colors to the Saratoga. The Linnet was then engaged by the Saratoga and soon succumbed. The English gunboats in part escaped toward St. Johns. The American loss in killed and wounded was 111. That of the enemy was about 200. The attack by the troops on shore did not succeed, and Sir George Prevost retreated in haste, leaving much of his artillery and supplies.

This battle was undoubtedly one of the most persistent and severe ever known to the annals of naval warfare. An English marine, who was with Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, insisted that the latter famous battle was a mere flea bite, in comparison with the battle of Lake Champlain. The masts, yards and sails of the Confiance were so shattered that the former were described as resembling so many bunches of matches, while the sails looked like bundles of rags. The commanders of the captured vessels were brought upon the quarter deck of the Saratoga, and formally surrendered their swords to their youthful conqueror, and "the cup of Macdonough's glory was full."

It is impossible to exaggerate the excitement caused in Vermont by the invasion, or the enthusiasm which was aroused by the almost incredible tidings of the victory. We have heard the story from our fathers and our grandfathers, who were in a moment restored from the greatest fear to the relief of complete deliverance. What has happened once may occur again. It is impossible to infer the absence of interest in naval affairs from the fact of distance from the sea. The inland waters of Lake Erie witnessed the only instance of the complete surrender of an entire English fleet. The relations of our country with the other nations of the world, touching them in every ocean and in every corner of the globe, are of moment to every citizen, and the American

flag is honored abroad in large degree as it is supported by American ships-of-war.

I have, therefore, ventured to depart somewhat from the range of subjects usual upon such an occasion as this, and shall ask your attention for a short time to certain matters, historical and otherwise, connected with the past and future of the United States Navy.

The war of 1812 gave to our navy a prestige which clings about it to the present day. Its success at that time was really wonderful, considering the small number of its vessels as compared with the immense naval establishment which England has always maintained. Not only in combats by flotillas upon the great Lakes, but in a large number of engagements between single vessels upon the ocean, notably those between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and between the United States and Macedonian, there was evidenced a degree of personal bravery, tenacity and skill, that won universal admiration and attached the affections of our people most strongly to that branch of the service. Our sea-faring population have never been excelled for hardiness and nautical skill. Until within the last few years a large percentage of the inhabitants of our seaboard States have followed the sea for their livelihood, and our navy has had the best material in the world from which to draw its recruits. In the last war with England there was full opportunity for naval operations of every kind, and every opportunity was employed to the utmost. The names of our vessels became household words, and their commanders were everywhere honored and beloved, from the Penobscot to the Gulf. There was probably never written a poem which struck so universal a responsive chord throughout the land as did those three stanzas of Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled "Old Ironsides," written at a time when it was proposed to dismantle the famous frigate Constitution, and commencing, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!" Every school boy could repeat it, and the electric thrill was never wanting as the concluding words were heard:

"Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

Among the most stirring episodes of the war of 1812, was the celebrated cruise of the Essex under Commodore

Daniel Porter, the illustrious father of our present Admiral David D. Porter. This good ship of thirty-two guns, after various engagements in the Atlantic Ocean in 1813, became detached from its squadron, and was taken around the Horn to the waters of the Southern Pacific, where for many months it sailed from port to port, and from island to island, taking prize after prize, until English commerce in those parts was almost wholly broken up. It was finally blockaded for several months in the harbor of Valparaiso by two cruisers sent out expressly to capture the *Essex*, with orders that neither should engage her singly.

On March 28, 1814, Captain Porter undertook to run out, but was struck by a squall that carried away his main topmast, and as the storm prevented his return to the harbor, he was forced to anchor in a small bay near by. Here the *Cherub* and the *Phoebe* attacked him jointly, and though the result was never doubtful, in fact there never was the slightest chance of saving the ship, barring only accidents that would be called providential, the fiercest defence was maintained for four hours, until she was clearly in a sinking condition, and was surrendered to save the lives of the wounded who covered her decks.

There was a lad of thirteen upon the *Essex* during the engagement, who afterwards wrote down his recollections of the fight. This boy subsequently came to great personal distinction, but aside from that his words are worth repeating, affording as they do a most vivid representation of actual occurrences in a severe naval battle, which a landsman could not venture to describe.

"During the action," the lad says, "I performed the duties of captain's aid, quarter gunner, powder boy, and in fact did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate, and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first; but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect on my nerves. While I was standing near the captain, just abaft the main mast, a shot came through the waterways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing by the side of the gun, taking the last one in the head, and scattering his brains over both of us. But this awful sight did not affect me half so much as the death of the first poor fellow. On one occasion Midshipman Isaacs came up and

reported that a quarter gunner named Roach had deserted his post. The only reply of the captain, addressed to me, was, 'Do your duty, sir.' I seized a pistol and went in pursuit of the fellow, but did not find him. Soon after this some gun-primers were wanted, and I was sent after them. In going below, while I was on the ward room ladder, the captain of the gun directly opposite the hatchway was struck full in the face by an eighteen pound shot and fell back on me. We tumbled down the hatch together. I struck on my head, and he, fortunately, fell on my hips. I say fortunately, for as he was a man of at least 200 pounds weight I would have been crushed to death if he had fallen directly across my body. I lay for some moments stunned by the blow, but soon recovered consciousness enough to rush upon deck. The captain seeing me covered with blood, asked if I was wounded, to which I replied, 'I believe not, sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'where are the primers?' This brought me to my senses and I ran below again, and carried the primers upon deck. When I came up again I saw the captain fall, and in my turn ran up and asked if he was wounded. He answered me in almost the same words, 'I believe not, my son, but I felt a blow on the top of my head.'

"When my services were not required for other purposes, I generally assisted in working a gun; would run and bring powder from the boys and send them back for more, until the captain wanted me to carry a message. When it was determined that we must surrender, the captain sent me to ascertain if Mr. — had the signal book, and if so to throw it overboard. I could not find him or the book for some time, but at last saw the latter lying on the sill of a port, and dashed it into the sea. Isaacs and I amused ourselves throwing overboard pistols and other small arms, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. At length the boarding officer came on board and running up to Captain Porter, asked him how he would account for allowing his men to jump overboard, and at the same time demanded his sword. 'That, sir,' replied Porter, 'is reserved for your master.' The captain went on board the *Phoebe*, and I followed half an hour later.

"During the action an old quartermaster was standing at the wheel, when I saw a shot coming over the foreyard in such a direction that I thought it would strike him or me; so I told him to jump, at the same time pulling him towards

me. At that instant the shot took off his right leg, and I afterwards found that my coat tail had been carried away. I helped the old fellow below, but he died before he could be attended to.

"It was wonderful to find dying men, who had hardly ever attracted notice among the ship's company, uttering sentiments with their last breath, worthy of a Washington. You might have heard in all directions, 'Don't give her up, Logan!'—a sobriquet for Porter—'Hurrah for Liberty!' and similar expressions. A young Scotchman named Bissley had one leg shot off close to the groin. He used his handkerchief as a tourniquet, and said to his comrades, 'I left my own country and adopted the United States to fight for her. I hope I have this day proved worthy of the country of my adoption. I am no longer of any use to you or her, so good-by!' With these words he leaned on the sill of the port, and threw himself overboard.

"I went on board the *Phoebe* and was ushered into the steerage. I was so mortified at our capture that I could not refrain from tears. While in this uncomfortable state I was aroused by having a young reefer call out, 'A prize, a prize! Ho, boys, a fine youngster, by Jove!' I saw at once that he had under his arm a pet pig belonging to our ship, called Murphy. I claimed the animal as my own. 'Ah,' said he, 'but you are a prisoner, and your pig also.' 'We always respect private property,' I replied, and I seized hold of Murphy. This was fun for the oldsters, who sung out, 'Go it my little Yankee, if you can thrash Shorty you shall have your pig!' 'Agreed' said I. A ring was soon formed and at it we went. I soon found that my antagonist's pugilistic education did not come up to mine. In fact he was no match for me, and was compelled to give up the pig. So I took master Murphy under my arm, feeling that I had in some degree wiped out the disgrace."

Rather a bright boy for his age, do you think? He was a bright boy. Possibly some may feel interested to know what afterwards became of this lad of thirteen. The question is worth asking. His name graces more than one brilliant page of our country's history. Fifty years after the *Essex* struck her flag, on August 5th, A. D. 1864, a veteran now, of three score years and three, his hair bleached by the frosts of time, his nerves hardened into iron by constant service, a quiet, self-contained, undemonstrative man, yet a Christian hero of the finest mould, he stood lashed to the

shrouds of the Hartford in the Bay of Mobile, and his name was David Glasgow Farragut.

The cabin-boy of the Essex had become the commander of the finest squadron that ever floated under the stars and stripes. The Brooklyn, being equipped with an apparatus for picking up torpedoes, had been designated to lead the wooden ships, and the flag-ship Hartford was next in line. The monitors were in single column on the right. To each of the large wooden ships was lashed a smaller vessel, so that in case of accident to the machinery or boilers of either, the other could handle her consort, as well as herself.

At six minutes after seven in the morning the leading vessels came within range of the guns of Fort Morgan, which at once poured in a terrible fire from all its artillery. Soon after the enemy's gunboats also opened, including the dreaded iron-clad ram Tennessee, the master-piece of the naval architects of the Confederacy. Farragut's fleet replied without delay, and the battle was soon ablaze on every hand. Hundreds of the largest guns known to modern science were belching forth their flames and smoke, hurling their immense projectiles across the still waters of the Bay. Suddenly, at half past seven, the leading monitor, the unfortunate Tecumseh, being well up abreast the Fort, was seen through the clouds of smoke to reel and sink with all on board, instantly destroyed by the explosion of a torpedo. The Admiral, from his lofty perch, where a seaman had cast a line about him and made it fast to the rigging of the ship by direction of Captain Drayton, who feared lest some slight shock to the vessel might precipitate him into the sea, clearly perceived the peril of the situation; his anxiety was intensified when the Brooklyn, just ahead, suddenly stopped and began to back. The Hartford perforce stopped also. The vessels in the rear pressing upon those in the van, soon caused great confusion throughout the line. Disaster seemed imminent and certain. "The batteries of our ships were almost silent," says an eye-witness, "while the whole of Mobile Point was a living flame." "What's the trouble?" was shouted through a trumpet from the flag-ship to the Brooklyn. "Torpedoes!" was shouted back in reply. Then rang out the clear determined voice of Farragut from his post above: "Damn the torpedoes! Four bells, Captain Drayton! Go ahead, Jouett, full speed!" Instantly the mighty engines of the Hartford thrilled again with motion, the Metacomet at her side responded promptly to the call,

and the two noble vessels swung past the Brooklyn, assumed the head of the line, and led the fleet to victory!

Few at the North understood what had been done when the Department of the Navy designated Farragut to command the squadron, to which was assigned the duty of attempting the capture of the city of New Orleans. His very name was almost unknown. His record was to the public a total blank. Yet when we come to learn his history we find him, in training and experience, the best equipped man that could possibly have been found for that important service. He had spent his life upon the sea. When only nine years and five months old he was appointed a midshipman, or midshipmite. At the age of ten he joined the *Essex*. When he was twelve so many prizes had been captured by Porter that he had no officers left to place in charge of them, and when the *Barclay* was taken this child was sent to her as prize-master. Her former captain and mate were left on board to navigate the vessel into Valparaiso, and young Farragut was to control the handful of men sent with him from the *Essex*. The old captain was disgusted with the arrangement, became furious, talked of taking the ship to New Zealand, and went below for his pistols. The boy called his crew around him, explained to them the situation, notified the captain to stay below unless he wanted to go overboard, gave his orders to the sailors, and took complete command of the ship, which he brought safely into port. I spoke of him as a bright boy just now. He was a wonderful boy, and he became a wonderful man. From that time forward he sailed the waters of the world. He was early in the Mediterranean, where he spent several years, and where he obtained the best of his education from the Rev. Charles Folsom, the Consul at Tunis, and other kind friends. He became proficient in many tongues. He had his first active command in pursuit of pirates in the West Indies in 1823. Afterward he was put in charge of a receiving ship at Norfolk, where he established a school for young naval recruits, which earned him great credit. Then he served for several years off the coast of South America. Later he had a long tour of shore duty at Norfolk and Washington. This was followed by much delicate and exciting service in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere, commanding ship after ship, until the close of the Mexican war. He was next detailed to organize the new Navy Yard at San Francisco, which occupied four active years, during which he participated with rare judgment and

efficiency in various official matters connected with the celebrated Vigilance Committee. Then more service at sea, until the outbreak of the Rebellion, which found him just relieved from the command of the Brooklyn, and waiting orders at Norfolk, his adopted home.

Thoroughly loyal to his country he sided with the North at once, though born in Tennessee and connected with Virginia by marriage. His wife, who was buried last Monday at Woodlawn, though a daughter of a prominent Virginian, was always outspoken against slavery.

In April, 1861, Farragut passed through New York city to Hastings, on the Hudson, where he resolved to live in quiet until called upon for active service. He was presently assigned to duty upon a retiring board in Brooklyn, and was engaged in that irksome employment until January, 1862, when suddenly, without a moment's notice, he was appointed to be the Flag Officer in the Department of the Gulf.

Then came his opportunity. The skill and experience that had been wrought out and stored up through all those faithful years found fitting exercise at last. He was a natural and great commander. He was respected and honored by all, and came to be almost venerated by his subordinates, officers and men. Full of thoughtful care for every detail, nothing was overlooked, and his brilliant victories attest that thorough preparation is the only safe assurance of success. When, after his fleet had passed the Mobile forts and had reached the inner harbor, his flag-ship was rammed by the monster Tennessee, and cut down to the water's edge, a general cry arose at once of, "Get the Admiral out of the ship!" "Get the Admiral out of the ship!" illustrating most vividly the care for their commander, which was felt by all on board when they thought themselves in danger. Meanwhile, he was coolly clambering over the vessel's side to see for himself the extent of her injury.

I cannot refrain from quoting briefly from a spirited lyric, written by Paymaster Meredith, who served with him on the Hartford on that eventful day:

Farragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak!
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the heavy mist
Lift from the Bay,
Till his flag, glory kissed,
Greets the young day.

Lashed to the shrouds that away
High o'er the deck,
When the white clouds away
Roll from the wreck,
Hear his word sternly sent
Through the hot air,
Mark his glance firmly bent
Where the guns glare.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
Bears a white sail,
And God's soft stars to rest
Guide through the gale,
Men will him ne'er forget,
Old heart of oak,
Farragut, Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

In the days of sailing vessels the United States Navy was in many respects a model institution. Though never of large numbers, care was always taken that each new vessel should be the best of its class. The officers were cultivated. The discipline was high. The noble ships cruised from port to port, challenging the respect and admiration of every nation. They were the pride and reliance of our merchants, travelers and wanderers of every degree, the world around.

The life of naval officers in times of peace is, however, a life of routine and repression. Before the war promotion was invariably by seniority. There were then seventy-eight captains at the head of the list, many of them superannuated and broken down. Several of the commanders were nearly sixty years of age, and many lieutenants were over fifty, very few of whom had ever held command of a vessel, as there were more than two hundred officers above them. The service was full of traditions and formalities, not only in methods of conduct and of action, but in modes of thought as well. Men who might have exhibited personal vigor and magnetism in high degree with suitable early opportunities, had been taught simply to obey orders in a limited sphere, and to become like parts of a vast machine, with no resolution or readiness for independent action. The lower grades of the service were deficient in numbers, while the higher ranks had become overcrowded, so that when more than three hundred of the naval officers had sided with the South, it became a very serious matter to find proper commanders for the new vessels of all kinds that were soon brought into service. Even lads from the naval school were

given independent commands. Volunteer officers in great numbers were enlisted from the merchant service. The use of ordnance was to these men unknown, and the regular officers, of course, filled the most important positions; but the merchant captains and mates, and especially the steamboat men and pilots on the great rivers of the West, became known as among the most efficient officers of the corps. The sailors also had to be recruited, organized and drilled, so that the development of the Navy of the Civil War was slow.

The vessels were at that time largely of old models, and in part only propelled by steam. New ships of all classes were required, and their construction was pushed with great energy throughout the war. There were ninety names on the Naval Register in 1861, including fifty sailing ships of the older type, headed by the frigate *Constitution*, many of them of use only as receiving ships, and several of which had never been launched from the stocks. The Navy Department under Buchanan's administration had been inactive, and as is well known those vessels of the squadron that were available for service had been scattered all over the world, with an apparent purpose to place them beyond the ready call of the new administration.

With the navy thus constituted it was, almost at the outset, called upon to undertake the active blockade of the largest coast line ever covered by cruisers. The wonder is not that it was done so well, but that it was done at all. On April 19, 1861, six days after the fall of Sumter, a proclamation was issued by President Lincoln declaring the blockade, which embraced 3,000 miles of coast from Virginia to the Rio Grande. At this time the Department possessed only thirty-five available modern vessels, and of them only three steam vessels were in the home ports.

Yet the recognized rule of international law required that "blockades to be binding must be effective, that is to say maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy." Of course the blockade of the Southern States was put into effect gradually, and from point to point as vessels could be provided. The scattered fleets were brought home. New vessels of all descriptions were purchased, from ocean steamships to ferry-boats and tugs. Every navy yard and private ship yard at the North was set at work. At the end of the first six months the blockade had become legally efficient beyond cavil, and at the end of the second year it was so stringent that it could be passed only

by vessels specially adapted for the purpose. During the war 1,149 prizes were brought in, and 355 other vessels were burned, sunk or driven on shore by our cruisers. In the last year of the war the blockade throughout the entire seaboard of the South was as efficient as it is possible for such an operation to become. The fleet numbered 671 vessels, many of them monitors and iron-clads; there were 7,600 officers and 50,000 seamen in the service; there was complete efficiency and supremacy in every quarter.

In naval matters our civil war was the most progressive of modern times. The use of the heavy rifled gun had been recently introduced; and was developed day by day. Armored vessels were required to withstand the new ordnance, and were built accordingly. The ram was introduced as a factor in naval battles, a consequence upon the employment of steam as a motive power, making a weapon of the ships themselves before which many an adversary went down. The torpedo was invented, and developed by practical tests, employed especially by the rebels who were driven to its use by their deficiency in other naval resources. Thus the whole system of naval warfare underwent the greatest changes. The officers of the frigates which sailed so proudly and fought so nobly in the last war with England would have been completely at fault if called upon to command such a fleet or such vessels as captured Port Royal and New Orleans, or to pick their way amid the bayous and cypress swamps of the Valley of the Mississippi.

What is known as the Monitor was a direct invention of the war, and revolutionized the naval architecture of the globe. It was evolved from the necessity of our situation. It was a master stroke of inventive genius. The problem presented was to create a ship propelled by steam, that should be armed with the most efficient guns that could be made, and should also be impervious to hostile shot, from fleets or fortifications.

The immediate necessity that called for its production arose from the fact that one of our best steam frigates, the Merrimac, by carelessness or treachery had been allowed to fall into the hands of the rebels at Norfolk, scuttled it is true, but easily raised and almost uninjured. It was well known that she was being converted into an iron-clad of great power and strength; in fact it was the plan and hope of the rebels that she would prove invulnerable. Her masts were removed, she was covered by an iron casemate sloping like

the roof of a house, and so heavy as to be practically impenetrable; she had a powerful engine, a tremendous battery, and a cast iron ram beneath her bow. Meanwhile our fleet at Fortress Monroe was of old-fashioned wooden vessels only, though some of them had been regarded as the highest specimens of men-of-war afloat in the days before the war. It took only a few hours one afternoon to prove that they were of no value whatsoever in the face of the shipbuilding introduced by the improved methods of modern times. A new era in warfare upon the sea was about to open.

While the rebels were preparing their iron-clad, our government was diligently engaged in building a suitable antagonist. As is well said by Prof. Soley, to whose interesting little volume, entitled "The Blockade and the Cruisers," I am largely indebted for the facts I am giving, the war for the moment was being carried on, not at Hampton Roads, but at Norfolk and Brooklyn, and the victory was to depend not only upon the bravery of the officers and seamen, but upon the speed of the mechanics. The Confederates had a long start in the race. Nothing was done at Washington until the extra session of Congress, which voted an appropriation, had been followed by the red-tape and routine of bureaus and boards; and the contract for the Monitor, to be built upon Ericsson's plans, was not signed until October 4, while the rebels had been at work upon the Merrimac since early in July. But when the building of the Monitor was determined upon the work was pushed as for life. The workmen labored in three gangs of eight hours each, night and day. The thrifty contract under which she was built required her completion in one hundred days, for the price of \$275,000, to be forfeited in case she should prove unable to withstand the fire of the enemy's batteries at the shortest ranges.

John A. Griswold and John F. Winslow, of Troy, N. Y., having faith in Captain Ericsson's invention, guaranteed the contract, and personally put their shoulders to the wheel in the construction of the novel vessel.

In form she consisted of a small hull, on which was carried a large iron raft, from which arose in the centre a revolving turret. An iron pilot-house also stood upon the deck in front of the turret, which proved the weak point in the vessel and was afterwards abandoned in subsequent vessels of the Monitor plan. The ship was heavily armored at all points. In the turret were two immense eleven inch Dahlgren

guns. From her peculiar construction she was very unsafe at sea, for her heavy armored deck projected its raft-like structure on all sides far beyond the hull, and the waves beating against it from beneath as it overhung the water, racked it disastrously with their mighty strain, while the low smoke pipes and ventilating shafts shipped the sea in great quantities. In fact it was a matter of extreme doubt whether she could live to reach Fortress Monroe, and if she sank she would probably go down like a mass of lead, with all on board. All this was well understood by Lieutenant Worden and his crew. It required courage and devotion of the highest order to attempt to take this untried experimental vessel upon a dangerous ocean voyage, saying nothing of the ordeal by battle sure to follow speedily if they should succeed in reaching the waters of the James.

The Monitor sailed from New York on Thursday afternoon, March 6, in tow of a tug-boat. The mechanics had hardly ceased their work, and little time had been found for practising the crew in the management of their novel craft with its complicated mechanism. On Friday morning a wind arose which presently freshened to a gale. The sea poured in floods through the air holes and around the turret. The blowing apparatus failed, the engine room filled with coal gas, and the engineers and firemen, laboring to repair the machinery, were taken unconscious from the floor. Heading towards the shore, smoother water was presently reached, but at midnight a heavy head sea was struck, and the violence of the waves seemed about to wrench the raft from the hull. Water poured in on every hand, the engine failed, the steering apparatus was disabled, and the vessel became wholly unmanageable; but the tow-rope held, and after a night of disaster and almost hopeless fear, morning found the exhausted crew still able to repair the damaged vessel and push on for Cape Henry. At nine in the evening of Saturday, March 8, the Monitor anchored beside the flagship of what was left of the squadron in Hampton Roads.

On the afternoon of that very day the dreaded Merrimac had come down from Norfolk. The Congress and the Cumberland, old-fashioned sailing frigates, were lying off Newport News. The Roanoke and Minnesota, sister ships of the Merrimac, but without armor, lay below Fortress Monroe. Other smaller vessels were at hand, but the Merrimac moved about among them with complete impunity, the shot rebounding like pebbles from her iron sides, while her tremen-

dous ordnance carried destruction through our wooden fleet. Accompanied by two gunboats she first made for the two ships at anchor in the upper harbor. Passing under the full broadside of the Congress without harm, she drove directly for the Cumberland, plunging her ram into the latter's side, and as she drew back from the blow the water rushed in and the ship went slowly down. The gunners kicked off their shoes and stripped to the waist, firing round after round at the iron-clad, continuing the fight with the energy of desperation, until the water reached the gun deck, the ship keeled over, officers and men jumped overboard for their lives, and the Cumberland sank to her top-mast, with the ensign still flying at her peak. The Congress, seeing no other chance of escape, was run aground, where she was presently raked fore and aft by the Merrimac and the gunboats; the affair becoming a wholesale slaughter she was given up and was set on fire by the rebels. The Minnesota attempted to steam up from the fort but grounded a mile and a half from the scene of action, and was presently attacked in her turn. Fortunately, by reason of that action, the Merrimac could not get near enough to the Minnesota to cripple her, and she beat off the gunboats after two or three hours of fighting. The Roanoke was disabled by a broken shaft. The old St. Lawrence also went aground while trying to reach the battle field, and at nightfall the Merrimac withdrew, confident of completing the destruction of the remainder of the fleet upon the morrow.

But as we have seen, the little Monitor arrived that evening. Hearing the guns as she came between the capes, she stripped for action. Another sleepless night was spent in preparing for the fight. At half past seven on Sunday morning, the Merrimac again appeared, and made at once for the Minnesota. Worden put the Monitor in motion, reserving her fire until close to his antagonist. We may imagine the surprise of those upon the Merrimac when one of the 11 inch Dahlgrens from the little turret on the raft hurled a 168 pound shell against the mighty iron-clad. The battle was now opened in deadly earnest between the pigmy and the giant. Musket balls, canister, grape, shell and solid shot swept over the Monitor's deck, all equally harmless. Five times the vessels were in collision as they sought to run each other down. The turret of the Monitor became jammed so that it could not be revolved, and the ship was fought by

Worden from the pilot house, the guns being pointed by the vessel's helm.

After hauling off for a time to hoist more shot into the turret, the fight was renewed at half past eleven. Soon after a shell struck an opening in the pilot house through which Worden was looking; the concussion fractured the iron logs of which the pilot-house was built, and both blinded and stunned the gallant officer. The quartermaster who was with him was also dazed by the blow. It was some minutes before Greene, the second officer, came from the turret, finding Worden at the foot of the ladder, his face black and bleeding. Greene instantly leaped to the wheel, and the vessel, which had been steaming at random meanwhile, once more faced toward the enemy. After two or three more rounds the Merrimac suddenly withdrew and retired post haste to Norfolk. To have pursued her would have involved too great a risk; to have saved the position and the fleet was glory enough. After a few weeks the Merrimac again came out, but did not engage the Monitor and was presently burned at her dock to prevent her capture.

No event of the war was more dramatic. No naval battle was ever more far reaching in its consequences. It changed as if by magic the situation in Hampton Roads. It revolutionized naval ships and methods.

The success of the Monitor upon this occasion was due as much to the personal character of John L. Worden as to the novel construction of his ship. Leaving a sick bed to assume command, he carried his craft through her first sea voyage, reaching the demoralized fleet after two sleepless nights, only to find the whole weight of the crisis upon him. He almost instantly took his untried vessel and his newly recruited crew into a desperate engagement with an adversary of comparatively enormous size and strength. The close of the engagement saw the fleet saved and the harbor reconquered.

We can understand something of what manner of man he was from a letter which was sent to him the following month as he lay in Washington disabled by his wounds. It was dated on the Monitor, April 24, 1862, and reads in part, as follows:

"TO OUR DEAR AND HONORED CAPTAIN:

Dear Sir:—These few lines is from your own crew of the Monitor, with their kindest love to you their honored Captain, hoping to God that they will have the pleasure of welcoming you back to us again soon, for

we are already, able and willing to meet death or anything else, only give us back our Captain again. Dear Captain, we have got your pilot house fixed and all ready for you when you get well again. * * * * * We are waiting very patiently to engage our antagonist, if we could only get a chance to do so. The last time she came out we all thought we would have the pleasure of sinking her. But we all got disappointed for we did not fire one shot, and the Norfolk papers says we are cowards in the Monitor—and all we want is a chance to show them where it lies. With you for our Captain, we can teach them who is cowards. * * * * * But we all join in with our kindest love to you, hoping that God will restore you to us again, and hoping that your sufferings is at end now, and we are all so glad to hear that your eyesight will be spared to you again. We would wish to write more to you if we have your kind permission to do so, but at present we all conclude by tendering to you our kindest love and affection, to our dear and honored Captain,

We remain until death,

Your affectionate crew,

THE MONITOR BOYS."

During the next winter the Monitor started for Beaufort, again in tow. Once more the wind arose, and as Cape Hatteras was passed the gale was upon her in its fury. She was presently leaking fast and full of water from above. Being brought alongside the tug, the crew were with great difficulty rescued one by one, all but a few poor fellows, who dazed and terrified could not be persuaded to leave the turret—and suddenly the historic vessel disappeared forever.

The conduct of war upon the water is a totally different matter from warfare upon the land. The ocean is itself a source of danger and fear, with its rocks and shoals, its fogs, and storms and howling tempests. But when a battle is on foot we may consider from the sailor's lot what true courage is. To the soldier it is at least open at the last extremity to run away. Few veterans can be found who will not readily admit that on some occasions this privilege was enjoyed. But the sailor can never leave his ship. If she goes down under the enemy's guns, all on board go with her. If she sails across the dreaded torpedo line she carries all her crew. There is no cover to be found upon her deck. There is no hospital in the rear. There are steam boilers and powder magazines which may explode. Fire is a constant danger. An unlucky shot, striking machinery, rudder, or even tiller rope, may leave all hands any instant at the mercy of the foe. And in case of any calamitous event the solid earth is replaced by yawning waves. Yet seamen upon ships of war apparently know no fear. They fight until the ship goes down, and their education tells them that such persistence is not mere idle gallantry, for in naval battles the game is

not over until the last gun is fired. A chance shot at any moment may recover the day and gain the victory.

Perhaps we may better understand the hardihood and daring developed by this life upon the sea by recalling the story of how Lieutenant Cushing destroyed the *Albemarle*. This vessel was a powerful ram, built in the Roanoke River, upon the general plan of the *Merrimac*. Through the Spring and Summer of 1864, she moved about the sounds and rivers of North Carolina at her will. She sank the *Northfield*, blew up the *Sassacus*, scattered a fleet of seven vessels in a general engagement, and almost drove our naval officers to despair. Finally, Lieutenant William B. Cushing received permission to attempt her destruction. He was then twenty-one years old, and was in command of the *Monticello*. He was six feet high, slender, graceful, poetic, humorous. He was skillful to plan and audacious to execute. He went to New York, where he procured a small steam launch carrying fifteen men. Having rigged a large torpedo at the end of a pole on the bow of his little boat he started up the river one dark night. Let him tell his own story of what followed:

"The launch made for the enemy under full head of steam. The enemy sprung rattles, rang the bell and commenced firing. The light of a bonfire on shore showed me the iron-clad made fast to her wharf, with a pen of logs around her about thirty feet from her side. Turning nearly a circle in order to ensure coming squarely upon the logs, the enemy's musketry fire by this time was very severe. Three bullets struck my clothing, and the air seemed full of them. In a moment we had struck the logs, breasting them in some feet, and our bow resting upon them. The torpedo boom was lowered and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in driving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploded it at the same time that the *Albemarle's* heavy gun was fired."

Of course the launch was blown in pieces by the explosion of its own torpedo and the enemy's shell; the crew sprang into the water and swam for their lives. Cushing was in the river until morning and finally got to the shore some distance down the stream, completely exhausted, and too weak to crawl out of the water. He spent a day and a night in the swamps, and at last found his way back to the fleet; when he wrote to his superior officer: "I have the honor to report that the rebel iron-clad *Albemarle* is at the bottom of Roanoke River."

Try for a moment to realize the picture as it has been

drawn by an abler pen than mine, of that cool, determined youth, standing erect in the bow of his little launch, coming out of the darkness into the glare of the fire on shore, which threw its lights and shadows on the scene, illuminating the slender, graceful figure as he steadily kept his boat upon her course, amid the enemy's shower of rifle balls, pressing her, hard on, against the mammoth Albemarle, until he placed the torpedo with his own hands precisely where he wished it, exploded it himself at the exact moment to win success—and at the same instant received at the cannon's mouth the blast of a hundred pound rifled gun!

The scientific progress of modern times has almost totally transformed naval warfare. Contrast the trim frigate of 1830, beautiful in her lines, graceful in her motion, spreading her white sails to catch the inconstant breeze, with the ugly, though massive iron castle of 1880, presenting to the eye nothing more than an immense hulk surmounted by a sloping roof sustained by more sharply sloping sides, propelled by mighty engines, built upon two considerations only, impregnability and domination. Even in the implements of war employed the change is almost equally radical. The brass howitzers and iron twenty-four and thirty-two pound guns of 1812, supplemented by horse pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, have given place to enormous ordnance cast of steel, loaded and aimed by machinery, under the glare of the electric light, and hurling projectiles weighing nearly half a ton, supported by revolving Gatling guns, and breach loading and repeating rifles in the tops. Only the other day there was a serious naval encounter in China. The Chinese flag-ship, a first-class English-built steam frigate of 2,000 tons, was sunk in ten minutes after she opened fire, by a swift cigar shaped boat fifty feet long, armed only with a torpedo on her bowsprit; while a single Hotchkiss gun, or mitrailleuse, upon another French vessel, at once drove every man from the decks of her stronger antagonist.

Clearly the days of the navy, as it was, are numbered. We shall hear no more of such duels on the sea as that between the *Serapis* and *Bon Homme Richard*, or the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, with the immortal "Don't give up the ship" of Lawrence as he fell a-dying. The brilliant combat in 1864, between the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge*, was perhaps the last of those even-handed contests, where skill and endurance struggle for supremacy until one or the other of

the ships is left a wreck and charnel house upon the deep. Now the central idea of naval bureaus is to so construct their ships and devise their armor and their armament that they shall crush their way to success by sheer weight of metal.

How does our country stand in the light of the progress of the present day? Practically nowhere. We are left in the rear so absolutely that we are substantially out of sight. It may be said that we have wonderful energies as a nation, and in case of war could soon prepare the vessels necessary for protection or attack. We may be reminded of our feat in the war of the Rebellion, when from almost nothing a powerful navy was presently developed, adequate for all demands of the occasion. But certain things are here to be remembered. First, though we were weak at the outset of the war, the South was weaker still, having almost no ships or navy yards; second, the merchant marine from which we drew so largely then would be useless in any war with a foreign power to-day; and third, modern ships of war are two years or more in building; so that before we could fairly commence our preparations, every Atlantic port would be at the mercy of the foe.

Civil war will not again return. We may hope that war with a foreign power may never again be visited upon our country, but we can not know. So long as international rivalries exist, so long the chance for international collision is open. Even the seemingly inferior kingdom of Spain may some day challenge our armed hostility. Several times events have taken place upon our Southern borders and in the waters of the Gulf, which might easily have drifted into open warfare. And if war were to be declared with Spain it is much more than a probability that before we could organize any substantial defence, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, even Washington would be destroyed. Great Britain, too, with which we assume ourselves to be tied by bonds of peaceful kinship, never hesitates to resent infractions of her rights, or to take selfish positions arrogantly, especially against clearly weaker countries. We may yet again see what our country has twice already seen, a war with England, the greatest naval power upon the globe.

There is much for a navy to do in times of peace, but not so much that large establishments would be maintained for such uses only. For our country as it is to-day, the true standpoint from which to consider the subject of the United States navy is that of necessary national defence in the event

of foreign war. And this is no imaginary danger. It is not the part of wisdom to repose upon the apparent security of our commercial habits and the confidence begotten by the knowledge of our own peaceful intentions. Jealousy of our national progress is widespread and active. Sooner or later the untoward complication will arise, when arbitrations and interventions will fail, and grim-visaged war will frown once more; when

"The paths of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell!"

It was Washington who said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace." It is a false economy to attempt to stand upon a different plane from that occupied by other nations. We can not hope to bring them to our condition of practical disarmament. Sometime, we may rely upon it, an attempt will be made to punish us for our assumption of international security that seems to criticise their methods. Then where shall we stand, and what will be the result?

"War," it is said, "was formerly an instinct; now it is a science." To master a science requires labor and time. With a war upon us there is no time to study, scarcely time to think. Probably we ought not to attempt to maintain our naval service upon a par with the world's leading naval powers; we do not live under a system of government based upon force and regulated by repression; but the question is, how far behind the other nations can we safely lag?

We must, therefore, concede that the navy is a national necessity. As has been recently well and truly said by Secretary Chandler: "It must be maintained continuously for two purposes; to avert war by making it costly and dangerous for an opponent; and to wage war when it can not be averted." There should be at least a national fleet sufficient to "keep alive the knowledge of war," to which some constant employment must be given in time of peace in order to maintain its discipline and efficiency; employment in the line of its profession and as useful as may be. And the knowledge of war that must be fostered is a knowledge of modern war, as truly and thoroughly scientific as anything to be learned in our universities and institutes of technology.

We have scarcely the elements of such a naval force upon the sea to-day. For a long term of years after the

peace of 1865, it was our naval policy to disorganize and disarm. Seamen were discharged; officers were retired; vessels were sold at auction; navy yards were dismantled. The remaining ships of war and monitors were many of them laid up to decay. The fleet at last reached such a condition of decrepitude that it was justly a subject of ridicule not only abroad but at home as well. Having taught the nations that wooden ships could no longer rule the wave, they hastened to throw aside their splendid three-deckers and equipped themselves with ships of steel; while we still paddle about in the battered relics of the war, unable to withstand collision with ordinary coasting schooners, and repose upon the barren honor of the invention of the monitor.

There are now two general classes into which modern naval vessels are divided: "Harbor-protectors" and "commerce-destroyers." The example of the Alabama shows what is meant by a commerce destroyer. The iron-clad leviathans of the English navy are the most efficient harbor protectors known. Our navy has neither class in the modern understanding and with modern capabilities. We have several fine steam frigates, it is true—of which the Kearsarge is one of the best; but their speed is from ten to twelve knots an hour at the outside, and instead of being "commerce-destroyers," there are large numbers of modern passenger boats afloat, like the Oregon and the Alaska, the America and City of Rome, greyhounds of the sea, which not only could sail round our frigates with impunity, but if armed with a few modern guns could run them down, capture them, sink them with perfect ease.

So with our methods of defence. The Chief of Engineers reports that there is not one of our harbors that has any defence by way of modern fortifications against even an enemy of very inferior character. The Admiral of the Navy reports that it is universally admitted that we have no navy either for offence or defence; that we are in fact in as bad a condition as we were at the breaking out of the civil war, when we could only conform to the law of nations in attempting to blockade the Southern ports by "buying up every old ferry-boat and rattle-trap that could mount a gun."

Of course these sweeping censures passed by officers and bureaus are intended to be comparative, and are not to be understood as meaning that our country is literally destitute of a navy. There are five small fleets at sea, known as the North Atlantic Station; the South Atlantic Station; the

European Station ; the Pacific Station, and the Asiatic Station. These little squadrons are composed of from three to five vessels each, the character of which may be seen from the fact that the Hartford, the Richmond, and other vessels of the war of twenty years ago, are still in service, and are the flagships of the fleets to-day. There are also a few vessels employed on occasional or special service, four or five single turretted monitors, and one new double-turretted monitor, the Miantonomah.

Within the last two or three years the navy has received much attention from Congress. Under the acts of Aug. 5, 1882, and March 3, 1883, after careful investigation by the Naval Advisory Board, the department has entered upon a plan of gradual construction of modern vessels of the latest types, which in the opinion of all who have examined the subject, is now the dictate of the wisest economy.

Four new double turretted monitors are being built. They are all launched and may perhaps be completed during 1885. They are named the Puritan, Terror, Amphitrite and Monadnock. There are larger ships upon different plans in the European navies, but these compare most favorably with the best English and French vessels of similar character and purpose. The Puritan will probably come as near being impregnable and invincible as any ship of war afloat. She is to carry four ten and a half inch breech-loading rifled guns, with hydraulic apparatus, four Hotchkiss guns, four Gatling guns, an electric light and a torpedo outfit, and will be speeded to over thirteen knots an hour, with special adaptation for use as a modern ram. When these four vessels are completed we shall be provided with floating harbor defences, sufficient perhaps for present demands.

In addition to the foregoing there are in course of construction four other ships of war, unarmored, but built of steel, designed for ocean service. They are to be named the Chicago, a 4500 ton cruiser, the Boston and Atlanta, 3000 ton cruisers, and the Dolphin of about 1500 tons, called a despatch boat. The Dolphin is now just completed and is expected to serve as a model for future high speed commerce-destroyers. The Chicago will be one of the finest cruising and fighting ships of war in the whole world. She is intended to represent the maximum of unarmored fighting efficiency, with the qualities of speed, endurance, battery power and hardness, carried to their highest development. The Boston and Atlanta will take the place of second rate ships

of the Hartford class. And of course as the vessels of the present fleet deteriorate and go out of service, it will be the part of prudence and necessity to replace them by new cruisers of improved plans and consonant with the principles of modern service, large and small according to their several uses. There are now thirty-two unarmored cruising vessels in commission. They have abundant service to keep them constantly employed.

In all the wars in which the European nations are constantly engaged, if on a large scale or a small one, from the Mediterranean to the China sea, American life, property and interests are in frequent jeopardy, and protection must be provided. And there are peaceful as well as warlike uses for our navy. Explorations, soundings, surveys, the government of Alaska and its innumerable islands, the support of our diplomatic policy in all quarters of the globe, the protection and advancement of American commerce, and the maintenance of our National honor in every sea, require constant naval demonstration and activity.

It is believed that under the present administration the United States Navy is recovering from the lethargy, torpor and decay of the previous twenty years. It is surely to be hoped that under the next administration no discredit will be thrown upon the advances in naval matters inaugurated by the last, or upon the proud record of a hundred years gone by.

The address held the closest interest of the audience, and was frequently interrupted by applause. At its close, on motion of Lieutenant Hugh Henry, the thanks of the society were voted to the orator. The society then marched back to the Pavilion, where the annual supper took place at ten o'clock.

THE SUPPER.

The large dining hall was filled with tables, which were filled to the last chair. The tables were graced by the presence of an unusual number of ladies, among those present being Mrs. Governor Pingree, Mrs. Ormsbee, Mrs. Judge Royce, Mrs. Judge Veazey, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Dubois, Mrs. Dillingham, Mrs. Farnham, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. General T. S.

Peck, Mrs. Batchelder, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Colonel Franklin, and a number of other ladies and wives of officers and guests. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Governor Pingree, ex-Governors Holbrook, Proctor and Barstow, Honorable W. W. Grout, Member of Congress, Lieutenant-Governor Ormsbee, State Auditor Powell, Treasurer Dubois, Adjutant General Peck, Quarter Master General Ide, Judge Advocate General Marsh, Honorable George Nichols, and others.

The supper was served in the customary handsome style of the Pavilion. Grace was said by Chaplain Lee, and in due time the company was called to order by Colonel Seaver, who introduced Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Hooker, as the toast master of the occasion. Colonel Hooker with apt remarks announced the sentiments and called up the speakers, as follows :

I. The State of Vermont.

Responded to by Governor Pingree, who said that when we speak of the State we of course mean the people of Vermont. They have been a peculiar people, with a unique history. Descended from the hardy mountaineers who fought the men of New Hampshire on the one hand and those of New York on the other, and who laid in strife the foundations of our commonwealth, they have had a fighting reputation to maintain, and they have maintained it through four wars. It is to be hoped that the generation to come will not have to repeat the warlike experience of the past ; but if the emergency of war should come we can believe that there is still in the stock and blood of the Green Mountain Boys, that which will carry our State through with credit, and keep the people harmonious and undivided. If any State can be sure of self-preservation as a commonwealth it is one like ours.

The Owl Glee club of St. Albans, nine in number, led by Dr. Sherar, here sang, " Long Live my Boys."

II. The General Assembly of Vermont.

Lieutenant-Governor Ormsbee said the best interests of the people are ever safe in the hands of our legislators. The soldiers are always represented among them and they can be counted on to show that they are equal to the duties of civil life, as they were to those of war. And as for those at our end of the State House, we have the best set of men you ever saw.

Speaker Batchelder said he could not speak for the men who shared the duty and glory of defending the flag. But he could testify to the good sense and worthy purpose of our legislators. He once used to think that a smaller House would be better ; but he had changed his mind. The popular branch of the Legislature is large enough, but none too large. And the sixty ex-soldiers in the present House are among the best members.

III. Our War Governors.

Colonel Hooker read a despatch from ex-Governor John Gregory Smith expressing regret that imperative engagements in Boston prevented his acceptance of the invitation to attend the re-union, and adding :

Will you kindly convey to the friends present my regrets, and the assurance that though fettered by unavoidable fate, causing my bodily absence, I will be with them in spirit and share in their festivities and in the memories which will be surely awakened.

Ex-Governor Holbrook was next called up as the man who signed most of the commissions of those present, and who was one of President Lincoln's most trusted supporters among the governors of the loyal States.

Governor Holbrook said that he commissioned so many of the Vermont officers that they all seemed to him like sons. He watched them with pride and confidence as they went out to sustain the flag ; and he was proud to see the survivors of their number fulfilling their duties as citizens in a way which

showed that the lessons of self-reliance and devotion to duty, taught them in the war, had not been lost in peace. Recalling some reminiscences of the war time, he mentioned the fact that in the dark time previous to Antietam he wrote to President Lincoln, suggesting the propriety of a call for more troops, and pledging the State of Vermont not only to respond to a call, but, if necessary, to equip her men, and wait for reimbursement till the Government should be in a position to pay the debt. Provost Marshal General Draper was thereupon sent to Vermont by Mr. Lincoln, and as a consequence of consultation a draft of a joint letter, to be signed by the loyal governors, was drawn by Governor Holbrook, pledging support to the Government. This was signed by all governors of the loyal States, and on this was based the second call for 300,000 three years' men. Then came the call for nine months' regiments, filled elsewhere by drafts from the militia, while Vermont filled hers with volunteers. Governor Holbrook also alluded to the successful experiment of bringing the sick and wounded soldiers home from the field to hospitals in their own States, inaugurated by Vermont during his administration, and generally adopted. In these and other ways Vermont held up the hands of Mr. Lincoln, and the men of this State stood high in his confidence.

Governor Holbrook was warmly applauded, and after his speech, the Glee Club gave "Marching Through Georgia," the guests rising and joining in the chorus.

IV. *The Father of the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers*—the first of its kind in any State. His child is of age.

Colonel Proctor modestly disclaimed any special right to the title of Father of this Society. No one individual fathered it. It was born of the ties of the service—the strongest save those of family and kindred. It was formed to perpetuate the memories of the camp, bivouac and battle-

field, and it has well fulfilled its object. Recalling war reminiscences, Governor Proctor said that he once wrote the obituary of Governor Pingree, who had then earned the title of the hero of Lee's Mills, and was believed to have died of wounds and disease. He also mentioned meeting an Ex-Confederate colonel in Georgia, last year, who was an officer in one of the regiments driven out of the works at Lee's Mills by the battalion of Vermont troops, and who spoke in strong terms of the gallantry displayed by them, which gave the Southerners a new idea of the fighting qualities of the Northern troops.

V. *The late Major James S. Peck*, late President and for fifteen years the faithful Secretary of this Society.

Sergeant Lucius Bigelow spoke of Major Peck in terms of high and truthful eulogy. He was a man faithful to his country and to us all. Modest, courteous and urbane, his attractive face and mild eye betokened a nature not fond of strife. Nothing but high principle would ever have sent him into the service. He had a humane hate of bloodshed. Yet he was a stout soldier, because a man of pride and spirit. He never walked zig-zag in the face of the enemy. He represented the educated brain of our country. Some affect to despise sentiment in a soldier ; but the men who lead forlorn hopes, in war and peace, are the men of refined and delicate temperaments, who, knowing their duty, dare to do it. As another example of such, Mr. Bigelow mentioned Major Reynolds of the Seventeenth Vermont, who in the struggle of the mine at Petersburg, shot two of the enemy with his pistol and killed another with his sword before he fell ; and in his knapsack was found a manuscript copy of Collins' "Ode to the Brave."

At the close of Mr. Bigelow's remarks the Glee Club sang "The Vacant Chair," with much feeling and fine shading and harmony.

VI. *Our Generals*—without and with arms.

General Stannard was called for, but had left the hall. Responded to by General Stephen Thomas.

VII. *The Congress of the United States.*

Responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Grout, M. C.

VIII. *"Peace hath her victories as well as war."*

Responded to by Colonel John B. Mead, State Commissioner to the New Orleans Exposition.

Two other toasts to the United States Army and Navy, had been prepared by the Toast Committee, to which Lieutenant H. E. Tutherly, Fourth United States Cavalry, and Commander Woodward, United States Navy, were expected to respond, but in view of the lateness of the hour they asked to be excused, and the speaking ended here, the Glee Club giving as a closing song, "Bring Back my Bonnie to Me," which was finely sung and cordially applauded.

All the arrangements of the occasion showed careful attention and good taste on the part of the executive committee, consisting of Captain F. E. Smith, Captain John W. Clark and Lieutenant John C. Stearns, who were assisted in the dining hall by Captain R. J. Coffey, and the reunion was in all respects one of the most successful on record.

HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR JAMES S. PECK.

The Committee appointed for the purpose prepared and placed upon the Records of the Society the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in the death of Major James S. Peck, for fifteen years the faithful Recording Secretary of this Society, and later its President, always mindful of its interests and devoted to its welfare, this Reunion Society has sustained a loss of unexampled severity.

Resolved, That our brother was one who did his duty as soldier, citizen and comrade; and that we will cherish the memory of his brave heart, true soul, high spirit, genuine courtesy, and unselfish friendship, as long as we are capable of recognizing truth and worth in manly character.

Resolved, That we extend to his widow our tenderest sympathy, assuring her that we mourn a loss only less deep than hers, and that as one who was so near and dear to our friend and brother gone before, she will always have a place in our kindest interest and regard.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

PRESIDENTS.

	<i>Elected.</i>
Brig. and Bvt. Maj. Gen. GEORGE JERRISON STANNARD,	1865-6
Lieut.-Colonel WILLIAM Y. W. RIPLEY,	1867
Lieut.-Colonel SAMUEL E. PINGREE,	1868
Brig. and Bvt. Maj. Gen. WILLIAM WELLS,	1869
Col. and Bvt. Brig. Gen. GEORGE P. FOSTER,	1871
Brig. Gen. STEPHEN THOMAS,	1872
Colonel REDFIELD PROCTOR,	1872
Col. and Bvt. Brig. Gen. WILLIAM W. HENRY,	1873
Colonel WHEELOCK G. VEAZEY,	1874
Colonel PERLEY P. PITKIN,	1875
Lieut.-Colonel WILLIAM W. GROUT,	1876
Lieut.-Colonel GEORGE W. HOOKER,	1877
Colonel AMASA S. TEACY,	1878
Surgeon GEORGE NICHOLS,	1880
Colonel JOHN B. MEAD,	1880
Major JOHN LESTER BARSTOW,	1882
Major JAMES S. PECK,	1882
Colonel THOMAS O. SEAVER,	1883
Colonel WILLIAM C. HOLBROOK,	1884

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Bvt. Maj. Gen. Wm. Wells, Bvt. Brig. Gen. E. H. Ripley,	1865-6
Lieut.-Col. Samuel E. Pingree,	1867
Lieut.-Col. Edwin S. Stowell, Bvt. Brig. Gen. George P. Foster,	1868
Lieut.-Col. Edwin S. Stowell, Capt. J. Byron Brooks,	1869
Col. James H. Walbridge, Maj. Josiah Grout,	1871
Maj. N. P. Bowman, Paymaster Albert S. Kenny, U. S. N.,	1872
Bvt. Brig. Gen. Wm. W. Henry, Col. Thomas O. Seaver,	1872
Col. Thomas O. Seaver, Capt. John W. Newton,	1873
Capt. A. B. Valentine, Lieut. Kittredge Haskins,	1874
Lieut. George H. Bigelow, Sergt. H. E. Taylor,	1875

Lieut.-Col. George W. Hooker, Capt. Urban A. Woodbury,	1876
Col. Henry M. Porter, Capt. Fred E. Smith,	1877
Lieut. Willard Farrington, Capt. Wm. W. Lynde,	1878
Capt. A. B. Valentine, Capt. Urban A. Woodbury,	1880
Col. John B. Mead, Capt. E. J. Ormsbee,	1880
Lieut.-Col. Stephen M. Pingree, Col. Perley P. Pitkin,	1882
Capt. A. B. Valentine, Bvt. Brig. Gen. Edw. H. Ripley,	1882
Col. Wm. C. Holbrook, Capt. Theodore S. Peck,	1883
Lieut. Col. Aldace F. Walker, Capt. F. Stewart Stranahan,	1884

SECRETARIES.

Lieut. John C. Stearns,	<i>Rec. Sec'y</i> , 1865-6; <i>Cor. Sec'y</i> ,	1871-3
Major James S. Peck,	<i>Rec. Sec'y</i> , 1867-73; <i>Rec. and Cor. Sec'y</i> ,	1874-81
Lieut.-Col. Roswell Farnham,	<i>Cor. Sec'y</i> ,	1865-6
Lieut. George Grenville Benedict,	<i>Cor. Sec'y</i> ,	1867-8
Lieut. Albert Clarke,	<i>Cor. Sec'y</i> ,	1869
Col. Frederick E. Smith,	<i>Rec. and Cor. Sec'y</i> ,	1882

TREASURERS.

Colonel Perley P. Pitkin,	1865-75
Major Levi G. Kingsley,	1875-

ROLL OF MEMBERS,

JANUARY, 1885.

Names of deceased members are marked with a *.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Philip H. Sheridan.....	Lieut. Gen. U. S. A.....	Washington, D.C.
Rufus Ingalls.....	Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols.....	Washington, D.C.
Daniel Butterfield.....	Maj. Gen. U. S. A.....	New York.
Charles A. Curtis.....	Bvt. Capt. 5th Inf., U. S. A.....	Faribault, Minn.

MEMBERS.

Abell, Charles E.....	Capt. 14th.....	Orwell.
Abbot, Lemuel A.....	Capt. 10th, Capt. 6th U. S. Cav.....	Chicago, Ill.
Adams, Charles A.....	Maj. 1st Cav.....	Chillicothe, Mo.
Aikens, Joseph P.....	Capt. 4th.....	So. Stoddard, N. H.
Alden, William L.....	Sergt.....	Middlebury.
Allen, Charles L.....	Surg. U. S. Vols.....	Rutland.
Allen, John H.....	1st Lieut. 14th.....	Hinesburgh.
Allen, Samuel J.....	Surg. 4th.....	W. R. Junction.
Andross, Dudley K.....	Capt. 1st, Col. 9th.....	Bradford.
Arthur, Elliot J.....	Lieut. U. S. N.....	New York City.
Atherton, Henry B.....	Capt. 4th.....	Nashua, N. H.
Austin, Orlo H.....	Capt. 11th.....	Barton Landing.
Ayer, Don C.....	2nd Lieut. 11th.....	Gaylord, Kan.
Bailey, Myron W.....	Sergt.....	St. Albans.
Bain, John J.....	1st Lieut. 2nd.....	Washington, D.C.
Baker, Joel C.....	1st Lieut. 9th.....	Rutland.
Baldwin, Wallace E.....	1st Lieut. 5th.....	Rutland.
*Ballard, A. C.....	1st Lieut. 9th.....	Winooski.
Ballard, Henry.....	2nd Lieut. 5th.....	Burlington.
Barber, David P.....	Capt. 7th.....	Nashua, N. H.
Barney, Friend H.....	Capt. 5th.....	Swanton.
Barney, Valentine G.....	Lieut. Col. 9th.....	Charles City, Ia.
Barrett, James.....	2nd Lieut. 1st Cav.....	Rutland.
Barstow, John L.....	Maj. 8th.....	Shelburn.
Bartlett, John D.....	Maj. 1st Cav.....	Allston, Mass.

*Bascom, John T.....	Capt. 9th.....	Baton Rouge, La.
Baxter, Henry C.....	1st Lieut. 11th.....	Boston, Mass.
Beach, Edgar A.....	2nd Lt. 4th 2nd Lt. 2nd, U. S. S. S.....	Essex Junction.
Beattie, Alex. M.....	Capt. 3rd.....	Lancaster, N. H.
Bell, Freeborn E.....	2nd Lieut. 1st.....	St. Albans.
Bemis, Warren S.....	2nd Lieut. 11th.....	Vernon.
Benedict, George G.....	2nd Lieut. 12th and A. D. C.....	Burlington.
Benedict, J. A.....	Sergt.....	Poultney.
Benton, C. Henry.....	1st Lieut. 5th.....	Minneapolis, Min.
Benton, Reuben C.....	Capt. 5th, Lieut. Col. 11th.....	Minneapolis, Min.
Bigelow, George H.....	2nd Lieut. 12th, A. Q. M.....	Burlington.
Bigelow, Lucius.....	Sergt. 5th.....	Rutland.
Bisbee, Lewis H.....	Capt. 9th.....	Chicago, Ill.
Bixby, F.....	Hosp. Steward.....	Montpelier.
Bixby, James A.....	2nd Lieut. 5th.....	Jericho.
Blair, George P.....	Sergt.....	Barnet.
Blaisdell, Edward.....	2nd Lieut. 11th.....	Hartford.
Blake, George H.....	Capt. 15th.....	Barton.
Bliss, Chas. M.....	2nd Lieut. 2nd.....	Bennington.
Bliss, Sidney.....	1st Lieut. 11th.....	Northfield.
Bliss, Zenas H.....	Capt. 28th U. S. C. T.....	
Blodgett, Pearl D.....	Capt. 10th.....	St. Johnsbury.
Boorum, C. R.....	Ohio Vols.....	
Bowman, N. P.....	Maj., Paymaster U. S. A.....	St. Johnsbury.
Boynton, Joseph J.....	Maj. 13th.....	Stowe.
Brainerd, Aldis O.....	Lieut., A. Q. M. 5th.....	St. Albans.
Brainerd, Chas. D.....	2nd Lieut. 15th, Capt. 17th.....	Danville.
Brainerd, Herbert.....	Lieut., A. Q. M. 1st Cav.....	St. Albans.
Brastow, L. O.....	Chaplain 12th.....	New Haven, Ct.
Bridgman, George W.....	2nd Lieut. 2nd.....	Barton.
Brigham, Sidney S.....	Capt. 3rd.....	St. Albans.
Brock, Thos. A.....	2nd Lieut. 12th.....	So. Newbury.
Bronson, Martin V. B.....	1st Lieut. 1st U. S. S. S.....	Middlebury.
Brooks, H. F.....	Capt.....	Brattleboro.
Brooks, James B.....	Capt. 4th.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
Brown, Andrew C.....	Lieut. Col. 13th.....	Montpelier.
Brown, Edward M.....	Adj. 5th, Lieut. Col. 8th.....	Bismarck, Dak.
Brown, Horace E.....	Capt. 15th.....	Thetford Centre.
Brown, Stephen F.....	1st Lieut. 13th, Capt. 11th.....	Chicago, Ill.
Brownell, Elias L.....	Capt. 9th.....	Spirit Lake, Ia.
Brownson, Harry.....	Quartmaster 12th.....	Omaha, Neb.
Bruce, Martin L.....	1st Lieut. 8th.....	W. Randolph.

Buck, George, Jr.	1st Lieut. 2nd	Fairfax.
Bullard, Gates B.	Surg. 15th	St. Johnsbury.
*Burbank, Wm. B.	1st Lieut. 17th	Montpelier.
Burnham, Samuel E.	Capt. 5th	Rutland.
*Burrows, Hunt W.	Adj. 11th	Vernon.
Bushnell, Henry N.	Capt. 6th	Waitsfield.
Butterfield, Frank G.	Capt. 6th	Washington, D.C.
Butterfield, Fred D.	Capt. 8th	Derby Line.
Cade, C. W.	Sergt	Barton.
*Cady, W. H.	Capt. 2nd	Bennington.
*Carlton, A. L.	Lieut., A. Q. M. 11th	Montpelier.
Carpenter, B. W.	Ass't Surg. 2nd, Surg. 9th	Burlington.
Carpenter, George N.	Capt. 8th	Bostop, Mass.
Carpenter, George N.	1st Lieut. 9th	Marshfield.
*Carpenter, Henry	Adj. 8th	Belvidere.
Carpenter, Marshall A.	Capt. 15th	Wells River.
Carter, Edward W.	Capt. 4th	Brattleboro.
Chamberlain, P. S.	Capt. 12th	Bradford.
Chamberlain, R. T.	1st Lieut. 4th	W. Oakland, Cal.
*Chandler, Chas. G.	Capt. 1st, Capt. 5th, Lt. Col. 10th	Keene, N. H.
Chandler, Chas. M.	Surg. 6th	Montpelier.
Chase, Henry R.	Maj. 11th	Guilford Centre.
Chase, John W.	Capt. 2nd Bat.	Brandon.
Chase, Phillip E.	Capt. 2nd	Mount Holly.
Cheney, Perley C. J.	2nd Lieut. 1st Cav	Boston, Mass.
Chesmore, Alwyn H.	Ass't Surg. 5th	Huntington.
Child, Andrew J.	2nd Lieut. 14th	St. Louis, Mo.
*Child, Willard A.	Ass't Surg. 1st and 4th, Surg. 10th	Mooers, N. Y.
Childs, George T.	Sergt.—Mass	St. Albans.
Claffin, Hollis O.	1st Lieut. 17th	Knoxville, Tenn.
Clark, Alanda W.	1st Lieut. 14th	Rutland.
Clark, Chas	Capt. 7th	Rutland.
*Clark, Geo. M.	1st Lieut. 16th	Reading.
Clark, John W.	Capt., A. Q. M. 6th	Montpelier.
Clark, R. H.	2d Lieut. 75th U. S. C. T.	Elmore.
Clark, Stephen A.	Capt. 1st Cav	Highmore, Dak.
Clarke, Albert	1st Lieut. 18th	Boston, Mass.
Clarke, Ranslure W.	Capt., A. Q. M	Brattleboro.
Cleveland, Edward F.	1st Lieut. 9th	Dundee, Ill.
Cleveland, J. P. Jr.	1st Lieut. 12th	W. Randolph.
Clough, Daniel M.	1st Lieut. 16th	Bethel.
Coffey, Robert J.	Sergt. 4th	Windsor.

Colby, Henry G.....	Paymaster U. S. N.....	
Cole, Eugene O.....	1st Lieut. 2nd, Lieut. Col. 5th.....	Bennington.
Colt, George M.....	Corp.....	Brattleboro.
Conger, George P.....	Capt. 1st Cav.....	St. Albans.
Conway, Daniel.....	2nd Lieut. 14th, Capt. 17th.....	West Rutland.
Cook, Hiram.....	Capt. 5th.....	Huntington.
*Corey, Chas. W.....	1st Lieut. 14th, Capt. 17th.....	Bridport.
*Crain, Frederick.....	Lieut., A. Q. M. 3d.....	Springfield, Vt.
Crandall, John B.....	Ass't Surg. 18th.....	Sterling, Ill.
Crossett, F. M.....	Band Master.....	Bennington.
Cronan, William.....	Capt. 7th.....	Brandon.
Cull, Henry.....	1st Lieut. 17th.....	Belvidere.
Cummings, Wm. G.....	Lieut. Col. 1st Cav.....	Burlington. Ia.
Currier, J. W.....	Lieut.....	North Troy.
Cushman, Henry T.....	A. Q. M. 4th.....	No. Bennington.
*Cushman, J. Halsey.....	A. Q. M. 4th.....	Bennington.
Daniels, W. H.....		Irasburgh.
Dartt, Justus.....	2nd Lieut. 9th.....	Springfield, Vt.
Davis, Alex. W.....	Capt. U. S. C. T.....	W. R. Junction.
Davis, Frederick C.....	1st Lieut. 5th.....	Swanton.
Davis, George E.....	Capt. 10th.....	Burlington.
Derby, Buel J.....	Lieut., A. Q. M. 17th.....	Burlington.
Dewey, Edward.....	Capt. A. Q. M. 8th.....	Montpelier.
Dickinson, R. J.....	Sergt.....	Benon.
Dillingham, Chas.....	Capt. 2nd, Lieut. Col. 8th.....	New Orleans.
Dodge, Chester W.....	Capt. 11th.....	Morristown.
Dorman, Julius S.....	1st Lieut. 11th.....	No. Troy.
Downer, Perley R.....	Drum Major 12th.....	Sacramento, Cal.
*Drew, John T.....	Capt. 2nd.....	Burlington.
Dudley, Andrew J.....	1st Lieut. 11th.....	Woodsville, N. H.
Durkee, L. T.....	Sergt.....	Rutland.
Dunshee, Noble F.....	Capt. 14th.....	Bristol.
Dunton, Walter C.....	Capt. 14th.....	Rutland.
Eddy, John P.....	2nd Lieut. Frontier Cav.....	Montpelier.
Edmunds, Wm. H.....	2nd Lieut. 7th.....	Gaysville.
Edson, H. O.....	Corp.....	Rutland.
Edson, P. O'M.....	Ass't Surg. 1st Cav., Surg. 17th.....	Roxbury, Mass.
Edwards, Ellis B.....	Capt. 1st Cav.....	New York City.
Elder, Josiah L.....	Maj. 40th Mass.....	W. R. Junction.
Eldredge, James E.....	Capt. 11th.....	Warren.
Eells, Isaac L.....	A. Q. M. 5th.....	Middlebury.
Emmons, Edwin C.....	1st Lieut. 12th.....	Woodstock.

Fairbanks, Luke B.....	Capt. 3rd.....	Ballards Falls, Ks.
Farnham, Roswell.....	2nd Lieut. 1st, Lieut. Col. 12th.....	Bradford.
Farr, Edward P.....	1st Lieut. 10th.....	St. Johnsbury.
Farrington, Willard.....	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.....	St. Albans.
Fay, Arnold C.....	2nd Lieut. 13th, Capt. 17th.....	Milton.
Fay, Irving E.....		
Ferry, Amasa W.....	1st Lieut. 2nd.....	Braintree.
Field, Charles.....	A. Q. M. 14th.....	Dorset.
Fisher, Lewis W.....	Capt. 4th.....	E. Hardwick.
Fisher, Wm. H. H.....	Corp.....	Rutland.
Flagg, Gershom H.....	Drum Major 8th.....	Richmond.
Flagg, George W.....	1st Lieut. 2nd.....	W. Braintree.
Fletcher, Henry A.....	2nd Lieut. 16th.....	Proctorsville.
*Floyd, Horace W.....	Col. 3d.....	Springfield.
Forbes, Cornelius H.....	Adj. 5th.....	Brandon.
Foster, Asa G.....	Capt. 6th.....	Weston.
*Foster, George P.....	Col. 4th, Brevet Brig. Gen.....	Burlington.
Foster, Henry E.....	Capt. 8th.....	Derby Line.
Foster, Sidney H.....	1st Lieut. 11th.....	Calais.
Franklin, Alvin B.....	Lieut. Col. 8th.....	Newfane.
French, George B.....	Adj. 4th, Capt. Frontier Cav.....	Woodstock.
French, George F.....	1st Lieut. 8th.....	Lunenburg.
French, Horace.....	Capt. 3rd.....	W. R. Junction.
Frost, Carlton P.....	Surg. 15th.....	Hanover, N. H.
Fuller, Austin W.....	2nd Lieut. 10th.....	St. Albans.
Gager, G. H.....	1st Lieut. 169th N. Y.....	Middlebury.
Gates, Clarence D.....	Adj. 1st Cav.....	Cambridge.
Gibbs, Warren.....	Sergt. 1st Cav.....	St. Albans.
Giddings, Benj. F.....	Capt. 17th.....	Detroit, Mich.
Gillett, Heman H.....	Surg. 8th.....	Post Mills.
Gilmore, Henry.....	Capt. 17th.....	St. Albans.
Gilmore, W. H.....	Q. M. Sergt. 8th.....	Fairlee.
Gilson, Darwin K.....	1st Lieut. 10th.....	St. Albans.
Glazier, N. Newton.....	1st Lieut. 11th.....	Westboro, Mass.
Goldsmith, Middleton.....	Surg. U. S. Vols.....	Rutland.
Goodwin, David M.....	Surg. 3rd.....	Minneapolis, Min.
Goodrich, John E.....	Chap. 1st Cav.....	Burlington.
Gould, Albert H.....	2nd Lt. 1st Bat., 2nd Lt. Fr. Cav.....	Chelsea.
Gould, George W.....	Adj. 9th.....	Keene, N. H.
Goulding, J. H.....	Lieut. U. S. C. T.....	Rutland.
Gove, Francis R.....	2nd Lieut. 1st, Capt. 4th.....	Boston, Mass.
Grant, Lewis A.....	Col. 5th, Brig. and Bvt. Maj. Gen.....	Minneapolis, Min.

Graves, George E.	Capt.	Rutland.
Gray, Sanford G.	Capt. 6th	So. Wheelock.
Greeley, George P.	Surg. 9th U. S. Vet. Vols.	Nashua, N. H.
Green, J. Dunham	Surg. 91st U. S. C. T.	Rutland.
Greenleaf, Ed. E.	Lieut. 1st Bat.	Winooski.
Greenleaf, W. L.	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.	Winooski.
Greer, Samuel	1st Lieut. 10th	Wallingford.
Griswold, Edward F.	1st Lieut. 11th	St. Johnsbury.
Griswold, Elbridge H.	1st Lieut. 12th	W. Salisbury.
Grout, Josiah, Jr.	Capt. 1st Cav.	Derby.
Grout, Luman M.	Maj. 8th	Montpelier.
Grout, William W.	Lieut. Col. 15th	Barton.
Grover, Andrew J.	Maj. 1st Cav.	W. R. Junction.
Guyer, Chas. B.	2nd Lieut. 3rd	Wolcott.
Halbert, John S.	2nd Lieut. 9th	Chicago, Ill.
Hall, Austin H.	Adj. 3rd	Island Pond.
Hall, Dan K.	2nd Lieut. 12th	Rutland.
Hall, George R.	1st Lieut. 5th	Rutland.
Hall, Nathaniel B.	Maj. 14th	Bennington.
*Halsey, Thos. H.	Paymaster	Brandon.
Hamilton, Eugene A.	Capt. 5th	Salisbury.
*Hammond, Elon O.	Capt. 3d	E. Montpelier.
Hanrahan, J. D.	Surg.	Rutland.
Hard, Henry S.	Hosp. Steward 12th	
Hart, Eli R.	1st Lieut. 11th	Proctorsville.
Hartshorn, Eldin J.	2nd Lieut. 15th, Capt. 17th	Emmettsburg, Ia.
Haskell, Chas. W.	1st Lieut. 9th	Grafton.
Haskins, Kittredge	1st Lieut. 16th	Brattleboro.
*Haskins, W. H.	Capt. 8th	Bradford.
Hatch, George H.	1st Lieut. 6th	Nashua, N. H.
Hatch, Jerome B.	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.	Litchfield, Min.
Hayward Henry R.	2nd Lieut. 2nd	Tunbridge.
*Hazelton, John H.	Maj. 1st Cav.	West Rutland.
Headle, M. K.	Corp.	E. Wallingford.
Hebard, Salmon B.	2nd Lieut. 1st Bat.	Chelsea.
Henry, Hugh	2nd Lieut. 16th	Chester.
Henry, Wilbur E.	2nd Lieut. 17th	Waterbury.
Henry, William W.	1st Lt. 2nd, Col. 10th, Bvt. Brig. Gen.	Burlington.
Hibbard, Curtis A.	2nd Lieut. 9th	Burlington.
*Hibbard, Edward L.	1st Lieut. 13th	East Franklin.
Hickok, H. D.	Capt. 98th N. Y.	Malone, N. Y.
Hindes, George W.	Bvt. Col. 96th N. Y.	Burlington.

Holbrook, William C.	1st Lieut. 4th, Col. 7th	New York City.
Holden, Eli	1st Lieut. 1st Cav	Barre.
Holman, William C.	1st Lieut. 9th	West Braintree.
*Holmes, John C.	2nd Lieut. 1st Cav	Washington, D.C.
Holton, Edward A.	Capt. 6th	Burlington.
Hooker, George W.	1st Lieut. 4th, Lt. Col. A. A. G.	Brattleboro.
Hope, James	Capt. 2nd	New York City.
Houghton, E. C.	Capt	Bennington.
Hovey, Edwin L.	1st Lieut. 15th	Waterford.
Howard, Squire E.	Capt. 8th	Brattleboro.
Howe, E. A.	Capt. U. S. C. T.	Ludlow.
Hoyt, William R.	1st Lieut. 10th	Chip'ewa F., Wis.
Hubbard, W. H.	Lieut. Col. 3rd	Lyndon Centre.
Hunsdon, Chas	Col. 11th	Albany, N. Y.
Hurlburt, Ward B.	Capt. 2nd	Weybridge L. F.
Hutchinson, L. M.	Capt. 8th	Worcester.
Hutchinson, Samuel	Capt. 16th	Norwich.
Hyde, James T.	Capt. 11th	Salem, N. Y.
*Hyde, Melvin J.	Surg. 2nd	Isle La Mott.
Ide, Horace K.	Capt. 1st Cav	St. Johnsbury.
Janes, Henry	Surg. 3rd	Waterbury.
Jenne, Benj. R.	Capt. 5th	Hudson, N. Y.
Jewett, A. B.	1st Lieut. 1st, Col. 10th	St. Johnsbury.
Jewett, Erastus W.	1st Lieut. 9th	Swanton.
*Johnson, Enoch E.	Lieut. Col. 2nd	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Jones, Chas. N.	Lieut. 1st Cav	Bethel.
Joslyn, C. Edwin	Capt. 6th	Barton Landing.
Joyce, Chas. H.	Lieut. Col. 2nd	Washington, D.C.
Keith, Alfred H.	Capt. 6th	Providence, R. I.
Kelley, Edward L.	Capt. 9th	New York city.
Kelley, F. B.	Corp. Ohio Vols	Rutland.
Kelley, Samuel H.	Capt. 9th	Rutland.
Kendall, P. R.	Corp	Rutland.
Kenfield, Frank	1st Lieut. 13th, Capt. 17th	Morrisville.
Kennedy, Thomas B.	Capt. 6th	Fairfield.
Kenny, Albert S.	Paymaster U. S. N.	Burlington.
Kilburn, J. B.	Capt. 7th	Rutland.
Kingsley, H. W.	Capt. 10th	Rutland.
Kingsley, Levi G.	2nd Lieut. 1st, Maj. 12th	Rutland.
Kinsman, Chas. C.	1st Lieut. 4th	Rutland.
Kinsman, Henry E.	1st Lieut. 1st U. S. S. S.	Hartford, Conn.

Kittredge, Geo. H.	2nd Lieut. 12th	St. Albans.
Knapp, Lyman E.	1st Lieut. 16th, Lieut. Col. 17th	Middlebury.
Knox, Edward M.	Capt. 7th	Rutland.
*Landon, D.	Capt. 7th	Stowe.
Landon, Walter C.	Capt. 12th	Rutland.
*Langdon, H. H.	Ass't Surg. 7th	Burlington.
Leavenworth, Abel E.	Capt. 9th	Castleton.
Lee, Edward P.	Capt. 11th	West Rutland.
Lewis, Chas. J.	Capt. 11th	Joplin, Mo.
Lewis, David W.	Capt. 9th	Hyde Park, Mass.
Lewis, Geo. C.	Capt. 1st Cav	No. Troy.
Lewis, John R.	Col. 5th, Bvt. Brig. Gen.	Atlanta, Ga.
*Lewis, Silas H.	1st Lieut. 10th	St. Albans.
Lewis, Will F.	Corp.	Rutland.
Lincoln, Sumner H.	Col. 6th, Capt. 10th U. S. Inf.	Fort Lyon, Col.
Livingston, Josiah O.	Capt. 9th	Montpelier.
Livingston, W. Jr.	1st Lieut. 8th	St. Johnsbury.
Lonergan, John	Capt. 13th	Lincoln.
Lucia, Joel H.	1st Lieut. 17th	Montpelier.
*Lynde, Wm. W.	Capt. 8th	Brattleboro.
*Mack, Daniel A.	Chaplain 3d	Franklin, N. H.
Mansur, Z. M.	Corp.	Island Pond.
Marsh, Carmi L.	2nd Lieut. 18th	Enosburgh.
Marsh, John W.	2nd Lieut. 3rd Bat.	Chicago.
Martin, A. A.	Sergt	Hartland.
Marvin, J. H.	Sergt	Sheldon.
McGaffey, Stephen R.	Capt. 15th	Lyndon.
McMillan, Putnam D.	R. Q. M. 15th	Minneapolis, Min.
McWain, Edwin J.	1st Lieut. 11th	W. Randolph.
Meacham, Ozro	Sergt	Brandon.
Mead, John B.	Col. 8th	Randolph.
Meigs, Jno. J.	Surg. 3d, Ass't Surg. 11th	Elcho, Nev.
Merriman, C. D.	Capt. 1st U. S. S.	Hinsdale, N. H.
Miller, Geo.	2nd Lieut. 1st Cav	Williston.
Montgomery, M.	Capt. 10th U. S. C. T.	St. Johnsbury.
Moore, Frank	Capt. 1st Cav	Shoreham.
Moore, Josiah H.	1st Lieut. 1st Cav	Rushford, Minn.
Morrison, A. J.	Col. 26th New Jersey Vols.	
Morse, E. A.	R. Q. M. 1st & 7th, Capt. & A. Q. M.	Rutland.
Morton, Edward A.	Capt.	St. Albans.
Moseley, John L.	Capt. 7th	Northfield.

Mower, Albion J.	Capt. 9th	East Calais.
Mulholland, H.	Surg.	Rutland.
Munson, Wm. D.	Lieut. Col. 13th	Colchester.
Murdick, O. P.	2nd Lieut. 7th	Rutland.
*Nason, Horace E.	2nd Lieut. 15th	Island Pond.
Needham, J. B.	1st Lieut. 4th	Rutland.
Newton, Chas. H.	1st Lieut. 4th	Marshfield.
Newton, John W.	Capt. 1st Cav.	New York city.
Nichols, Carlos W.	Corp.	Rutland.
Nichols, Geo.	Surg. 13th	Northfield.
Norton, Wm H.	1st Lieut. 15th and 17th	Newport.
Noyes, Robert P.	Capt. 15th	Island Pond.
Noyes, Warren	Capt. 15th	Gorham, N. H.
Nye, Chester F.	Capt. 10th	St. Albans.
*Oakes, John H.	Capt. 15th	Coventry.
Olmstead, W. P.	Corp.	St Albans.
Ormsbee, E. J.	2nd Lieut. 1st, Capt. 12th	Brandon.
Orr, Geo. S.	Capt. 77th N. Y.	
Parkhurst, J. W.	Capt. Illinois Vols.	Fairhaven.
Parkhurst, S. W.	Sergt. 7th, 1st Lieut. 2nd	St. Johnsbury.
Paul, Ora	Capt. 12th	Pomfret.
Peck, Cassius	Sergt. U. S. S. S.	Brookfield.
Peck, C. W.	Sergt.	Brandon.
*Peck, Jas. S.	Adj't. 18th, Maj. 17th	Montpelier.
Peck, Theodore S.	1st Lt. 9th, Capt. & A.Q.M. U.S.V.	Burlington.
Peck, Wm. V.	Capt. 13th	East Calais.
Pelton, Wm. W.	Capt. 1st	Woodstock.
Perham, Salmon E.	Capt. 10th	Cambridgeport.
*Perkins, Hiram	1st Lieut. 18th	Cabot.
Pettengill, S. B.	Sergt. R. I. Cav.	Portland, Oregon.
Phalon, Geo. P.	1st Lieut. 7th	Shrewsbury.
Pierce, Wm. W.	Capt. 4th	So. Londonderry.
Pierson, Henry M.	Corp. 12th	New York city.
Pingree, Samuel E.	Lieut. Col. 3rd	Hartford.
Pingree, Stephen M.	Lieut. Col. 4th	Hartford.
Pitkin, Perley P.	R.Q.M. 2nd, Col. & A.Q.M. U.S.V.	Montpelier.
Platt, Hiram	Capt. 10th	Swanton.
Platt, James H.	Capt. 4th	Queens, L. I.
*Platt, Lemuel B.	Col. 1st Cav.	Burlington.
Poland, J. Monroe	Adj. 15th	Chicago, Ill.
Porter, Edward O.	Ass't Surg. 11th	Middlebury.

Porter, Henry M.....	Col. 7th.....	New York city.
Post, J. E.....	Sergt.....	Rutland.
Powell, E. Henry.....	Sergt. 10th, Lt. Col. 10th U.S.C.T.	Richford.
*Pratt, John E.....	Lieut. Col. 4th.....	Bennington.
Preston, Edward V.....	Paymaster U. S. Vols.....	Hartford, Conn.
Priest, Ethan A.....	1st Lieut. 2nd.....	Mechanicsville.
Prindle, Harrison.....	Adj. 14th.....	San Francisco.
Proctor, Redfield.....	R. Q. M. 3rd, Maj. 5th, Col. 15th	Rutland.
Randall, Chas. J. S.....	R. Q. M. 6th.....	Bristol.
*Randall, C. W.....	2nd Lieut. 13th, 2nd Lieut. 17th	Montpelier.
*Randall, Fernando.....	Capt. 7th.....	Lyndon Centre.
*Randall, Francis V.....	Capt. 2nd, Col. 13th, Col. 17th	Montpelier.
Redfield, Geo. S.....	Paymaster U. S. N.....	Chicago, Ill.
Reed, F. L.....	Sergt.....	Benson.
Reynolds, C. H.....	A. Q. M. 10th.....	St. Albans.
Rice, Franklin E.....	R. Q. M. 9th.....	Lowell, Mass.
Rice, Jonas R.....	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.....	Bridport.
Ripley, Edward H.....	Col. 9th, Bvt. Brig. Gen.....	Rutland.
Ripley, Wm. Y. W.....	Capt. 1st, Lieut. Col. 1st S. S.....	Rutland.
Robbins, Augustus J.....	2nd Lieut. 2nd.....	Northfield.
*Roberts, John L.....	Chaplain, 4th.....	Chelsea.
Robinson, Geo. S.....	1st Lieut. 13th, Capt. 11th.....	Montpelier.
Robinson, Orsamus B.....	1st Lieut. 3rd.....	Haverhill, Mass.
Robinson, W. B.....	Capt. 5th.....	Brandon.
Root, W. H.....	1st Lieut. 12th Connecticut Vols.....	Burlington.
Ross, Chas.....	2nd Lieut. 11th.....	Waterford.
Ross, Oliver E.....	Ass't Surg. 8th and 12th.....	Rockport, Me.
Rounds, Edgar M.....	1st Lieut. 12th.....	Rutland.
Rounds, Wm.....	Maj. 16th.....	Chester.
Roundy, Justin O.....	1st Lieut. 15th.....	Newport.
Rowell, Wm. R.....	1st Lieut. 3rd Bat.....	North Troy.
Russell, Edward P.....	1st Lieut. 5th.....	Middlebury.
Russell, Geo. K.....	Sergt. New Hampshire Vols.....	Bellows Falls.
*Russell, W. P.....	Surg. 5th.....	Middlebury.
Rutherford, Joseph C.....	Ass't Surg. 10th, Surg. 17th.....	Newport.
*Sabin, C. V. H.....	A. Q. M. 1st Cav.....	Des Moines, Iowa.
Safford, Alfred G.....	Military Telegraph Operator.....	Burlington.
Safford, Darius J.....	Lieut. Col. 11th.....	Manchester, N.H.
Salsbury, John A.....	Maj. 10th.....	West Rutland.
Sawyer, Edward B.....	Col. 1st Cav.....	Hyde Park.
Sawyer, John.....	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.....	Lowell.

Sawyer, N. C.	Lieut. Col., Paymaster U. S. Vols.	Washington, D. C.
Searles, Chester W.	2nd Lieut. 13th	Richford.
Seaver, Thos. O.	Col. 3d	Woodstock.
Selleck, Geo. E.	1st Lieut. 8th	Brattleboro.
Sharpley, David L.	1st Lieut. 2nd	Winooski.
Shattuck, Charles S.	1st Lieut. 6th, Capt. A. C. S.	Hatfield, Mass.
Shattuck, Hiram	1st Lieut. 13th	Winooski.
Shattuck, S. W.	Capt. 8th	Northfield.
Shaw, Francis R.	2nd Lieut. 11th	So. Londonderry.
Shedd, L. W.	Lieut. 9th U. S. C. T.	Montpelier.
Sheldon, John A.	Capt. 10th	Rutland.
Sherman, Linus E.	Capt. 9th	Colorado Springs.
Slayton, Aro P.	Capt. 13th	Elmore.
Smart, W. S.	Chaplain 14th	Albany, N. Y.
Smith, Fred E.	Capt. A. Q. M. 8th	Montpelier.
Smith, L. C.	Lieut.	Addison.
Smith, Louis McD.	Capt. 5th	Newport.
Smith, Richard	Capt. 2nd	Vershire.
Sneden, J.	Sergt.	Waltham.
Spafford, Henry W.	A. Q. M. 4th	No. Bennington.
Spaulding, Chas. F.	Maj. 15th	Cambridge, Mass.
Spaulding, Geo. P.	1st Lieut. 4th	Proctorsville.
Spencer, Orrin L.	1st Lieut. 5th	Salisbury.
Sperry, William J.	Lieut. Col. 6th	Cavendish.
Stannard George J.	Lt. Col 2nd, Col. 9th, Bvt. Maj. Gen.	Burlington.
Start, Romeo H.	Capt. 3rd, Capt. 3rd Bat.	Baldwin, Wis.
Stearns, John C.	Adj. 9th	Bradford.
Stearns, Riley B.	Capt. 7th	Burlington.
Sterl, O. W.	Col. 104th Ohio Vols.	Rutland.
Stevens, B. A.	1st Lieut. 109th U. S. C. T.	Galesburgh, Ill.
Stevens, Jonas	2nd Lieut. 1st Cav.	Eden.
*Stickney, Edward J.	1st Lieut. 10th	Montpelier.
Stiles, Henry G.	Capt. 10th	Indianapolis, Ind.
Stone, Chas. B.	2nd Lieut. 1st Cav.	Leadville, Col.
Stone, James P.	2nd Lieut. 2nd	St. Albans.
Stone, Lauriston L.	R. Q. M. 2nd	Cambridge, Mass.
Stoughton, Homer R.	Col. 2nd U. S. S. S.	Shelby. Ala.
*Stowell, Edwin S.	Capt. 5th, Lieut. Col. 9th	Cornwall.
Stowell, Henry	Capt. 7th	Troy, N. Y.
Stranahan, F. S.	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.	St. Albans.
Taplin, Eben	2nd Lieut. 3rd Bat.	Dorset.

Taylor, H. E.	Sergt.	Brattleboro.
Templeton, Robinson	1st Lieut. 6th, Maj. 11th	Worcester.
Thomas, Stephen	Col. 8th, Brig Gen.	Montpelier.
Thompson, A. B.	Sergt.	Moberly, Mo.
Thompson, James S.	Capt. 10th	Lyndonville.
Thrall, Wm. B.	1st Lieut. 7th	Rutland.
*Tilden, Eldon A.	2nd Lieut. 2nd	Barre.
• Tilden, Geo. G.	Capt. 11th	Ames, Iowa.
Tilson, Wm. F.	2nd Lieut. 4th, Lt. 2nd U. S. S. S.	Marlboro, Mass.
Town, Dexter B.	Capt. 7th	No. Hero.
Tracy, Amasa S.	Col. 2nd	Middlebury.
Trask, Frank A.	1st Lieut. 6th	Granville.
Trick, Edward H.	2nd Lieut. 5th	Burlington.
Trussell, Jacob.	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.	Peacham.
Tubbs, Emery L.	Sergt.	Guilford.
*Tucker, Nathaniel A.	Maj., Paymaster U. S. Vols.	Burlington.
Tupper, John S.	1st Lieut. 3rd	Montgomery.
Underwood, Allen S.	Lieut.	St. Albans.
Valentine, A. B.	R. Q. M. 10th, Capt. A.C.S. U.S.V.	Bennington.
Vancor, James H.	2nd Lieut. 9th	Jericho.
Veazey, W. G.	Lieut. Col. 3rd, Col. 16th	Rutland.
Viele, Eugene	Capt. 9th	Rouses Point.
Vincent, W. S.	Surg. 9th	Burlington.
Walbridge, Jas. H.	Col. 2nd	No. Bennington.
Ward, Byron C.	1st Lieut. 2nd	Underhill.
*Washburn, Peter T.	Lieut. Col. 1st	Woodstock.
*Waterson, Joseph C.	2nd Lieut. 4th	Chelsea.
Watson, Alex. G.	Capt. 1st Cav.	Buenavista, Col.
Watson, Chas. A.	2nd Lieut. 17th	Calais.
Webster, Harvey	Chaplain 6th	Chelsea.
Weed, Anson H.	1st Lieut. 2d	Hinesburg.
Welch, Alvin C.	Ass't Surg. U. S. Vols.	Williston.
Welch, Jas.	A. Q. M. 8th	Randolph.
Wel's, Wm.	Col. 1st Cav., Brig. & Bvt. Maj. Gen.	Burlington.
Weston, Edmund Jr.	Capt. 1st U. S. S. S.	West Randolph.
Wheeler, Henry O.	1st Lieut. 1st Cav.	Burlington.
Whittemore, Robert D.	Capt. 3rd	Belvidere.
Wickware, Chas.	2nd Lieut. 43d U. S. C. T.	
Wilder, Orcas C.	Capt. 13th	Waitsfield.
Williams, Carlos D.	2nd Lieut. 12th	Burlington.
Wilson, John R.	1st Lieut. 11th	Ottawa, P. O.

Wood, S. H.....	Sergt. 1st Cav.....	St. Albans.
Woodbury, Urban A.....	Sergt. 2nd, Capt. 11th.....	Burlington.
Woodward, Adrian T.....	Surg. 14th.....	Brandon.
Woodward, J. F.....	Comd'r U. S. N.....	Saratoga, N. Y.
Woodward, John H.....	Chaplain 1st Cav.....	Milton.
Wright, Don Juan.....	2nd Lieut. 14th.....	Shoreham.
Wright, John H.....	1st Lieut. 3rd Bat.....	New York city.
Yale, John L.....	Capt. 13th, Capt. 17th.....	Burlington.

ERRATA.—For A. Q. M. against the names of G. H. Bigelow, A. O. Brainard, A. L. Carlton, Frederick Crain, H. T. Cushman, J. H. Cushman, B. J. Derby, I. L. Eells, and Charles Field, read R. Q. M.

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